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**You Get** a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings, vital engine parts Superfinished for longer life!

**You Get** the big gasoline savings of a 6.7 to 1 compression ratio—highest compression of "All Three" low-priced cars!

**You Get** more high-priced car features than in the "other 2" low-priced cars combined!

**And Plymouth** gives you new High-Torque Performance...new driving ease...the extra roominess of a big 117-inch wheelbase!

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**BIG, NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH—ONLY**

# $685

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MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

## Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models

# PLYMOUTH

APRIL 5, 1941

ollier's

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APRIL 5, 1941

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ER ALAN FOSTER

# ANY WEEK

IN a recent issue Collier's published an article by William Bradford Huie entitled "How to Keep Football Stars in College." The article was primarily an indictment of the University of Alabama and its athletic policies and academic practices as related to athletes. On the basis of information which was considered reliable, Collier's accepted and published the article in good faith.

University authorities convince us that Mr. Huie was never connected with the athletic department. Further searching inquiry did not confirm Mr. Huie's statements of unfair dealings by the university with student athletes. Nor was there a confirmation of Mr. Huie's allegations that the university's football players were not held to the same academic standards as its other students.

Alabama, in common with other members of the Southeastern Conference, under the rules of the conference, supervised by a commissioner, frankly offers scholarships to promising athletes. We have found, however, no basis for the charge that Alabama has adopted a special and lax method of dealing with the scholastic activities of its athletes. Nor have we found any basis for the charge that the Tuscaloosa High School is a "hatchery" for university athletes, nor for the charge that the university maintains a "farm" system for the procurement of athletes.

Collier's is convinced that a serious injustice was done the University of Alabama, its faculty, its athletic coaches, its students and its alumni by the publication of the article referred to, and for this reason we sincerely regret its publication and are happy to make this statement.

AS FAR as we know, Dr. J. E. Panneton of Montreal, Canada, has no intention of inviting us to spend a few days with him. And maybe it's just as well. We'd probably be a nervous wreck in no time and merely add to the doctor's troubles. In the cellar of Dr. Panneton's house dwell two hundred birds. We happened to be in Montreal recently and were on the verge of calling on the doctor to find out how he was getting along. But our schedule wouldn't permit it and we had to be content with talking to a gentleman who had been there. He told us that it was a sight he would have some trouble forgetting and we suspect he's right. However, he told us about the doctor's Venezuelan Empire Bird that insisted on perching on visitors' heads, a feud between macaws and canaries, the murder of an Australian finch by a Brazilian parrot and how lovebirds reproduce so fast that the doctor had to sell more than a hundred of them last year and still has plenty of lovebirds left. Just to absorb his spare time the doctor also raises goldfish—hundreds of them. They're in the cellar, too. "It's a little noisy," our informant told us, "but what and who isn't these days?"

IT'S mildly encouraging to learn that graduates of our schools of music, who happen to be of draft age, may be enrolled to train our military bands. Unless things have changed much more than we suspect, regimental bands and similar Army tooters are for the most part pretty hard on the ears. We remember that our colonel, a man of considerable culture, disbanded our regimental band in 1917. It was frankly awful, that band. Just after the Armistice, the colonel had to go to a hospital to get patched up. In his absence we reorganized the band under a new leader. It practiced and rehearsed for three weeks, day after day, hour upon hour. We suffered quite a lot but were determined that a good band would welcome the Old Man when he returned. Well, he returned. At a signal the newly organized and tremendously rehearsed band struck up and began to march, playing The Stars and Stripes Forever. The plan was that it should come from a distance and march to the colonel's headquarters. As the noise drew within earshot, the Old Man suddenly stopped talking, cocked his head, stood up and roared: "What's that? Where the hell does that noise come from? Why, that band's worse than ours was."

AS WE'VE intimated, we've been traveling. In Canada we met a lady named Beryl. Miss Beryl was pretty busy organizing a Jewels Spitfire Fund but took time to explain it to us. Before long, said she, all Canadian ladies with jewel names—Pearl, Ruby, Beryl, Garnet, Opal and the like—will be pledged to sacrifice a few hairdos, facials, manicures, permanents and so forth and subscribe the money to the purchase of fighting planes for Britain. They're even admitting Goldies, Sapphiras and they've caught up with two girls named Gem, two more who were christened Luster and one with the legal and probably justified name of Precious. That was her surname, Miss Beryl said. And she added that she got two dollars from a lady named Brilliante and five bucks from a woman in Toronto whose name is Lovely. "After all," said Miss Beryl, "gems are lovely, aren't they?"

AMONG the more justified complaints we've got this week is one from Mr. Edwin K. Wheeler of Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan. Having looked at the evidence, we're stringing along with Mr. Wheeler and think we'd better send it to Mr. Clarence Dykstra, the exceedingly able and courteous administrator of the draft act. Mr. Wheeler recently received notice from his draft board to appear for physical examination. "You are hereby directed to report to Dr. Hugh Stalker," it read, "for physical examination at three P. M. Be on time or else." Mr. Wheeler, who tells us, "I love the United States of America and am willing to fight for it," didn't like that "or else." He telephoned the chief clerk of his draft board and suggested that a mistake had been made, that the warning should have been a suggestion: "Be on time or else call." But no, said the clerk with considerable patriotic irritation. And he added: "You'd better be there on time." Mr. Wheeler was there on time. "If," writes he, "this is the democratic American way, I can't help but wonder what we're fighting against."

MR. WHEELER isn't the only one who's been wondering about democracy. Witness this incident that one of our colleagues happened upon while walking to this office. A tall, handsomely dressed gentleman of the Anthony Eden school was almost hit by a taxicab. Gentleman and taxicab halted in the nick of time. The chauffeur released a few badly chosen words. The elegant gentleman held his tongue. But, leaning into the driver's compartment, he grasped the ignition key, turned it, locking the car, and resumed his dignified way, ignition key in hand. The taxi driver, recovering with some difficulty, clambered out and chased the gentleman, catching up about a block away. Choosing his words at random, all of them on the attention-commanding side, he demanded his key. The gentleman listened in lofty silence. Then he tossed the key neatly through a sidewalk grating and resumed his stately way. The taximan's language was pretty bad but there was a sentence we can print. "Somebody," said he, "ought to tell that guy this country still is a democracy."

SOMETIMES we wonder. . . . W. D.

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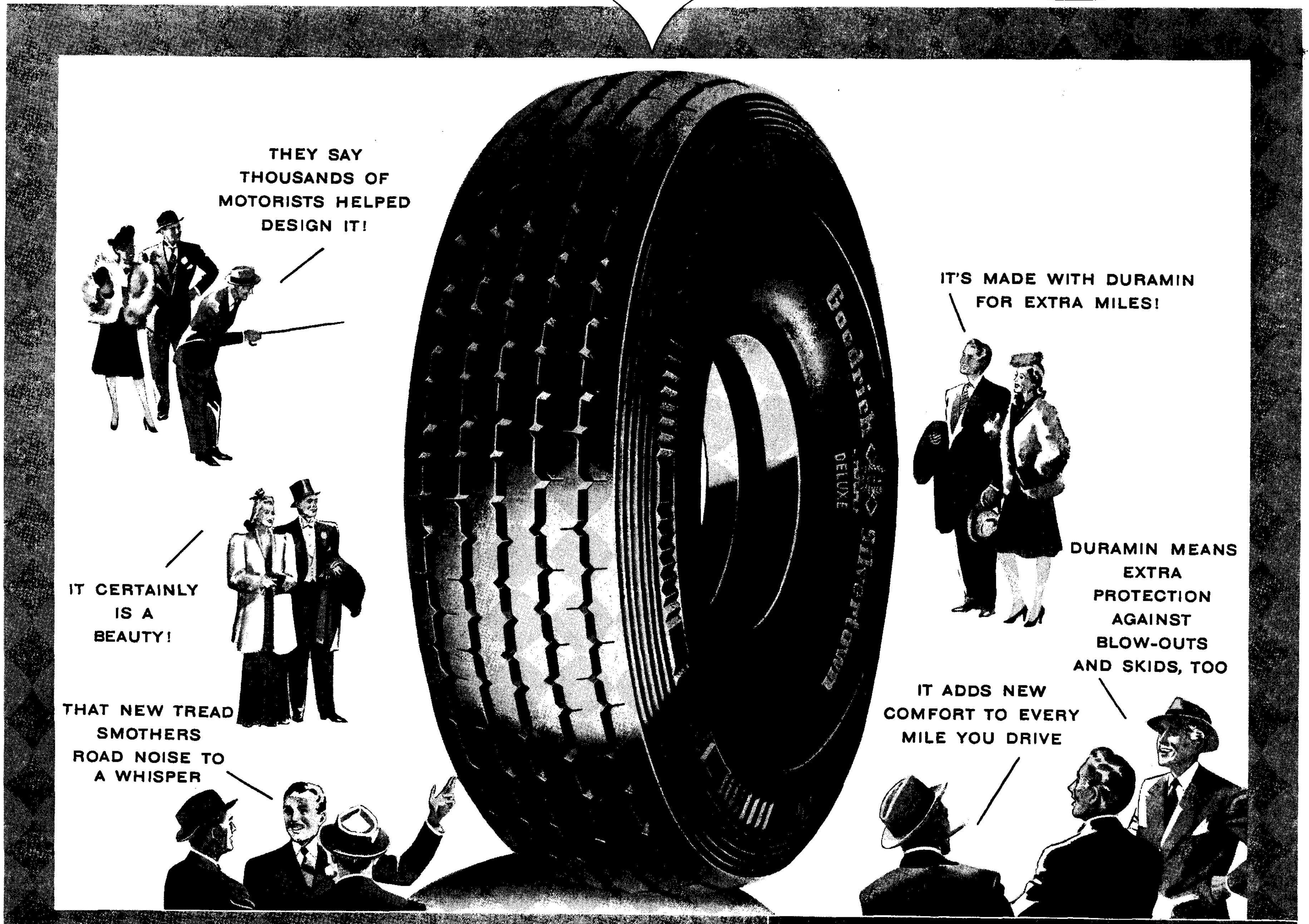
# Announcing the tire *you* helped design

## THE NEW DELUXE SILVERTOWN


THEY SAY THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS HELPED DESIGN IT!
IT CERTAINLY IS A BEAUTY!
THAT NEW TREAD SMOTHERS ROAD NOISE TO A WHISPER
Goodrich Silvertown DELUXE
IT'S MADE WITH DURAMIN FOR EXTRA MILES!
DURAMIN MEANS EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST BLOW-OUTS AND SKIDS, TOO
IT ADDS NEW COMFORT TO EVERY MILE YOU DRIVE

IF YOU were one of the people who answered our questions about tires a few months ago—this is *your* tire! For it's built just the way you told us to . . . with a perfect balance of mileage, safety, and riding comfort.

This newest Silvertown is made with Duramin. That's the name Goodrich scientists give to a combination of chemicals that fight age and wear in tires. Duramin keeps the rubber young and alive—in the tread, in the tire body, and in the sidewalls. It means extra miles and extra safety for everyone who rides on these new Deluxe Silvertowns.

Take another look at that new tread. It silences road noises to a whisper. But more important, it will stop you quickly, safely.

Now is the time to get a set of these beauties—even though there may be a little wear left on your old tires. The new trade-in allowance makes it unnecessary to risk those last miles. Cash prices are low today. And you can buy on the easy Budget Plan if you like. All Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer it.

*Switch to*

**B.F. Goodrich**

**FIRST IN RUBBER**

**A FEW OF THE MANY B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT HAVE SAVED MILLIONS FOR AMERICAN MOTORISTS**

**FIRST** *automobile offered American public equipped with Goodrich tires* . . . **FIRST** *in America to build cord tires for automobiles* . . . **FIRST** *to develop a black tread for longer mileage* . . . **FIRST** *to lower tire costs with "accelerated curing"* . . . **FIRST** *to offer American public tires made with synthetic rub*

ROBERT O. REID

"I put my hair up in curlers to save on hairdresser bills. You could save on oil and gas by putting Sealed Power Rings in your car."

but saving, too!

. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

SMOOTH but saving, too! That's *your* car once you install Sealed Power Piston Rings! These famous piston rings—the very same brand used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of automobiles—restore oil economy, thrilling pep, power to your car. Any repairman can install a set of Sealed Power Rings individually engineered for your particular make of car. Yet—believe us—they cost no more than ordinary rings! Ask for them by name. Accept no substitute. Sealed Power Corp., Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

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# WING TALK

FOR more than a year now scores of hard-working fliers have been shuttling bombers for Britain from the Los Angeles area to New York. Day in, day out. They follow the regular airways east, and every transcontinental airliner from New York to Los Angeles has several chairs always blocked out and on reserve for them.

The radio equipment, for war service in Europe, is different on the bombers from that necessary for our airways beams and weather stations. Therefore, each ferry pilot has a 60-pound radio outfit slung behind his seat and temporarily plugged in. Upon arrival at Floyd Bennett Field, on the southeast end of Greater New York, he unhooks his radio, throws it with his overnight bag into a taxi, races north across Brooklyn and Queens to LaGuardia Field and catches the first scheduled airliner back west.

He sleeps all the way to Los Angeles, and upon arrival there is immediately available for his next bomber. The bombers are speedy, the pilot can push through as fast as he pleases, unlike the schedule-bound commercial ships.

Recently one "ferry" veteran completed *six round trips* from coast to coast in one week.

UNEMPLOYMENT is not a problem today for pilots with a couple of hundred hours and upward in their log books.

The Army and Navy keep open house for all who can meet their educational standard—that famous "two-year college or its equivalent" provision, which is causing a lot of commotion, heartache and criticism among hundreds of physically and aeronautically qualified young Americans. These argue that split infinitives wouldn't matter in a dogfight. That if you know how to lay a pursuit on the enemy's tail, inability to give the exact date, location and the names of three generals of the Battle of Lodi shouldn't bar you from your country's service.

The airlines, constantly robbed by the military services of pilots who are reserve officers, want men for copilots. But their requirements are as high as those of the Army and Navy.

Instructors for the Civilian Air Training Program give fundamentals to more than 30,000 youths a year.

Adventurous young pilots, experience beyond the ability to fly not being essential, find themselves more or less actively canvassed by the hush-hush recruiting service which the British maintain in this country. Figures on the exact number of youngsters who have gone, chiefly via Canada, to the R.A.F. are impossible to get. It is known there have been hundreds.

But it is the older, or veteran, American nonmilitary pilots to whom the war has been a windfall. They're a seasoned, agate-eyed, hard-bitten bunch. Many were headline names a decade ago, in the stunt- and ocean-flying era. Others are pure barnstormers, always were and always will be. Lastly are some old-timers who used to be on the airlines, but gave way to modern schedule requirements—plus a few whom excitement called voluntarily from the airlines only recently. A glorious crowd—now living daily a history it will be a joy and privilege to write, once it's cricket to print it.

For the most part, these master hands are in "ferry" service—an important wartime function.

They are divided in two classes: those who work for the British and fly ships from Canada or Bermuda to England, or from Hawaii to Australia. And those who fly ships from the various factories in the United States to Canada or Honolulu or elsewhere, for turning over to the American or British pilots who fly them on.

Incidentally, a number of Air Corps Reserve officers are piling up a lot of good experience with this work.

The former get about $100 a week base pay and $1,000 for each overseas delivery flight. There is a time lag in their work, because they have to return to this side the slow way—via merchant surface convoys. But the British are buying American long-distance commercial ships (such as the Stratoliners) to fly the ferry pilots back in bunches.

EACH radial motor you see outside the window of your airliner contains 5,500 separate parts. In each of its cylinders about as much horsepower is generated as by your car's whole engine. Before this sky motor came into service it was test-run seven hours at the factory, then completely torn down, inspected, reassembled and run another six hours. The inspections, whole or part, to which it was subjected before delivery totaled 45,000.

In addition, the weight of the gasoline carried for these motors in a twin-engine landplane airliner is more than the total weight of your small automobile.

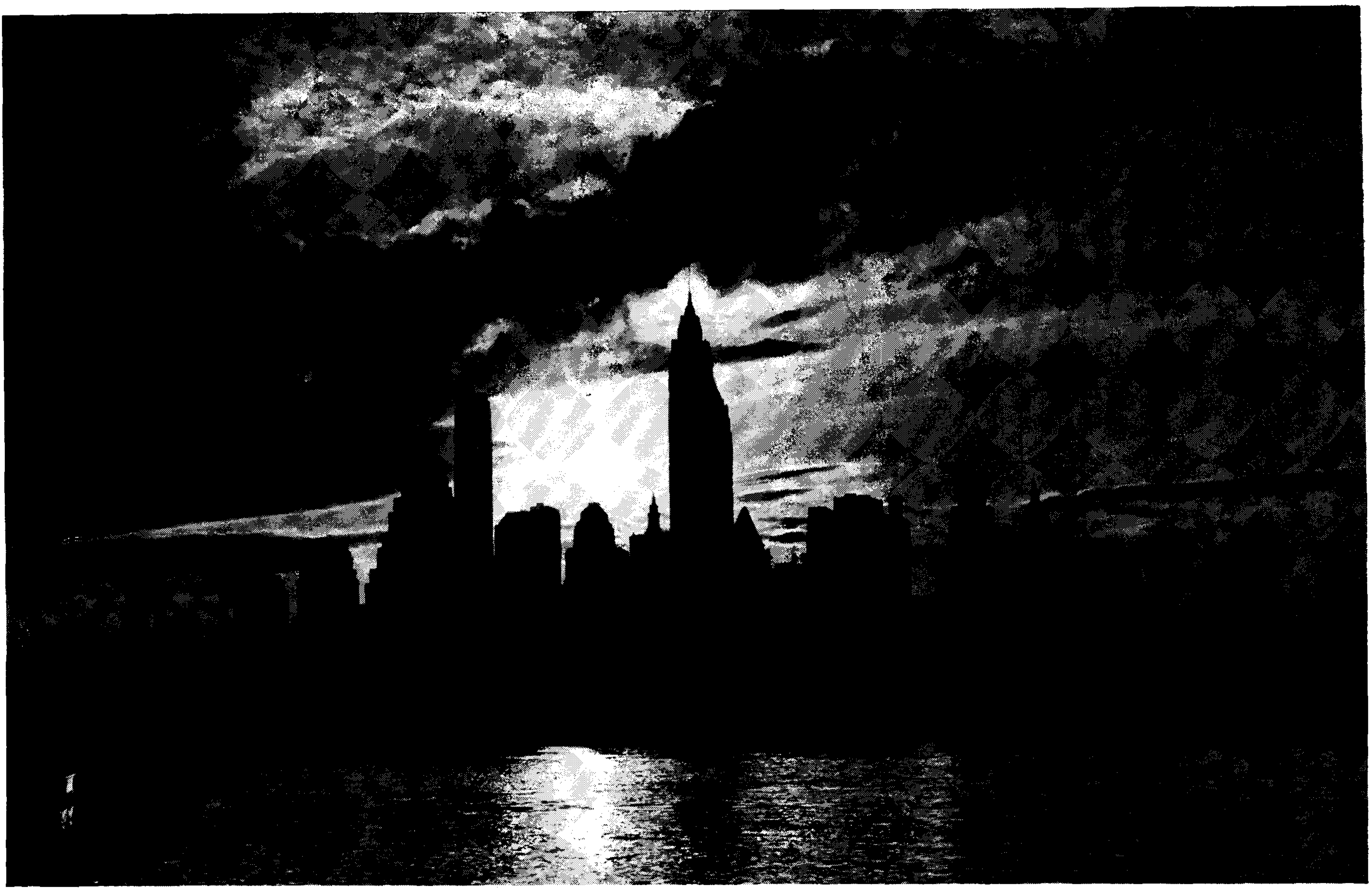
THERE is a lot of controversy in aviation right now about the suspension of commercial plane production in favor of military contracts. Here is an ironic by-note:

One argument against curtailment or obstruction of commercial airline expansion always has been the importance of this swift method of courier, mail and passenger service to national defense. The building and maintenance of great armed forces and their related problems require considerable travel by officials.

Recently there was a strike in a certain aircraft factory in California. At its height, a Washington bigwig wanted to go there to settle it. He called an airline, but was told there were no seats available to Los Angeles for three days. He tried to exert pressure because of his key job in the Administration through the company's New York office. It was explained to him all seats had been sold, and that the airlines, under the common-carrier contracts which protect the public that puts up its money for transportation, could not cancel any of those reservations without legal justification. Nor were there enough planes, what with the Administration's "rationing" of them, to fly extra sections. It was gently suggested that he ask the Army to fly him out.

Humbly, he was in the first available commercial seat—on the fourth day thereafter.

He *had* asked the Army. W. B. C.



MANHATTAN SUNSET

ROY PINNEY

# *Who said the sun is coming up again?*

WATCHING THE SUN SET, the proverbial man from Missouri wouldn't believe it was coming up again . . . until he saw it do so with his own eyes.

And when Metropolitan invests money for the benefit of policyholders, it adopts that sound old habit of taking nothing for granted. Like the man from Missouri, we want to be shown.

►And that's because our first consideration must be safety. Of course, there is no such thing as an absolutely riskless investment, but we like to be as certain as possible that each investment is a good one. Our staff of investment specialists is well equipped to investigate proposed investments and therefore should make fewer mistakes than an individual attempting the same thing.

Of course, all Metropolitan investments are made in accordance with the insurance laws, which wisely limit the fields in which life insurance companies may invest. In addition, all such investments must meet our own investment standards.

►Suppose, for example, that Metropolitan is considering the investment of a sum of money in the bonds of an industrial company, or a company distributing light, heat, or power. The first thing we do is to gather all available data about that concern . . . its financial statements, recent audits, and similar material.

►In many instances, it is necessary to go further . . . to make a more exhaustive study of the company's management, its position in the trade, its record, and its prospects.

The mass of first-hand, up-to-date information thus obtained is carefully considered by those charged with this responsibility. The recommendations of these men must then be approved by the Finance Committee of Metropolitan's Board of Directors.

Once the securities have been purchased, Metropolitan continues to follow the company's operations through annual or interim reports, and to watch trade developments and changes in the industry in which the borrower is engaged. Metropolitan is better able to watch these things than an individual, and is better prepared to handle any difficulties that may arise.

►As we said before, safety is the first consideration in all Metropolitan investments. Second to safety, is the income from the investment—the interest that helps pay the cost of your life insurance.

The care with which Metropolitan invests funds for the benefit of its policyholders is reflected in the sound assets which enable the Company to fulfill its obligations.

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*This is Number 36 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life**
**Insurance Company**
*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker,*
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
*Leroy A. Lincoln,*
PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't let "dousing" ruin your hair's good looks!

Don't try to tame your hair by wetting it down with water or anything else. Instead, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and see how well-behaved your hair becomes *and stays*

FIGHT DRY SCALP AND HAVE HANDSOME HAIR!

DON'T WAIT for excessive dandruff and abnormal loss of hair to take their toll, before you start checking Dry Scalp. It may then be *too late!*

Begin today the treatment thousands are following. Before each shampoo give your head a vigorous, scalp-loosening finger massage, using plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. This helps check normal tendencies toward dryness. It also acts to counteract the drying-out effect of the soap and water.

For daily grooming, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. You'll find that your hair will no longer have that "doused" look, but will become handsome and healthy-looking . . . Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today!

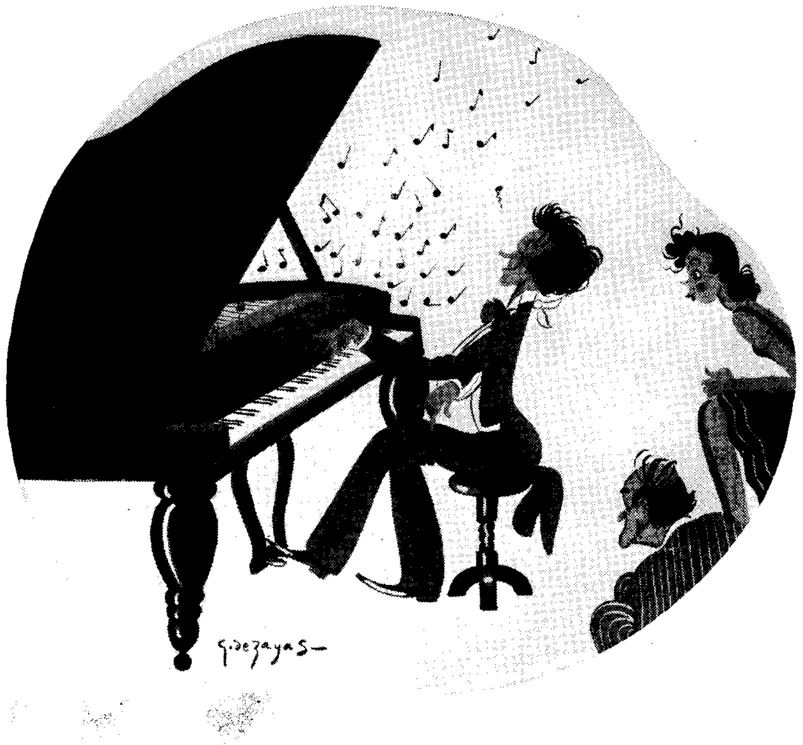
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

By actually *supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking . . . Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*There* are more than sixty famous piano compositions that are played with one hand only, among them being Zichy's Valse Adele and Ravel's Concerto for Left Hand. Ravel wrote this work for a friend who had lost his right arm.

*The* territories and incomes of the princes of India vary tremendously. There are 662 of them, and they range from the Nizam of Hyderabad, who rules over a rich area the size of Minnesota and has an annual income of $25,000,000, down to the little fellow who rules over a poor village in the Simla Hills and has an annual income of only $500.

*Hell's Canyon,* the 189-mile chasm made by the Snake River and lying between the states of Oregon, Idaho and Washington, is the deepest cut of its kind in the world. At one point its wall is 7,900 feet above the water, or 1,800 feet higher than the tallest wall of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.—*By Andrew Fleming, Arago, Oregon.*

*Among* the latest coin-operated devices is the infantograph, which takes separate photographs of a young man and his sweetheart and then, by superimposing the negatives on one of a baby, produces a picture that purports to show how a child would look with their combined features.

*During* the 16th and 17th centuries, the Bach family produced so many composers, organists, cantors and orchestra conductors, fifteen of whom went down in musical history, that the word "bach" was the nickname for a German musician for more than two hundred years.—*By Charles W. Etsinger, Richmond, Indiana.*

*Many* popular given names are derivative forms used originally as nicknames. For example, Harry derives from Henry, Frank from Francis, Elsie from Elizabeth and Patty from Martha.

*In* some parts of Sweden, it is still the custom to address a man by using the title of his occupation or profession before his family name, thus: "Mr. The Engineer Ekman," "Mr. The Artist Alvborg" or "Mr. The Grocer Gotland."—*By Katherine Auerbach, Brooklyn, New York.*

*Of* the thousands of varieties of wild and cultivated roses growing throughout the world, not more than fifty are fragrant.—*By Jose Chavez-Morado, Mexico City, Mexico.*

*Static* produced by dust storms sometimes causes flashes of electricity on radio antennas, short-circuits automobile ignition systems, interferes with airplane communications, creates a hissing in telephone lines and even kills cereal crops, especially wheat.—*By E. W. Whitten, Vernon, Texas.*

*The* oddest of the three hundred clocks in Buckingham Palace in London is a life-sized metal bust of a Negress, with the hour numerals showing in one eye and the minute numerals in the other.—*By Mrs. M. R. Wood, Seattle, Washington.*

*Since* the dawn of history, Egypt has been noted for its consanguineous marriages, or those between half-brothers and half-sisters. It still has numerous villages with as many as 1,500 persons belonging to one family.

*The* highest church in the world is the Protestant Cathedral in Ulm, Germany. The spire of this great edifice extends 528 feet above the street, or a height equivalent to that of a forty-four-story building. —*By Stephen H. Gnash III, Alexandria, Virginia.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

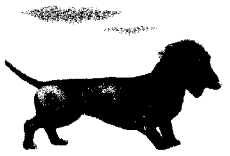
# AT LAST—
# Something New in the Lowest-price Field!

## $745 BUYS IT!

Big 6-passenger Slipstream Sedan illustrated, delivered at factory, including standard equipment and federal tax. The White Side Wall Tires, Fourth Speed Forward, Weather Eye, Deluxe Bumper Guards, Two-tone Paint and Convertible Bed are optional equipment, at slight extra cost.

### *Imagine! 25 to 30 Miles a Gallon—in this Big Nash Sedan.*

TIME was when picking a car in the lowest-price field didn't carry much of a thrill. They were so much alike—in size, ride, economy—that you could almost do it blindfolded.



Hugs the road on curves!

But have you heard about the new Nash Ambassador "600"? Here's a *new* kind of car . . . something so far ahead, so exciting that already it's changed the minds of thousands.

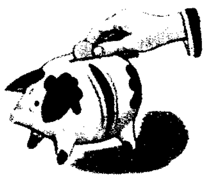
Just look at the size of it! Now imagine taking the wheel and going 500 to 600 miles before having to stop for gas!

In the official A.A.A. Gilmore Economy Run, this big Nash, with its marvelous Fourth Speed Forward, delivered more miles to the gallon than any other 6, 8 or 12 cylinder car competing.

And big as it is, it's as fast on its feet as a flyweight . . . fairly scoots through traffic. You don't have to wheedle it around turns or baby it over bumps. With coil springing on all four wheels, this amazing Nash seems to lean into the curves . . . and it sweeps over ruts as if they didn't exist!

From its amazing Weather Eye Conditioned Air System to its revolutionary unit body and frame, it is a *new kind* of car—backed by three years patient pre-testing, and a product of a great $57,000,000 Independent car-maker.

Yes—there's simply no comparison between Nash and the low-price cars you used to know. Why don't you check up on these differences—measure them—compare them? See how you can save $70 to $100 a year, in over-all driving expense. Like thousands of others, you'll be changing to Nash this year!



Save $1.50 to $2.00 on Each Tankful

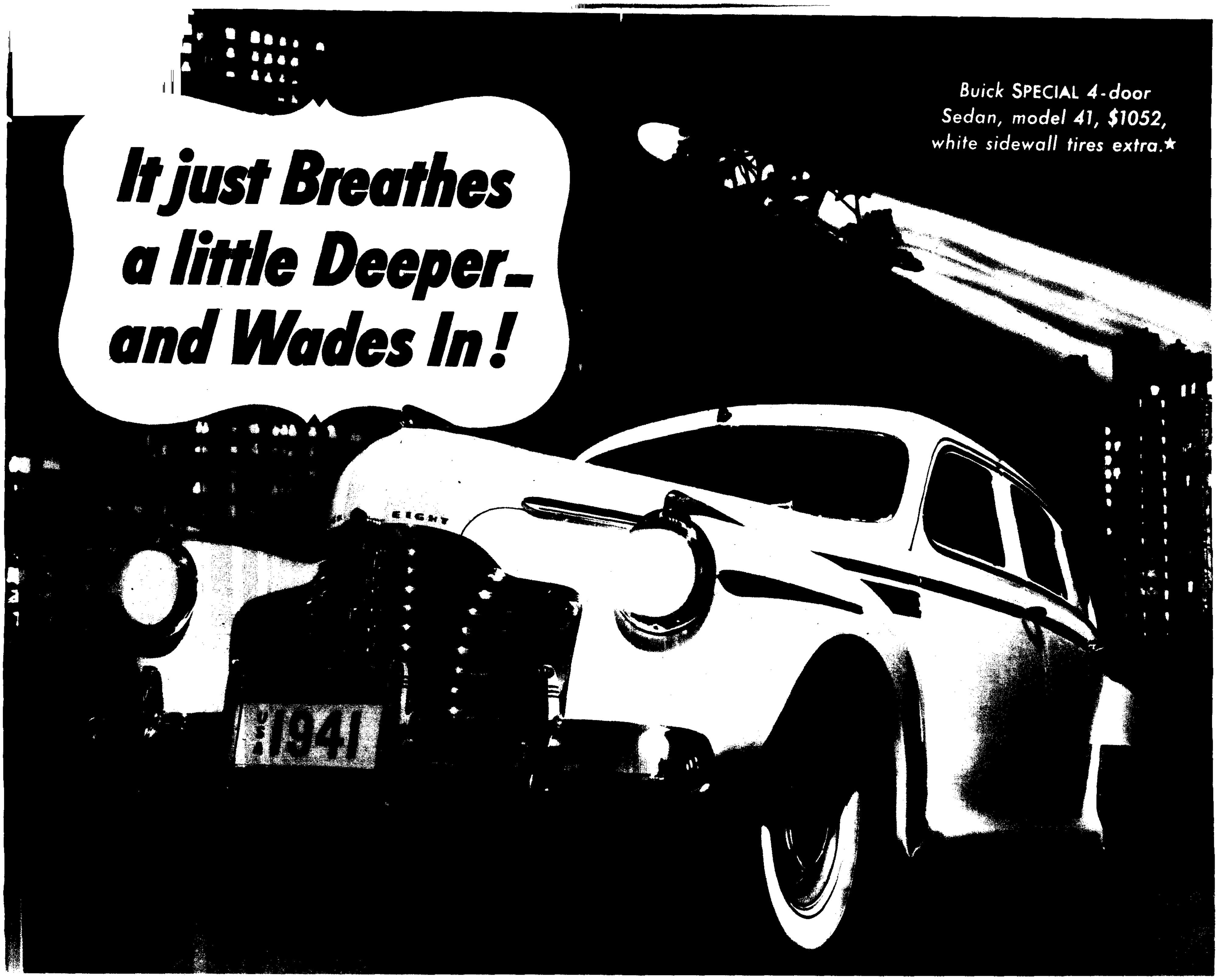
### SEE HOW MUCH MORE THIS BIG NASH SEDAN OFFERS

- **More Economy** . . . 25 to 30 miles a gallon with good driving.
- **More Room** . . . Greatest seating width of all lowest-price cars. Rear makes up into a double bed.
- **More Safety** . . . Unitized body and frame welded into one—twist-proof, rattle-proof.
- **Better Steering** . . . first car with Two-way Roller Steering.
- **Smoother Ride** . . . only low-price car with coil springs on all four wheels.

*Price subject to change without notice*

**Go NASH**

**AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE**


It just Breathes a little Deeper— and Wades In!
Buick SPECIAL 4-door Sedan, model 41, $1052, white sidewall tires extra.★
EIGHT
1941

EVER stop to figure why Nature gave you *both* a nose and a mouth to breathe through?

Your nose, barring colds, does all right for ordinary purposes.

But go up against something like a fast set of tennis, a long swim, heavy exercise—and you can open up your mouth as well and increase the intake of oxygen.

Your 1941 Buick with Compound Carburetion* works something like that.

Its "nose," which is the forward one of your two thrift-size carburetors, does a grand job of supplying "breath" for your engine on normal jobs.

But when the time comes that your engine has to dig in for a tough pull, then your extra foot-pressure on the gas treadle opens up the "mouth" and your engine "breathes" through *two* carburetors.

Simple, isn't it? Yet look what happens:

Your engine *normally* operates on the lightest and most economical fuel diet for the job. Put it up against an *abnormal* job, and it just breathes a little deeper and wades in!

By simply taking it easy when easy does it and breathing deep when the work piles up, your power plant gets as much as 10% to 15% more mileage from the same gasoline, travels you as far as 800 miles for the cost of 700 in last year's Buick.

That, in these days, is nothing to be sneezed at.

So why don't you get the whole story from your Buick dealer?

*Optional at slight extra cost on Buick SPECIAL models, standard on all others.

**BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT**

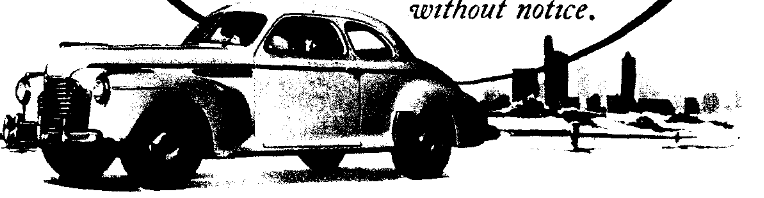
**$915**

**for the Business Coupe**

★*delivered at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

# "Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Collier's

The National Weekly for April 5, 1941

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
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He smacked the man's knuckles with the pipe. Quickly he snapped the handcuffs

# MR. POOTS AND THE UGLY TYKE

## By Eric Knight

**Mr. Poots didn't like that great, fool dog following him everywhere. But how could he know the terrible tyke would want to play at the right time?**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

"IT'S time I were off," Mr. Poots said. "Where's ma helmet?"

"Where tha put it?" Mrs. Poots said. "Now hunt for it!"

"Aye," said Mr. Poots, taking his helmet down from the nail behind the door, "it's little comfort a chap gets round here for serving his king and country."

He gave the tin hat a polish with his sleeve, and, putting it on at a daredevil angle, went out into the night.

MANY and diverse are the things that try the souls of men. Mr. Poots was in a dither that went back to—of all things—the fact that he was a dog fancier. Even in that county of Yorkshire, where dogs are dogs and every babe is born with an omniscience on all canine matters in him, Mr. Poots was outstanding. His wisdom and knowledge concerning the breeding, raising, schooling, doctoring, coping, swapping and—er—finding of dogs, was known and honored for miles around.

It was because of a dog that Walter Poots, the dog lover, now Auxiliary Constable Poots, groaned as he went along the lonely moor path on the Teddingley patrol. For he could hear the dog coming. And it would haunt his footsteps all the rest of the night, further heightening the phobia Mr. Poots had developed that was gnawing at his health of body and mind.

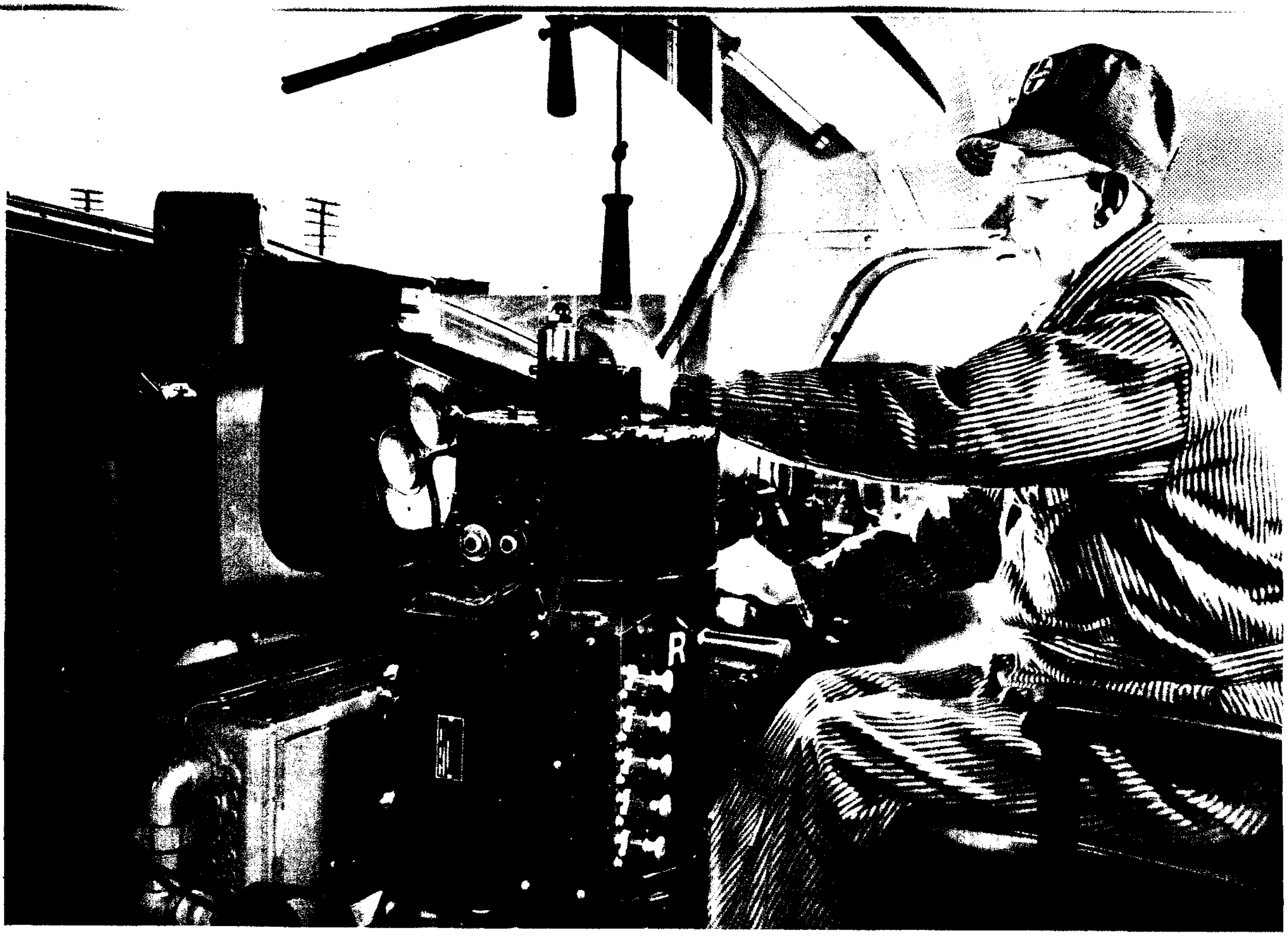
At first Mr. Poots hadn't minded the dog. It would be, he had thought, a bit o' company as he marched his long rounds. But slowly it had got on his nerves. It was the way it padded behind him, trotting along with a foolish, shambling gait. And then, one moonlit night, the horrible thought had come that ended all peace. Mr. Poots turned and

(*Continued on page* 42)

# Giant Jeep

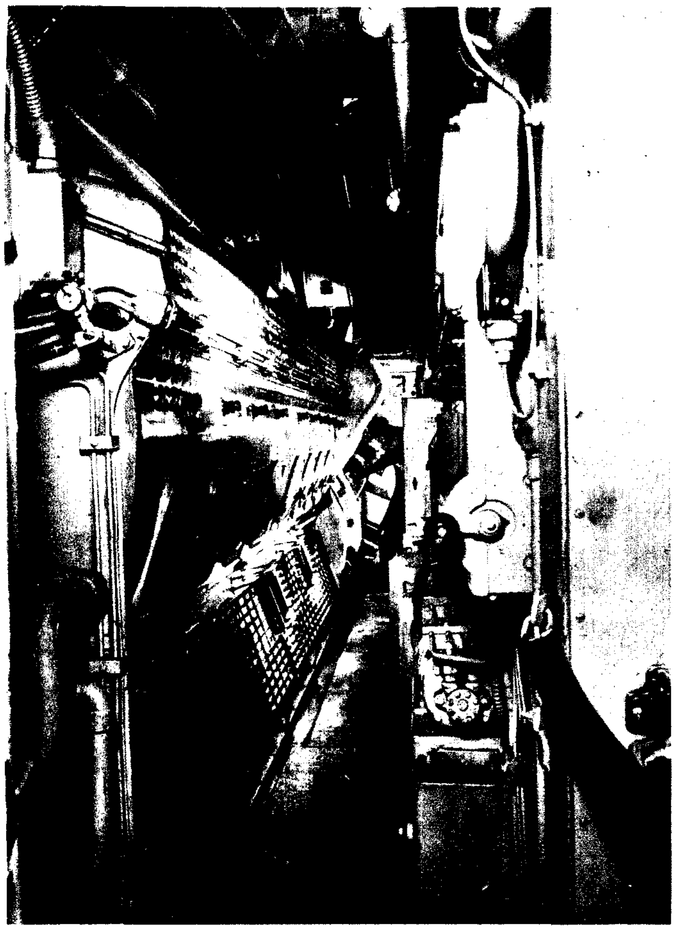
## By Jim Marshall

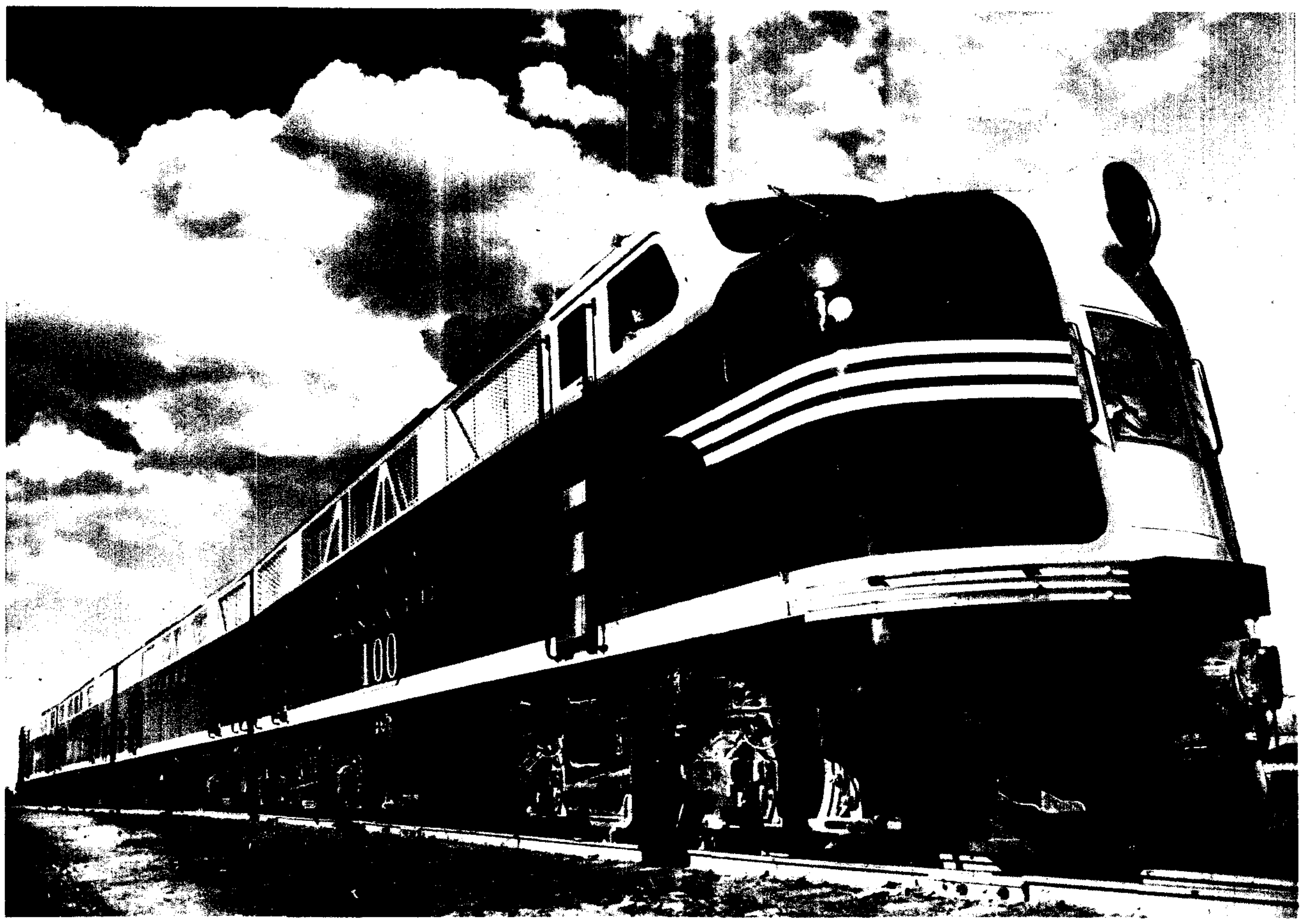
**Come along for a ride on the first Dieselectric freight locomotive—and prepare to wave farewell to the steaming, smoke-billowing Iron Horse**



**Piloting Santa Fe's new Dieselectric freight hog (right) is a swivelchair job in a clean, efficient control cab**

**These trim Diesels (below) use only one cent's worth of fuel to haul 25 tons of freight a mile at top speed**





PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL OESER

**The Giant Jeep at the head end of its Fancy Drag—first freight locomotive of its kind—and boss cargo-mover of anything on wheels**

FROM his Laying Star Ranch high in the Lukuchukai Range of New Mexico old Chief Chee Dodge drove his big *chidee*—which was the Navajo word for automobile—down to Gallup, to see about his lambs. Every spring he shipped lambs to the clustered steel and brick hogans of the palefaces, as did his fellow Navajos. In Gallup he climbed up nimbly, despite his eighty years, to see Mr. Tom Young. Mr. Young sat in a swivel chair with padded armrests—a white-collar guy puffing a two-fer cigar—and looked out of his comfortably heated little room through broad windows. Behind him was the faint rhythmic purr of machinery.

Yes, said Mr. Young, it was true what the chief had heard over the Wind-That-Talks about the new lightning wagon the Santa Fe Railway was using to zip the Navajos' lambs to market at a speed to *make their wool stand on end. Chief Dodge, who had* seen the first fire wagons chug into Gallup sixty years ago, said to Mr. Young that he would like to see this new lightning wagon that would haul a hundred carloads of lambs, or wool, to market at seventy-five miles an hour.

"You're sitting in it right now, Chief," said Mr. Young, smoking his big cigar and cocking a polished shoe against an air-brake pipe. "You are in the control room of the lightning wagon, as you say in the Navajo tongue. In the talk of the palefaces it is The Jeep and it has the strength of 5,400 wild mustangs."

Then Mr. Young opened the door into the motor compartment of the great new locomotive and the roar of the 5,400 mustangs rushed into the little steel cabin. The old chief listened to the beat of sixty-four cylinders and then climbed down the steel ladder and looked up and down the 193 feet of The Jeep's blue-and-yellow length. Into this steel corral, he estimated, you might pack a hundred ponies, but no more. He talked briefly with Chief Many Goats and Chief Deer Leader, who said that the palefaces were certainly great medicine men and could perhaps make 5,400 mustangs gallop at seventy-five miles an hour with a hundred cars of lambs.

*Then Mr. Young blew in his rear brakeman with* five short blasts of the air horn, acknowledged a highball with two short ones, set his bell a-ringing and poured mud into The Jeep's vitals. The roar lifted up and up as the sixty-four cylinders spun four generators which turned sixteen motors which twirled thirty-two wheels. The Jeep slid away, trailing 3,100 tons of airplane parts and general cargo, headed for Arizona and the West Coast. The speedometer needle moved up smoothly until it registered seventy-six miles an hour. John Morris, in charge of Diesel power for the Santa Fe, said this would do for the time being and Mr. Young cut her down a notch and puffed away on his big cigar.

If you'd like to ride the world's first Dieselectric freight engine, climb aboard. We're in the Argentine yards, west of Kansas City, headed for Los Angeles with a fancy drag of sixty-six carloads of heavy *freight, on the first commercial run of the strongest* thing on earth on wheels. There are engines of bigger horsepower rating than the Jeep, but they're made for swift passenger runs. The Jeep can start more freight cars moving than any other engine in existence; it can move more of them uphill than any other engine.

No. 100—its official railway title—is more than a locomotive. It is the *(Continued on page 73)*

# Legionnaires' Way

## By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**Young Lieutenant Lesprade addresses himself to Major Takamura in a manner a Japanese gentleman must heed**

THE legionnaires of the guard of honor flanking the gateway presented arms. They made a fine showing in their white uniforms, white helmets, waists molded by the blue sashes, spots of color supplied by gold or green chevrons, the ribbons and medals. The naked bayonets lengthening the rifles formed a rigid fringe of glittering steel. The men were tall and broad, looming above the khaki-clad Japanese.

The two officers who had alighted from the staff machine wore side arms and decorations. The young lieutenant who strode to greet them did not. He was tall, thin; his face showed the effect of the climate.

"Welcome to Van-Luong, gentlemen. I am Lieutenant Lesprade, in command here. We are most honored by your visit."

The two Japanese looked up at him. The uniforms, designed for men of another race, did not suit them. They appeared disguised, wooden, vaguely unhuman. Yet they emanated power, ruthlessness. Perhaps because of his recent illness, Lesprade saw a bitter symbolism in their arrival during a lull in the steady rain, with the sun of Asia steaming over the bushy hills of the Tonkin, over the distant plains. And the tricolor flag struck its three gay notes in the sky—as if nothing had happened, six thousand miles away, in France.

His guests stood before him, and for an instant he felt a dread that they spoke no French, that no words he knew would penetrate beyond those rigid masks ornamented with small black mustaches. Then he was startled to hear his own language issuing from their lips, spoken perfectly, yet somehow impersonally, as if issuing from a phonograph record.

"The honor is all ours, Lieutenant Lesprade. I am Major Takamura. Lieutenant Fusikawa—"

"Enchanted, enchanted," Fusikawa volunteered.

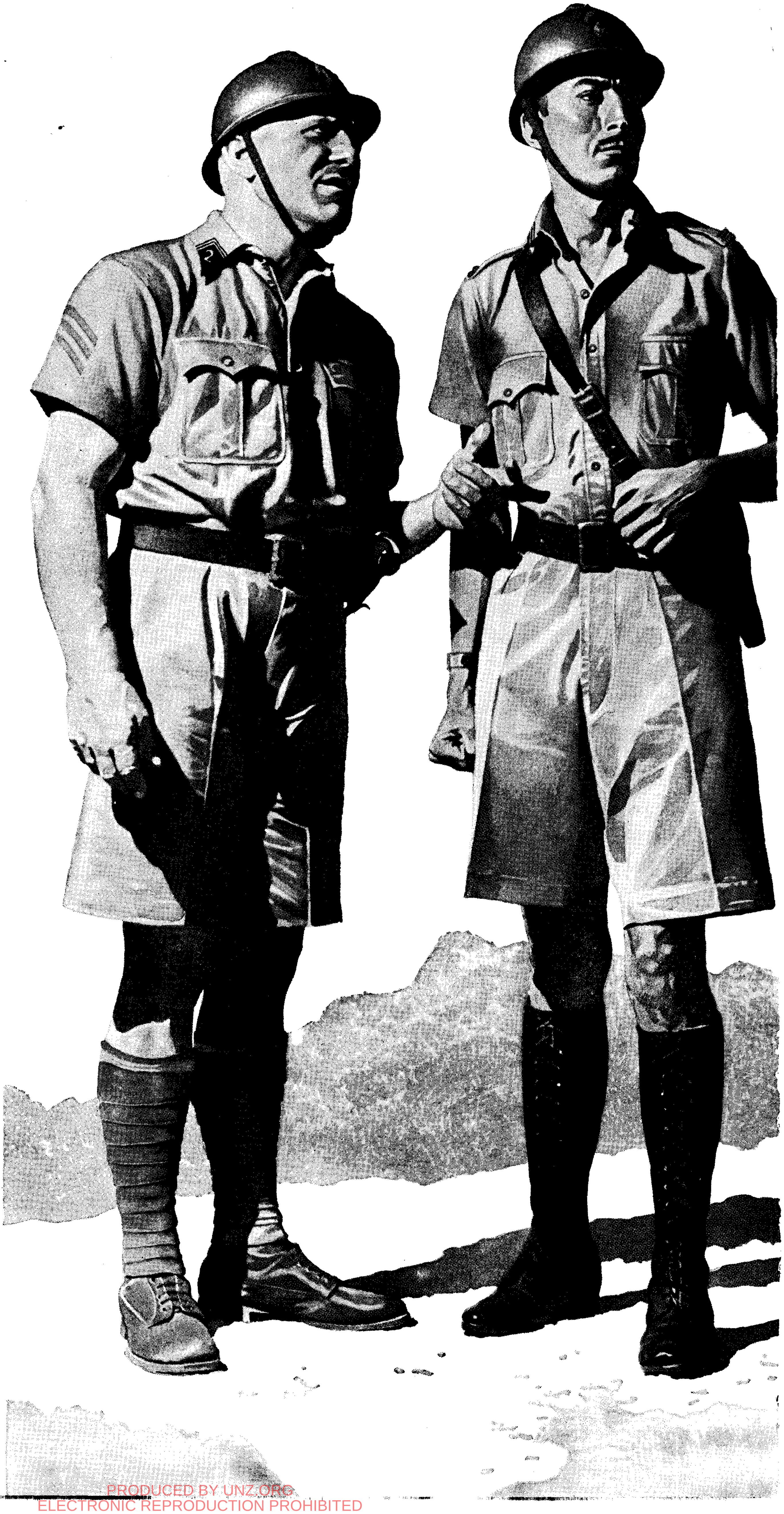
"I regret that I do not know Japanese, gentlemen—"

"You did not foresee that you might need it," Takamura said casually, as he led the way across the yard. "Do you not find the everlasting rain depressing, Lieutenant?"

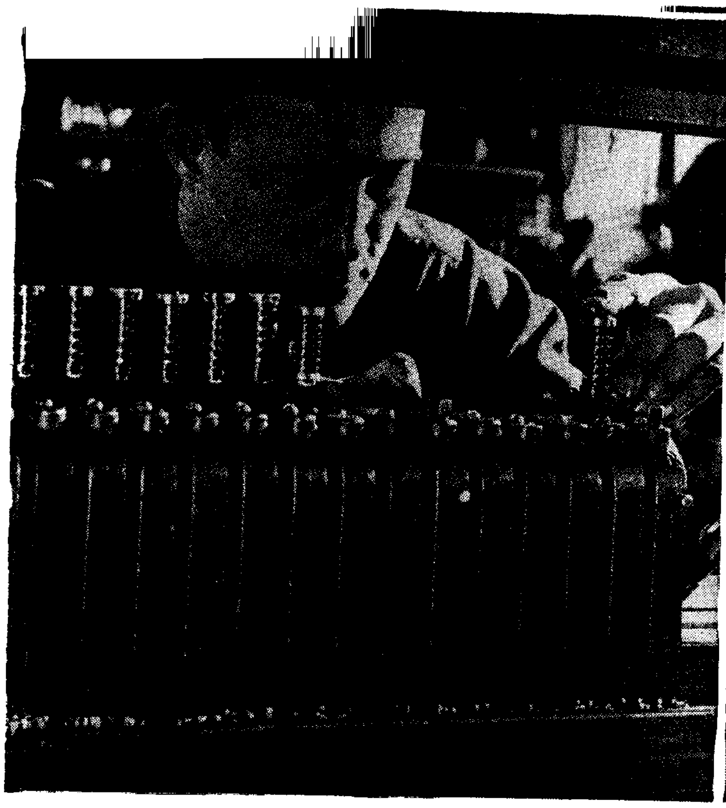
Lesprade gestured vaguely. The manner, the voice were polite. Yet both remarks might conceal sarcasm. Japanese would be a useful language now. And there was a certain cold irony in asking a French officer whether the weather did not depress him, when his country was in the hands of invaders, when the colonial empire was collapsing. He stood aside to permit them to enter the officers' mess.

"I am the only officer at present, Major. My second in command is in the hospital." He indicated the trays, the bottles: "You must be thirsty. May I offer—"

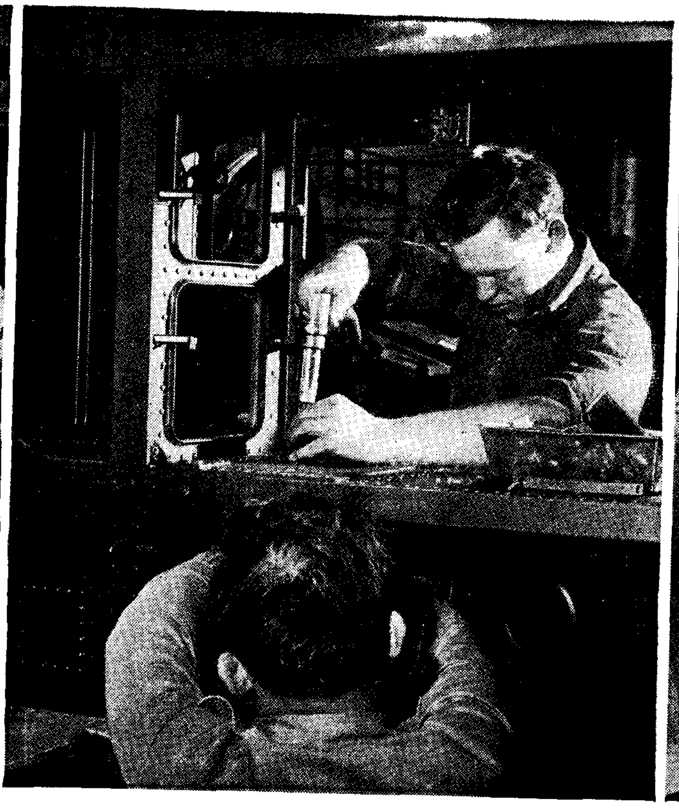
"Later, later perhaps, thank you so much," Takamura said. "I believe it is better to settle the matter at once. Your superiors have doubtless instructed you. A trifling *(Continued on page 34)*



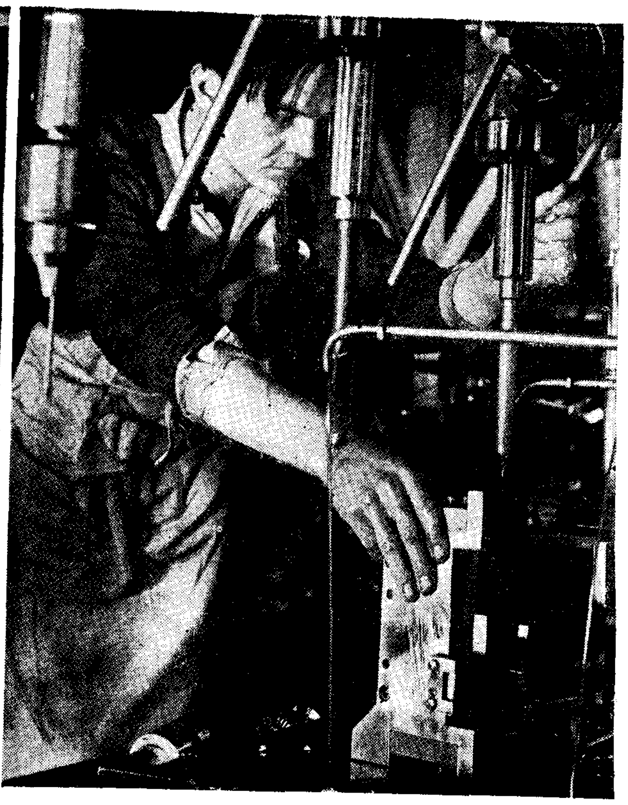
**Folger turned to him. "Lieutenant," he said, *"you're not thinking of doing a foolishness?"***



Workman setting up a section of a gang punch. When adjusted, bar above drops to punch 150 rivet holes



Cleanup riveting on a rough-finished fuselage is done by hand. Small parts are attached here



A 4-spindle drill press does a fast job of preparing the hanger that will support the rudder peda

# Where Airplanes Come From

## By W. B. Courtney

**That roar you hear is from pursuit ships tearing the sky apart. American built—and good. They don't come off the assembly line at the rate of one a minute. For good reasons. Larry Bell tells you—and he's father and mother to the Airacobra**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

PERSONALLY, I'd counsel against it because he is a stout-looking fellow. Broad in the shoulders, thick in the chest, a belligerent glint in dark eyes and jut to pitted chin, with a head that seems too well set to be jarred by ordinary blows. However, *if* you want to make Larry Bell awfully mad—just ask him why he doesn't build more airplanes!

Lawrence D. Bell is president, nerves, voice, elbows and heart of the Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo, New York: manufacturers for the United States Air Corps of the famous pursuit ship, P-39, and its assembly-line brother which the Royal Air Force calls the "Caribou."

Early this year Larry Bell's doctor ordered him to escape to Florida and give a brief respite to stomach and muscles wilted from months of working seven days a week, twenty hours a day. Larry tottered onto the beach to sit in the sun. The languid sand regulars, who are Florida's equivalent of the old summer-hotel piazza rocking-chair brigade, looked him over.

"Bell? Bell?" remarked one portly chap to whom Larry was introduced. "Aren't you the man who builds the airplanes?"

Larry today will explain that the man "didn't say anything more along those lines, but you could just see in his face he was thinking what the hell was I doing down there wasting time on a vacation when the country's in grave danger and needing thousands of planes right away to beat off the invaders!" It seems everybody in Florida was an expert on all matters pertaining to plane mass production; everyone had been reading the news from Washington. One dowager word-packaged what Larry is sure all were thinking, then delivered it to him as subtly as a swipe from a two-by-four.

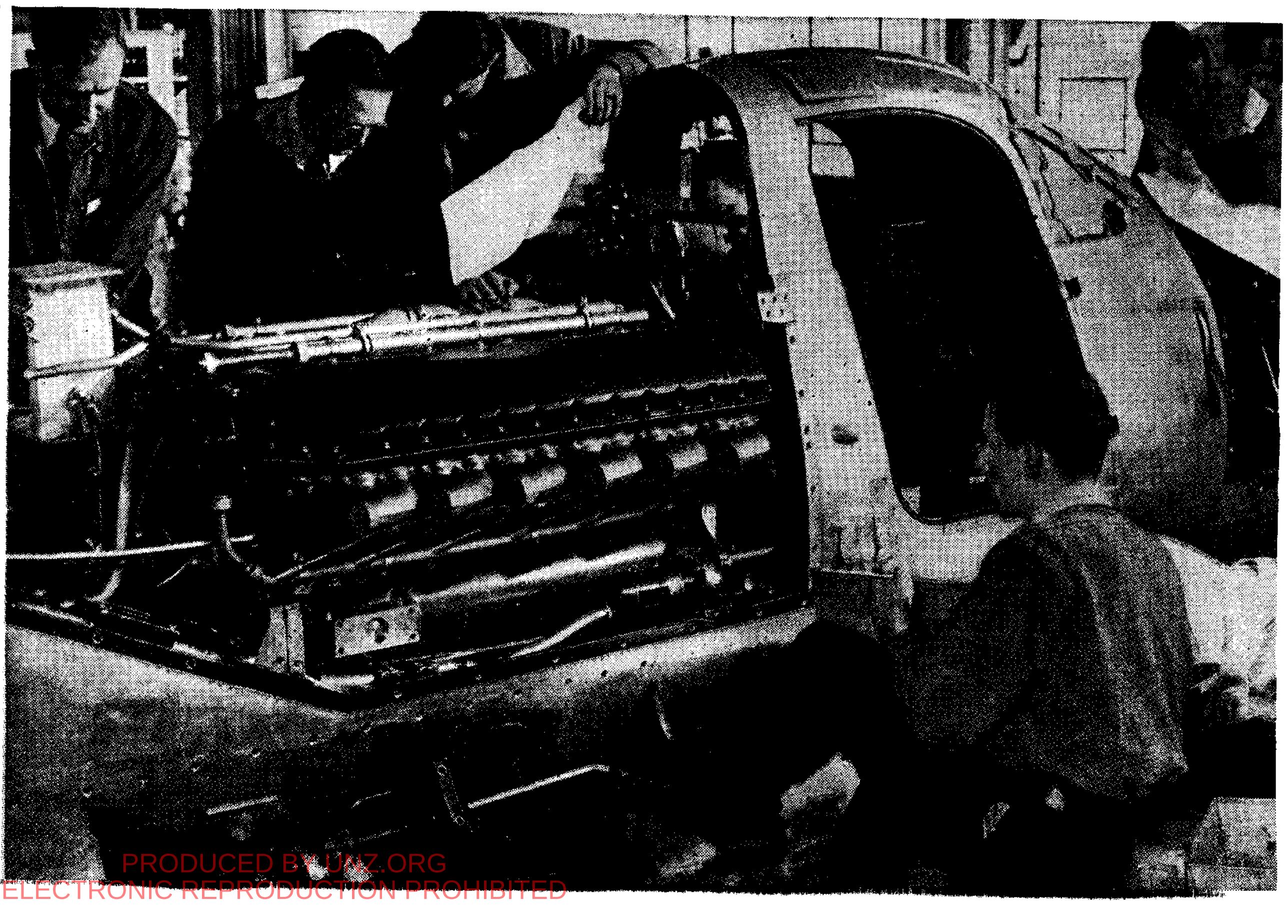
"I don't see why," she pouted, "you can't build all the airplanes we need without all this fuss. Heaven knows the government is taking enough money from us taxpayers and laying it out to you manufacturers—"

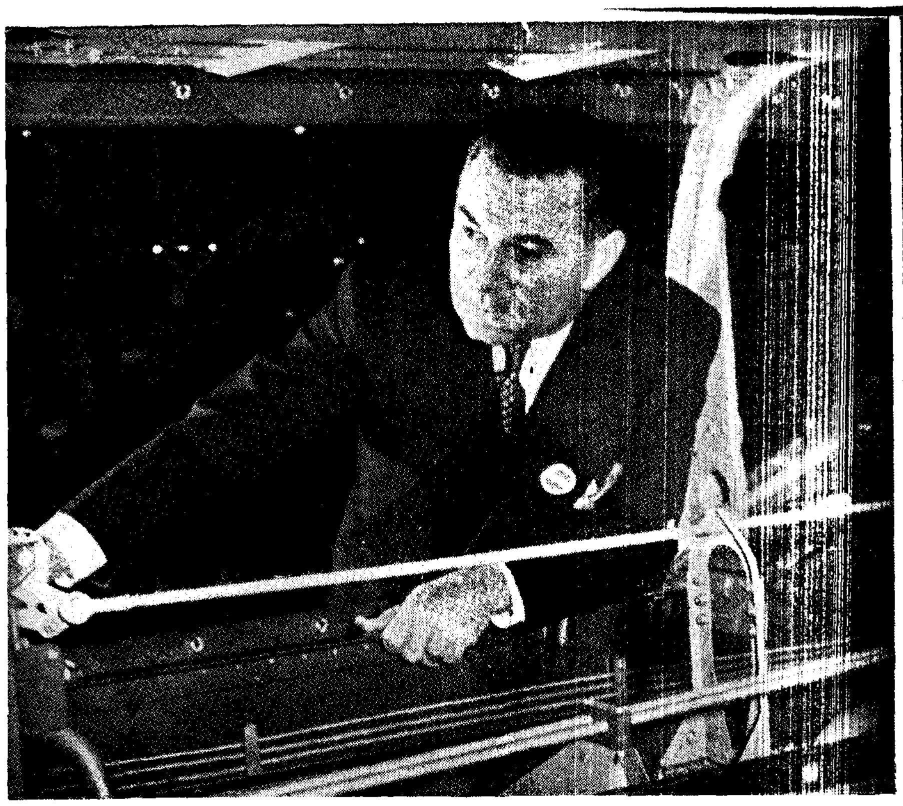
Larry fled the beach and looked in on a cocktail party. He was collared by an insurance man: "Bell, why aren't you able to build 1,000 planes a week?"

Larry tells it: "I asked him how much

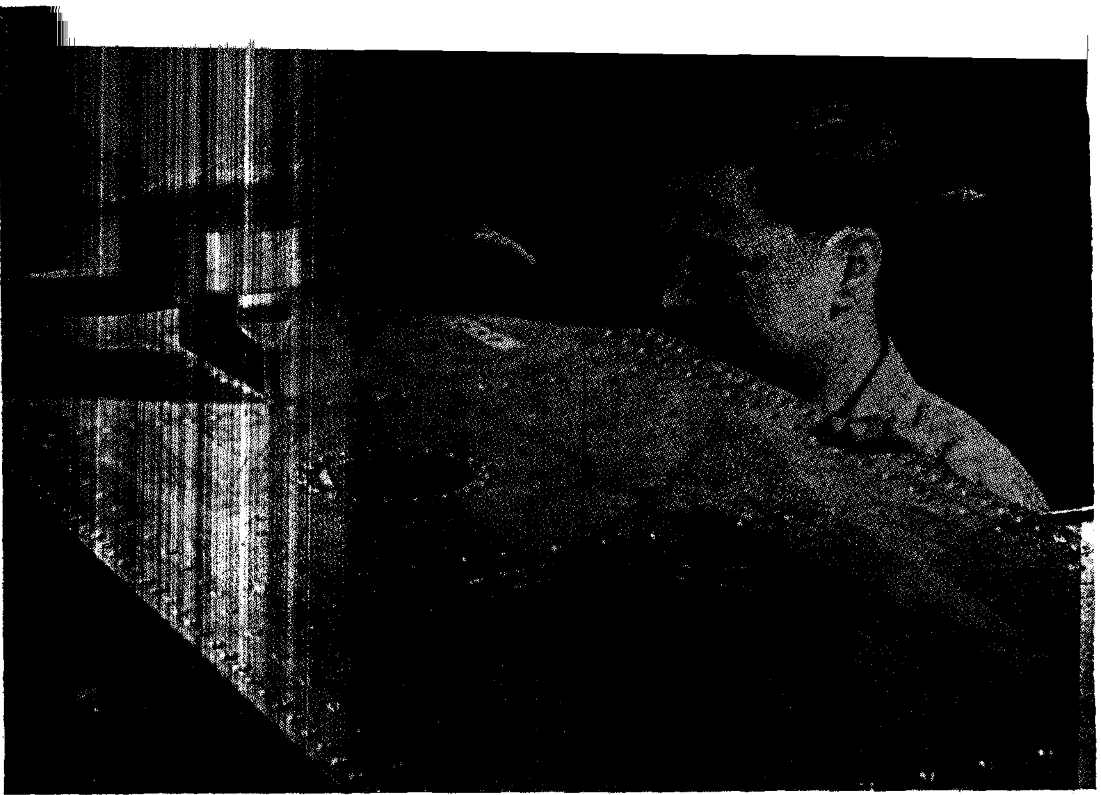
"Bumping out" a section of the dural skin to smooth and shape it before drilling. Good operators for this machine are scarce and are prima donnas of the plant

Engineers and workmen checking the installation of the Allison engine in a nearly completed Airacobra. Fuel and ignition connections are made at this stage





**vrence D. Bell, president and founder of the Bell Air- ft Corp., must wear his identification tag on the job**



**A gang riveter at work on a gas-tank panel. This is an early step in constructing the Airacobra's leakproof tank**

insurance he had sold last year. He said $500,000 worth. I asked him, 'Why didn't you sell $15,000,000 worth?' So then while he was thinking about that I gave up and came home to Buffalo. It's more restful in the factory here.

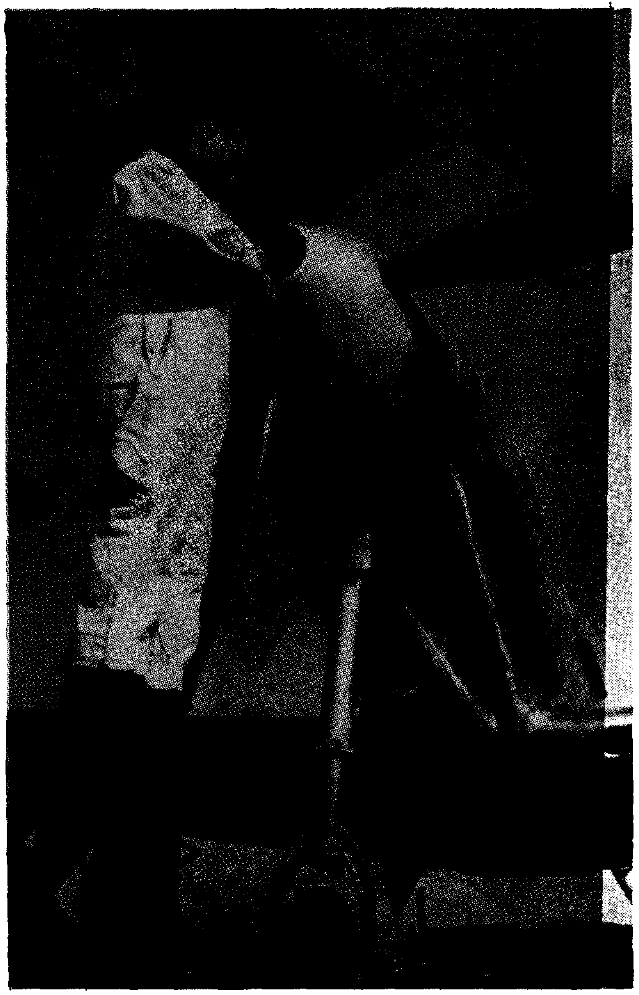
"Listen, I'm not the only contractor who's touchy about this. Every man who builds planes or engines sees red and feels blue. It's important to tell you all this because I don't think the public realizes what pariahs it's made us. It's so bad I'm afraid to go out nights—no bridge, no social life. We're like that Gilbert and Sullivan cop who said his life was 'not an 'appy one.' People think we're either lazy or soulless mugs and that we demand to be pampered with juicy contracts or we won't work. It's time something was said in defense of the men who are trying to build defense.

"It's all a misunderstanding on account of catchwords like 'mass production' and 'big appropriations.'

"Laymen are inclined to measure all large-scale industrial production by a yardstick based on the automobile industry. But compared with tin cans or cigarettes, for example, automobiles have never had mass production. Whereas 1,000 units a day might be considered mass production in one industry, 1,000 a minute might be a cinch in another, while 10 a week would be marvelous in a third. You say, oh, cigarettes are simple. Yet the average cigarette probably has more *parts* than your car. The wrapper paper—and hundreds of bits and shreds of tobacco. My point is that it's not size or contents that count, but the complexity of your product and the precision required in its integral units. It's not just a matter of assembly-line management. There are 9,000 separate parts and about 90,000 rivets in the air frame alone of the P-39. That is, in the bald plane—minus landing gear, instruments, guns, propellers and engine. The average motorcar has only 4,000 separate parts, including the engine. Yet my air frame doesn't weigh as much as your whole car. The automobile man doesn't have to worry about weight. He can put in bulk for strength. My plane has to be lean, stingy with ounces—yet strong enough for top speeds four to eight times greater than that of automobiles and for landing shocks and storm buffetings that cars never get.

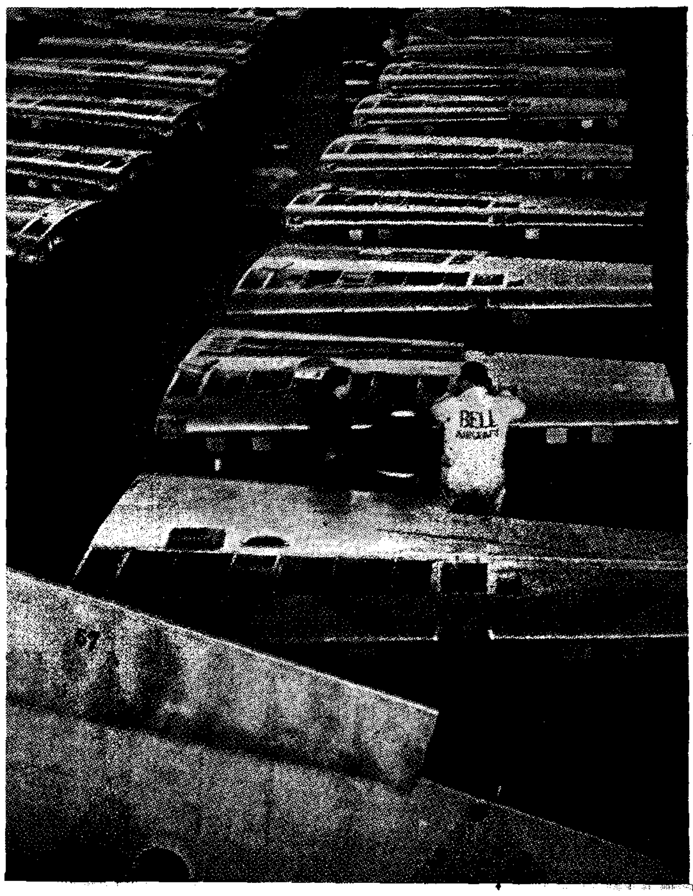
"I'm afraid production comparisons of automobiles and planes, since this national-defense rush came up, have been talked about more than thought about. So please remember aerodynamics present different problems from road dynamics. The car and the plane are vehicles for different elements—the plane has to contend with more laws of physics, stresses and materials. Before planes can be produced in quantities comparable to automobiles they must be simplified in essential design as much as

*(Continued on page 68)*

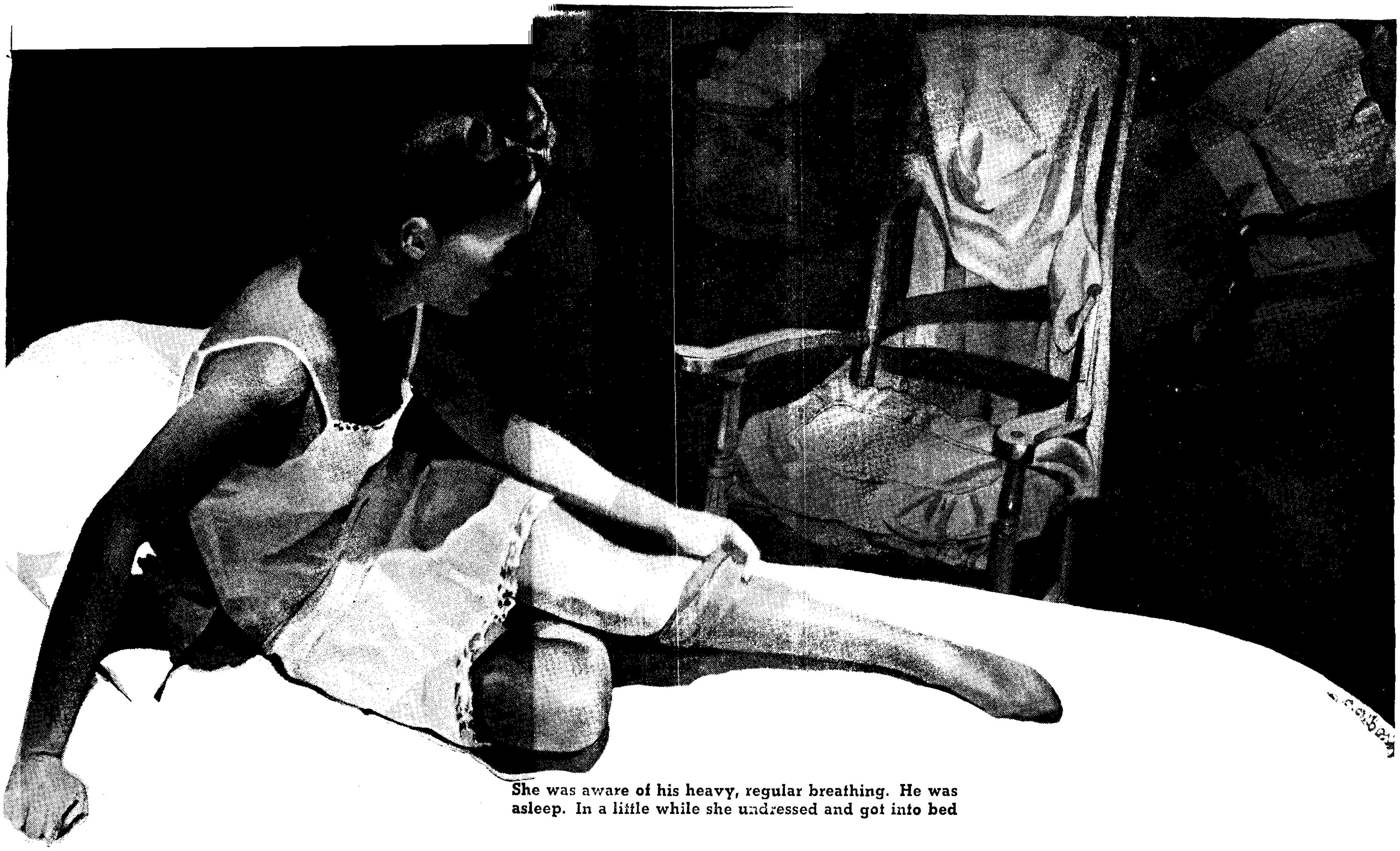


**Outside the factory, a machinist makes final adjustments on a completed Airacobra. Gun is the .37-mm. cannon. Right, below, a drop hammer cold-stamps a bulkhead angle for the leading edge of a wing**

**ght and left wings in Wing Assembly. Every cubic inch the wing interior is used for tanks, guns, ammunition, etc.**



***Miscellaneous small parts are set up beneath this machine tool, which stamps them out in one operation***



She was aware of his heavy, regular breathing. He was asleep. In a little while she undressed and got into bed

# The Best of Luck

## By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**The surest way for a man to get away from the past is to meet a girl with a car and a belief in the future**

JOHN KIRBY turned from the white glare of the highway and trudged across the clearing in front of the gasoline pumps. He carried a suitcase in one hand and his coat in the other. The shade of the live oak was like a breeze. He sat down on a bench, leaned back and closed his eyes. When he opened them, minutes later, he found a potbellied man in dirty white pants regarding him suspiciously.

"Hello," John Kirby said, and took out his handkerchief.

The fat man did not say anything and Kirby, wiping his face, appeared not to care. He bent over, loosened his shoelaces and drew his feet out of the hot, dusty shoes.

"You look like you're going to stay a while," the fat man said.

"A little while. How about a bottle of chocolate milk?"

"Can you pay for it?"

"Let me worry about that," John Kirby said.

"I'll do my own worrying, buddy. You got the price, you get the drink."

Be smart, mister, be smart, John Kirby thought; don't push me, don't shove me around. I have just walked five miles in the hot sun. I'm not used to being on the road like this, bumming rides, walking miles between rides, taking lip and worse from people like you. All I want is to be left alone. So leave me alone.

He tossed a dime on the metal cooler beside the bench. He drank the milk slowly, with long pauses, and when he had finished he put on his shoes again, leaving the laces loose, and filled the bottle with water and drank that. Luncheon—for ten cents. And he still had three and a quarter left and more than a thousand miles to cover. It could be done. Well, it had to be done.

THE car pulled up in front of the pumps while he was lighting a cigarette. When he saw a girl at the wheel, alone, he lost interest, for you never got a lift from a girl alone.

The potbellied man hurried out, grinning, saying, "Yes, ma'am; yes, lady," and began wiping off the windshield.

The girl was deliberating, her grave, troubled eyes following the quick, energetic movements of the fat man.

"Fill it up, lady?"

She said forthrightly, "I am going to ask you to trust me for a dollar's worth of gas."

The man retreated, bending over as though someone had struck him in the stomach. "Now, now, lady, after all, *after all*—"

"You see," she explained in an earnest, urgent voice, "I haven't a cent with me. But I'll mail you the dollar this afternoon, just as soon as I get to the next city."

He raised his hands and shook his head with self-righteous conviction. "No, lady. No, I'm sorry. No—no. Oh, no!" He turned and fled into the building, still shaking his head and waving his arms violently.

"Oh, dear," she said in a hopeless, not angry voice. She was young and slender and her hair was brown and short and wind-blown above her sun-tanned face. "For ten miles," she explained to John Kirby across the dusty space, "the gauge has read empty. Do you know how far it is to the next filling station?"

"No," he said, "I don't know. But I'll loan you a dollar if you'll give me a lift to the next city." He was offhand about it, although he didn't mean to be.

She looked away. "No, thank you. I'll take a chance on the next filling station." She put the car in gear.

A small, bleak smile glided along his lips. "The best of luck," he said, not loud enough to be heard, and leaned back and hit one of the pumps with his cigarette butt. Nice shooting. And a nice, cozy roadster—small and almost new—the kind doting papas give to their daughters. You see them kicking up the gravel on the drives of country clubs and burning up the highways to any roadhouse where there's good dance music. Pretty, slender girls in light summer dresses, brown-skinned from swimming in the sun, lovely to look at. Something like Cornelia. He wondered how Cornelia was doing now. She would be doing all right, of course. Just leave it to Cornelia!

THE motor died a hundred feet up the highway and the roadster drifted along a little and stopped.

John Kirby laced up his shoes and stood up. He walked up the highway.

"Steer it," he said, bracing his arms against the radiator shell and pushing. She cramped around, peering backward, and steered while he pushed; and when they reached the pumps she braked.

John Kirby walked past her and said to the fat man, "Five."

"It'll cost you a dollar and five cents, buddy." The fat man held out his palm.

John Kirby gave him a dollar bill and a nickel and walked back to the bench and sat down.

The roadster did not move and in a minute the girl said, "Well, are you coming?"

"Go ahead, go ahead," he said.

In a couple of minutes she said, "Are you coming or must I sit here all day?"

John Kirby stood up, took his coat in one hand and his suitcase in the other, and walked across to the roadster. He swung his suitcase up to the deck behind the seat and got in.

"Thanks," he said.

She drove off, saying, "It's about fifty to the next city, isn't it?"

"About."

She drove swiftly, perched on the edge of the seat, her hands high on the wheel, her pretty legs stretched toward the pedals. The curve at the small of her back was exquisite. Her hair blew freely in the wind. She drove with a kind of reckless impatience, her graceful body leaning anxiously toward her destination.

"Why did you change your mind?" she said.

"About what?"

"Oh, about the gas."

John Kirby did not answer immediately and when she glanced at him he shrugged and said, "I guess I didn't like the fat man."

"That's an odd reason."

"Maybe it's only a part of the reason. It's just that sometimes you've got to do a certain thing in order to live with yourself and it doesn't have to be sane or sensible. Usually it isn't."

She glanced at him again, curiously, and then drove with greater speed. Her body seemed to lift with a new buoyancy. A small, grim smile touched her lips. "You are certainly right about that. And you get a wonderful feeling the very second

*(Continued on page 77)*

"I'll be there," he said, and as the caboose went by he swung a

# Teacher's Pet

## By Jack Macmurragh

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED

THE little boy's chin just poked over the top of the teacher's desk. "Gee, you're pretty," he said. "You got hair shiny just like a black horse's. Why don't you get married, Miss Sawyer?"

She said, "Thank you, dear. Put your slate in your desk and go out for recess with the rest of the boys and girls."

She thought: I wonder if he knows how cruel that was. Of course he doesn't. He's just heedless.

She thought: With this wind, they'll play on the south side of the school, where the round, red fire escape traps some of the sun's warmth. Some of the little girls will stand like little, old dwarfs, shiveringly engrossed in their conversation. Funny little things. And the boys' cheeks will be red, and their scarves will be flying. . . . Oh, am I doomed to spend my life taking care of other people's kids?

Quickly she dug her tatting from her desk drawer, and carefully she smoothed it upon the desk top.

The wind slewed around the corner of the building, and she thought: I wonder if he has to walk over the cars of the log train in this wind? It's so cold, so cold to be a brakeman.

Painstakingly she worked at the very special piece of lace. It was to decorate the top of a bed jacket of pink wool and silk—a most marvelous jacket for a young wife's shoulders while she was reading in bed—perhaps by the light of that elegant kerosene lamp Lustfield's had displayed in their window—waiting for her husband to finish locking the house and banking the fires. A girl could know she was beautiful in a jacket like that—especially if she were a blonde. Especially the girl he loved. She wondered what that girl was like. Was she tall, slender, grave? Or small, delicate, vivacious? He hadn't told her anything—except that she was blond.

She thought then: I hate her! Whoever she is!

At once, she felt better. Guilty, but relieved.

She thought: I wonder if he knows how cruel he is. Of course, he doesn't. He's just heedless.

He doesn't really see me, ever. I might be his sister. It's my own fault. Why, oh, why, can't I use those tricks that other girls use?

He acted like a brother—that was the trouble. He'd said, "I just hate to go into the woman's side of a dry-goods store. Will you get me something extra special sumptuous nice—a present—for a girl about your age?"

And her heart had tightened with the anticipation of happiness. She'd said archly, her dark head tilted, "What complexion, Fred?"

She still remembered his broad grin. "Blond," he'd said, and changed the subject.

She hadn't seen him since. Today he'd be back. She'd see him again. The gift for the blonde would be ready when he came.

THE kids came back in, sniveling through their cold noses. The little boy stopped at her desk. "Listen," he said pontifically. "I been thinkin'. Will you marry me? Later on, of course."

"Thank you, dear," she said. "Thank you for asking me. And now take your seat, dear."

She put her tatting away, and as she rose she felt the stiffness of her schoolteacher look coming over her face.

The wind was higher when she came out of school. She took the road, walking between the sleigh tracks where the horses' hoofs had roughened the slippery road. At the railroad crossing on the edge of town, she stopped and waited. The log train was due. His train.

The big, drunken log loads came swaying up the track, barely crawling along, and he rode the head car, along with another man. He looked so cold, though he was all bundled up, hunched against the towering bank of logs.

When he saw her, he began backing down and jumped to the ground.

He waded back to her through the snow of the ditch, while the train went creeping on. "Plenty of time," he said.

She said, "Did you have to ride on the cars in all this wind?"

"Makes no difference," he said. "My blood's like fire."

She said, "I've got that present."

"You got . . . Oh! Fine! Can I see it tonight?"

"Of course," she said.

"I'll be there," he said, and as the caboose went by he swung aboard it. He waved to her with one hand.

SHE took special pains with herself that night. She sparkled, and she knew it. Her cheeks were red, and her eyes were bright.

She sat at the organ and played, without very many mistakes, The Ragtime Strutters' Ball. And when she heard him come in she sang the words—gaily.

He was grinning while he pulled off his coat, a bashful grin that fought to hold back the excitement bubbling inside him. "Where's that present?" he said.

"The pres . . . ?" she said. "Oh. Of course."

She had it wrapped prettily. "Here," she said. "I'm sure she'll like it."

He looked at the jacket without touching it, and the happiness drained from his face.

She had thought that her heart was squeezed as tight as it could be, but it was not so. She looked at his face while the hurt in her heart grew. She thought: After all this, isn't he going to like it? Won't it be good enough for her?

He said, "You made it yourself." And his voice was dead.

"Yes," she said brightly, and smiled. "Yes, of course. I could find nothing suitable in the stores."

He said, "If you asked me to get a present for you for some other man, I wouldn't have done that. I'd have got him a box of cigars and loaded them with dynamite. I'd have got him a shirt and put a rusty nail in it. I thought . . . if you cared, why, you'd . . ."

The smile left her face, and she stared at him tensely. "Did you?" she said. "Did you? Look!"

Quickly, she turned back the front of the jacket, and there—hidden securely under the edging—was a long, long needle.

"It would have *scratched* her," she said.

THEY stood under the chandelier, holding the box between them. "Look," he said then, pontifically. "I been thinkin'. Will you marry me? Later on? After Christmas?"

"Thank you, dear," she said. "Thank you for asking me."

And just barely did she restrain herself from adding: "And now take your seat, dear."

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**Subject of the above conversation is cows, which gives some idea of Helen Craig's problems as the deaf-mute in the leading role of Johnny Belinda**

# STAGE-STRUCK

## By Kyle Crichton

**About Helen Craig, the speechless success of Johnny Belinda, who is learning to like crowds**

EVEN on Broadway, which is a land of illusion and nonsense, the case of Miss Helen Craig is extraordinary. For more years than it would be decent to mention she has been studying for the stage. She has read the great dramatists; she has perfected herself in diction; she has specialized in public speaking; she has taken elocution to her heart. For the same number of years she has been plodding desperately from one manager's office to another with the hope that some day she might be able to use her talent. Finally she gets her chance: She is given the leading role in Johnny Belinda—in which she plays the part of a deaf-mute girl who finally has two words to say at the final curtain.

You might imagine Miss Craig would be unhappy at this strange occurrence but that would only be because you didn't understand Miss Craig's devotion to the theater. Miss Craig is devoted to the theater with a quiet fanaticism which has hitherto been associated only with the early Christian martyrs. When you get her off her base, she is full of fun and as attractive as any other beautiful girl alive—but mention that fatal word "stage" and her eyes take on the look of one who has climbed a distant mountain and seen the Land of Canaan.

"And that isn't all," say her admiring friends. "Just get her together with her husband, John Beal, and you'll see something."

What you see is two young people who are so hipped on the stage that they give the impression of two moon-struck individuals who are about to burst into madrigals. They live the theater, they go without meals when they are in the throes of it, they firmly believe that any author who would prefer to write a masterpiece in book form rather than fashion it into what might be a mediocre play is obviously touched in the head. They got married because they were in love but they rushed to get the ceremony through because they had a date with a producer right afterward.

"We wrote his address and phone number on the back of the marriage certificate," says Miss Craig. "That's the only reason we haven't lost it."

She was born in a little copper-mining town in the Andes of Chile, where her father, an American mining engineer, was in charge of the properties. When she first came to America she was aged eight and couldn't speak much English. Even in those days she had made up her mind to be an actress, which is one of the most fantastic ambitions ever heard of in view of her general appearance. The testimony of her schoolmates at Horace Mann School in New York and Scarborough School on the Hudson is that no homelier and more awkward student has ever been known at the two institutions. It was rather evident at school that she would have to be something strange because she never learned to spell or add and she can't to this day. She couldn't speak from timidity and had absolutely no social grace. So she next attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"For six months," says Helen. "They asked me not to come back after that."

By this time she was fifteen, large and gawky, with straight hair, low heels and no sense for clothes. Fortified in that manner she set out to get a job on Broadway. Not only did she fail in that but she never even got to see a manager.

She wrote to Jasper Deeter at the Hedgerow Theater in suburban Philadelphia and asked him to let her come down and join his company. He never answered the letter. Then one day she packed a bag and went down to Hedgerow. Deeter refused to talk to her. When night fell and it became evident that they either had to take her in or she'd stay right there until the coroner carted her away, Deeter weakened to the point of saying gruffly:

"There's a little room up there over the stage. I wouldn't give it to a dog but it's all we have. And this is the hot-water heater. Turn it off when you're through or the damn' thing'll blow us all up."

She stayed at Hedgerow four years, washing and scrubbing, acting as prop boy and stagehand. Eventually she got small parts and later she had the most important roles. Also it was there that she met John Beal. When she felt she could get no farther at Hedgerow she came over to New York and tried for two years without getting a part. She still looked like a rag bag, had never

*(Continued on page 64)*

# The Traitor

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

PHYLLIS HARTNEY, daughter of Captain Hartney, U.S.N., commander of a small Western naval station, promises Lieut. Commander Kirstell, who has been sent from Washington, to assist him in catching a traitor—probably an officer—who is supposed to be operating at the station.

Skeptical about the traitor business, Phyllis is convinced that something nefarious is going on when a sentry—posted to guard a secret device that is being perfected by three young inventive geniuses—fires at a skulker who is trying to reach the device. After which, Captain Hartney's daughter goes into action.

Bert Sedden, son of "Pop" Sedden—Commander Sedden, the captain's executive officer—has just returned from the East. Investigation reveals that he had once been a Communist and a Russian spy. Investigation reveals, further, that Mr. Bert Sedden's closest friend is "Dutch" Prentice, a young engineer who, with "Pat" Rorabeck, another engineer, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, is working on the secret mechanism. . . .

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide, has been trying to inveigle Phyllis into marrying him; and Phyllis, turning down Mr. Collins at frequent intervals, has been falling—gently, quietly, delightfully—in love with Savvy Roberts. . . . While Phyllis is with her father, in his office, Pop Sedden comes in and astounds them. Pop asserts that he has learned the identity of the traitor—and he names him: *Bert Sedden, his son!*

Hartney pooh-poohs the idea; and Commander Sedden leaves the room. An hour or so later, Savvy Roberts is showing Phyllis and her father the secret mechanism—perfected at last. It is a broad-beamed mosquito boat that is shot through the water at terrific speed by an engine built on a rocket-propulsion principle. To show Phyllis and the captain how the boat works, Savvy takes them out in it, for a short spin. The boat's speed is astounding!

After they return, they are met by Pat Rorabeck. He tolds up an aluminum cylinder, and says: "I found this under the gas tank." Phyllis gasps, "It's a bomb!" and seizes the cylinder, and hurls it toward the water. As they wait for the thing to explode, Roger Collins arrives. "Sorry, sir," he gasps. "I think you'd better come at once. Commander Sedden has disappeared. Mrs. Sedden thinks he has killed himself."

### VI

THEY found Pop's empty fishing boat adrift more than ten miles offshore, the next morning. Two heavy anchors which the boat always carried were missing. Pop had left his uniform cap and coat neatly wrapped in a bundle, stowed beneath a thwart.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell caught up with Bert Sedden some hours after all Navy Station knew that Pop had drowned himself—and why. Bert was sleeping off a drunk in a room at the Motourist Inn on the coast road.

Like people moving through a bad dream, we assembled in the Station chapel that afternoon for a brief memorial service. Our chaplain, Lieutenant Wilson, was away on sick leave. A minister from the village said prayers. Mom Sedden, stunned by a grief she could not ease with tears, stood with my father and Commander and Mrs. McMatthews. The chapel was filled. There was an overflow crowd, attesting to the affection all hands at Navy Station felt for Pop.

We could not be spared dramatics, even then. Just as the service was starting, I heard a disturbance at the rear door followed by a distressing buzz of whispers.

Savvy Roberts, Dutch, Pat and Bert Sedden had entered the chapel together and were standing in a group at the doorway.

Bert, very pale, his eyes bloodshot, seemed dazed. He looked like a prep-school boy beside Savvy. No one of us could bear more than a glance at him. His very presence was a mockery and an indecency. I felt myself flushing with anger. Why had Savvy allowed himself to be victimized by appearing here with Bert? By implication, it would place him in the role of condoning Bert's villainy. It ranged him with Bert and Dutch and Pat against the rest of us. How could he be so *stupid?* I wanted to go back and offer Savvy a seat in the pew with me, but realized that would only make matters worse.

Matters got worse, anyway.

Mom turned and saw her son. She immediately left her place, walked up the aisle, put her arms around Bert and kissed him. Then, as he shook his head as if in protest, she led him back down the aisle. Bert's eyes spilled tears and his lower lip trembled, as they passed me. I wondered what my father would do. He did nothing, merely moving aside to make room for Bert in the front pew.

So Bert, whose treachery had driven Pop to suicide, stood there with his arm around his mother's waist while we paid our last respects to the dead. Toward the end, it got too much for me. While the enlisted men's choir was singing Lead, Kindly Light, I left. I could not trust myself to face Bert or Mom when the service was ended.

I walked down the old landing near the dry dock, where Pop had kept his beloved boat.

The sight of that vacant mooring place brought the tears. I sat there and wept for Pop, reproaching myself bitterly. Perhaps, I thought, if I had let the skipper go with Pop, last night, it might have saved him. I was, indeed, a miserable sinner and there was no health in me. . . .

"May I?"

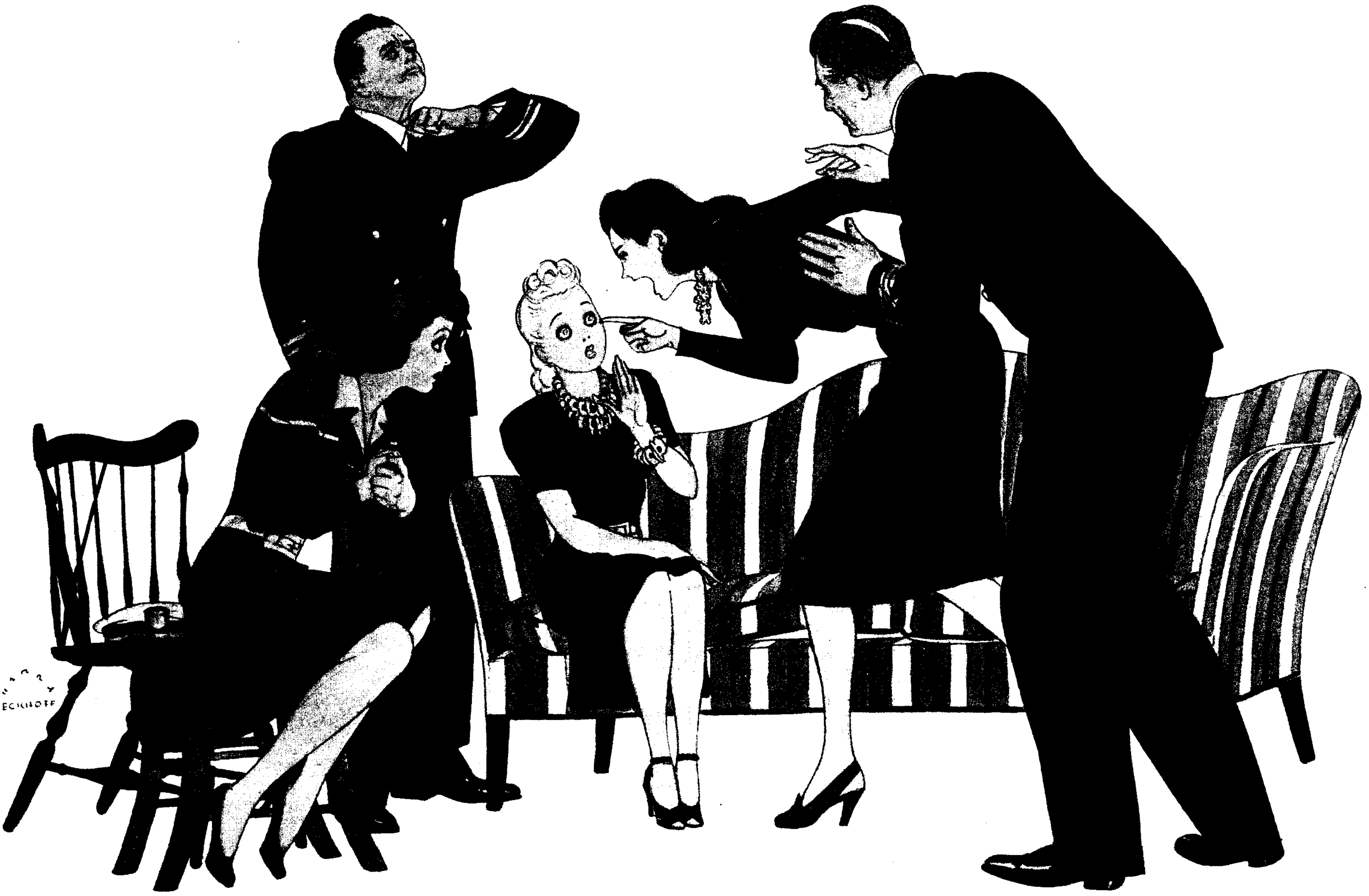
I looked up. It was Savvy Roberts.

"Saw you leave," he said. "Had to follow you. But if you want me to go away, I will."

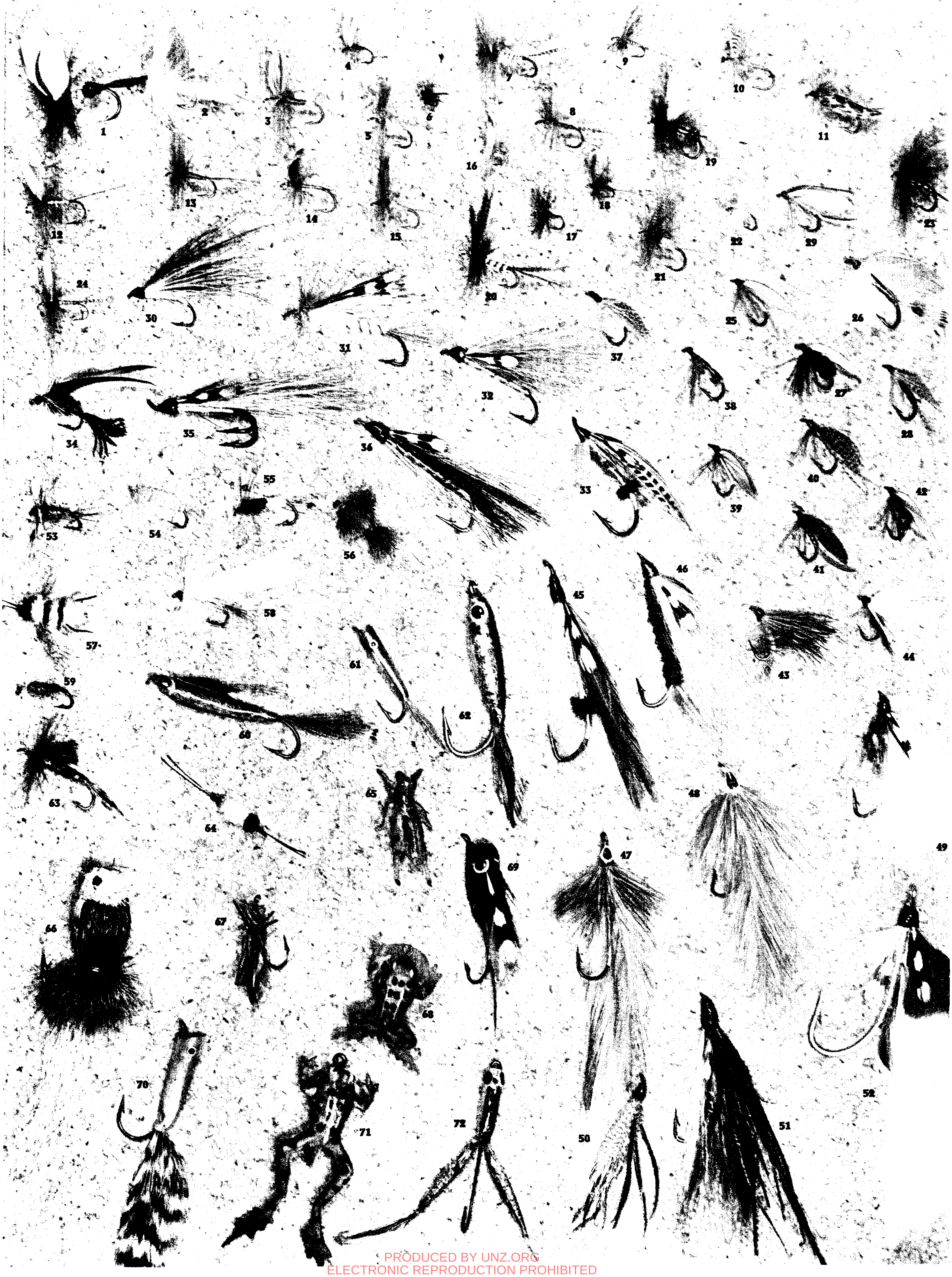
"No," I said. "You stay."

We sat together in silence for a time,

*(Continued on page 57)*



**"Excuse me, sir, but it's the truth!" Mrs. Briscoe said. "Everybody in the Yard knows it, exceptin' you and him!"**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# FISH MENU—1941

## By Harlan Major

JUST because fish can't keep their mouths shut, seventeen million Americans are lining up today, repairing rods, tinkering with bass plugs, fussing with lures, oiling reels and buying sinkers, leaders, spinners, wobblers, lines, creels, waders and the hundred and nine gadgets fishermen need. The Dry-fly Floaters are getting ready to sneer at the Wet-fly Drifters. The Plug Flingers and Spoon Draggers are limbering up; the small-boy Worm Drowners and Minnow Trailers are confident that, once more, they'll make monkeys out of millionaires.

Trout fishermen will have to wait until the streams settle down after the snow-water runoff. Bass fans must be patient while the bass complete their family duties. Even surf and deep-sea rod wavers depend for sport on the movement of their favorites. But fishin' time's coming. In thousands of streams the trout are busily ignoring what they should have learned centuries ago: The necessity for keeping your mouth shut if you're going to survive.

On the other hand, fishermen make mistakes, too. The most common one, perhaps, is that fish are dumb. Every rod heaver will tell you about the fish he hooked, landed and released—and caught again a minute or two later—the fish that wouldn't learn. But fish can learn. Take the marlin:

Around Catalina I once saw a marlin solve the problem of getting a meal from a small, loose school of sardines. If he had charged through the school—a two-hundred-pound fish after a few ounces of food—he would have stayed hungry. So what did he do? He swam easily around the school, contracting his circles until he had his prey bunched. When he had the school in a nice compact mass he sank slowly below it. Then he came up with a rush that took him

*(Continued on page 28)*

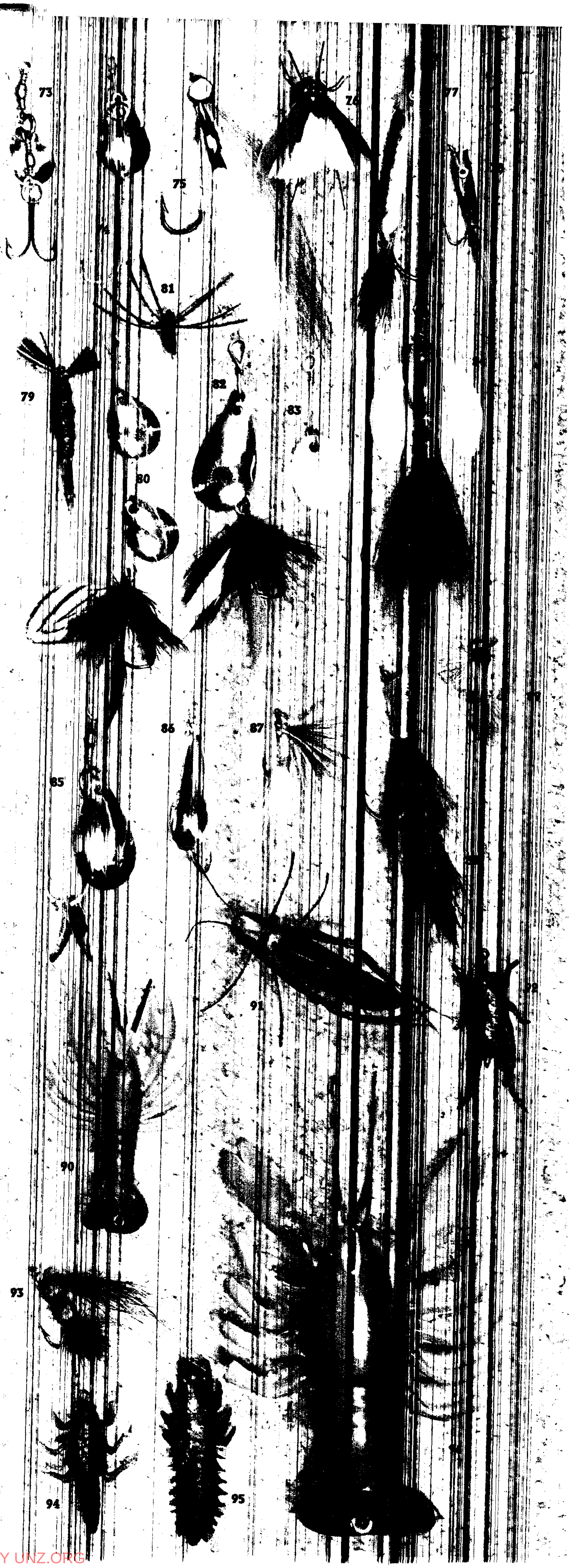
The lures shown on these pages have been chosen to show as many different types as possible in the available space. Most of the models are produced in many sizes and colorings.

### DRY FLIES

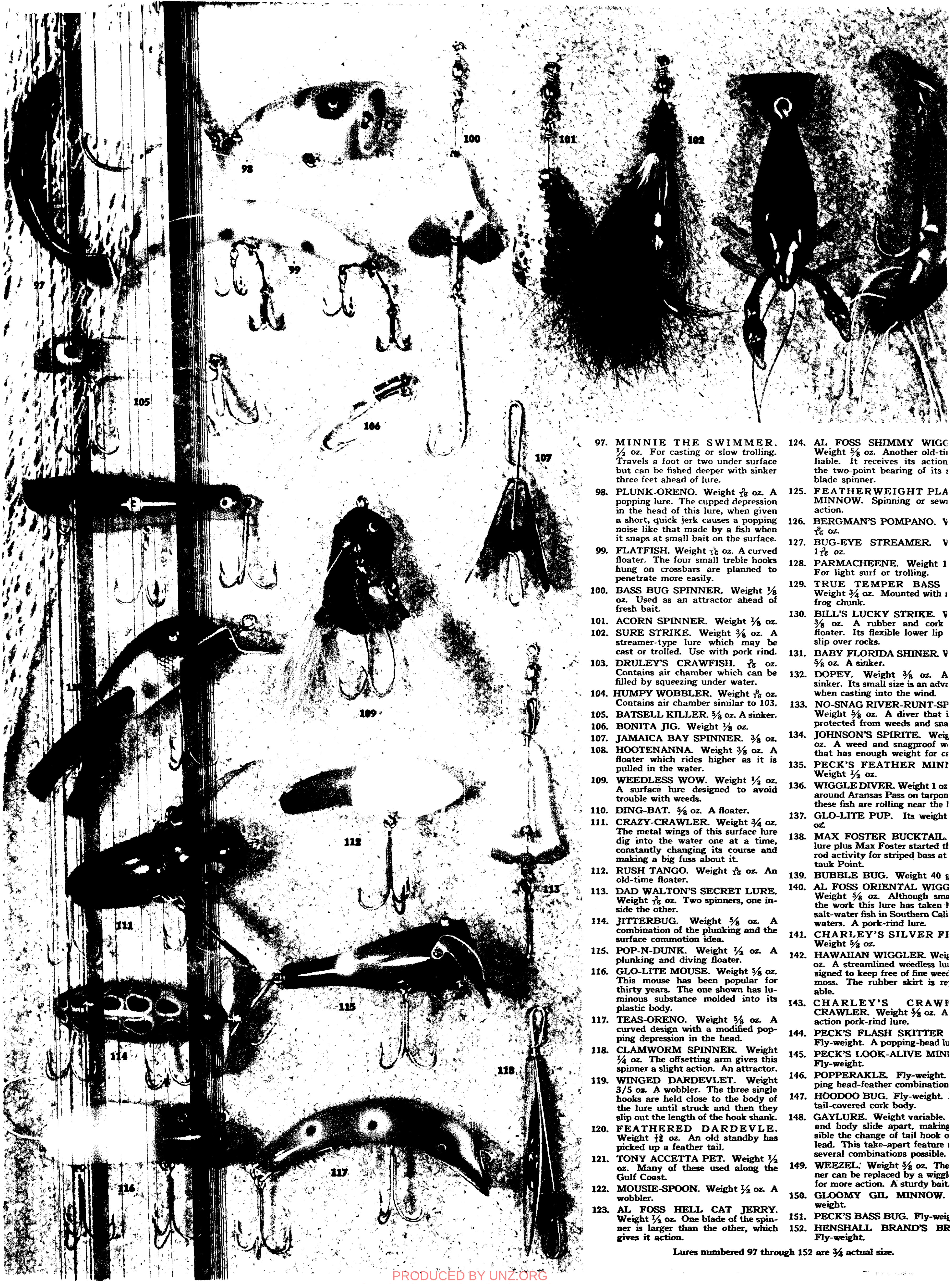
1. FAN-WINGED PARMACHEENE BELL
2. DRAKE-AKLE
3. LADY BEAVERKILL
4. BLUE DUN
5. LIGHT CAHILL
6. BLACK GNAT. Mounted on a 22 hook.
7. BLUE DUN
8. LIGHT HENDRICKSON
9. QUILL GORDON
10. LIGHT QUEEN
11. DRY GRASSHOPPER
12. BEAVERKILL
13. DARK CAHILL
14. GINGER QUILL
15. DETTY'S 44
16. GINGER QUILL. A double divided.
17. DARK HENDRICKSON
18. WICKHAM'S FANCY
19. ROYAL COACHMAN
20. BROWN DRAKE
21. RUBE CROSS SPECIAL
22. PALE GREEN SPENT WING
23. MONTREAL
24. COREY FORD

### WET FLIES

25. BLUE DUN
26. MILLS NO. 1
27. BLACK GNAT
28. DARK HENDRICKSON
29. PARMACHEENE BELL
30. MICKEY FINN. A streamer.
31. ART NEW. A streamer.
32. IRIS. A streamer.
33. GREEN HIGHLANDER. A salmon fly.
34. SPRUCE FLY. A streamer.
35. FORBS SPECIAL. A salmon streamer.
36. THOMAS TINSEL. A streamer.
37. LIGHT CAHILL
38. ROYAL COACHMAN
39. BEAVERKILL
40. DARK CAHILL
41. MONTREAL
42. LEADWING COACHMAN
43. CADDIS BUCKTAIL
44. ROYAL COACHMAN BUCKTAIL
45. ROGAN ROYAL GREY GHOST
46. NEW ENGLAND YELLOW TIGER. A streamer.
47. COL. FULLER. A streamer.
48. HOBSON'S CHOICE. A streamer.
49. MARIBOU STREAMER
50. GREEN GHOST NO. 2. A streamer.
51. TINKER BELL. A streamer.
52. A. & F. BONBRIGHT TARPON FLY. A streamer. G. D. B. Bonbright developed this fly and took with it, with fly-rod equipment, a 136-pound tarpon.
53. STONE FLY NYMPH—PERLA
54. GREEN INCHWORM
55. STONE FLY NYMPH—ICHNEURA
56. TROUT DEVIL BUG
57. BUMBILAKLE
58. WHITE STREAMER
59. STONE FLY NYMPH—PETERONARCELLA
60. DARTING MINNOW
61. QUILBY MINNOW
62. FEATHERWEIGHT PLASTIC MINNOW
63. DAMSEL NYMPH
64. CADDIS WORM
65. GRASSHOPPER
66. MOUSE DEVIL BUG
67. GRASSHOPPER
68. WIGGLING FROG. Extended lower lip for action.
69. FLOATING QUILL FLY
70. QUILBY MINNOW
71. PLYTEX FROG
72. PLASTIC ACTION FROG
73. COLORADO SPINNER. A single wobbler-type spoon mounted on two swivels.
74. CHARLEY'S NEW ACTION SPINNER
75. TWO-EYE BUCKTAIL STREAMER
76. PECK'S HORSE FLY. A cork-bodied floater.
77. QUILBY MINNOW. The bodies of these fly-rod lures are made of waterproofed quills which have been colored from the inside. This model is a floater for bass.
78. QUILBY MINNOW. This midget size floats just below the surface.
79. HELLGRAMMITE NYMPH
80. HILDEBRANDT SPINNER A-1
81. WATER BUG. A floating replica with quivering legs.
82. HILDEBRANDT SPINNER. Mounting makes it a true spinner of which several are shown. A true spinner should be able to revolve on an axis and thus not turn or twist any part of the lure itself. In Number 73 the blade of the spoon is coupled by a ring to two swivels which keep the entire lure from turning and twisting the line.
83. WINNER SPINNER. A pearl blade.
84. WORDEN SPINNING FLY. A floater that spins on the surface.
85. FLICKER SPINNER. The spoon and the flicker blades are wobblers.
86. JOHNSON'S SILVER MINNOW. A wobbler.
87. WET FLY DEVIL BUG. Deer-hair construction. Best if fished deep.
88. QUILBY MINNOW. This one designed for bucktail users. It fishes deeper than other patterns shown.
89. TROUT DEVIL BUG. A deer-hair fly which will float without the use of oil.
90. BILL'S SOFTIE. Has an air pocket which fills with water when submerged but empties during the back cast.
91. PECK'S HOPPER. Legs and feelers are pliable.
92. CRICKET. Constructed of plytex.
93. TOP KNOT DEVIL BUG
94. STONE CREEPER. Constructed of plytex.
95. HELLGRAMMITE. This and Numbers 92 and 94 are close replicas and are easily kept on the hook. Also made of plytex.
96. WONDER CRAB—weight 1 oz. An air cell inside the lure is filled with water by squeezing it while under water. This produces a sinker. With air cell empty the lure is a floater.



Lures numbered 1 through 96 are actual size.



97. MINNIE THE SWIMMER. ½ oz. For casting or slow trolling. Travels a foot or two under surface but can be fished deeper with sinker three feet ahead of lure.

98. PLUNK-ORENO. Weight $\frac{9}{16}$ oz. A popping lure. The cupped depression in the head of this lure, when given a short, quick jerk causes a popping noise like that made by a fish when it snaps at small bait on the surface.

99. FLATFISH. Weight $\frac{5}{16}$ oz. A curved floater. The four small treble hooks hung on crossbars are planned to penetrate more easily.

100. BASS BUG SPINNER. Weight ⅛ oz. Used as an attractor ahead of fresh bait.

101. ACORN SPINNER. Weight ⅛ oz.

102. SURE STRIKE. Weight ⅜ oz. A streamer-type lure which may be cast or trolled. Use with pork rind.

103. DRULEY'S CRAWFISH. $\frac{9}{16}$ oz. Contains air chamber which can be filled by squeezing under water.

104. HUMPY WOBBLER. Weight $\frac{9}{16}$ oz. Contains air chamber similar to 103.

105. BATSELL KILLER. ⅝ oz. A sinker.

106. BONITA JIG. Weight ⅛ oz.

107. JAMAICA BAY SPINNER. ⅜ oz.

108. HOOTENANNA. Weight ⅜ oz. A floater which rides higher as it is pulled in the water.

109. WEEDLESS WOW. Weight ½ oz. A surface lure designed to avoid trouble with weeds.

110. DING-BAT. ⅝ oz. A floater.

111. CRAZY-CRAWLER. Weight ¾ oz. The metal wings of this surface lure dig into the water one at a time, constantly changing its course and making a big fuss about it.

112. RUSH TANGO. Weight $\frac{5}{16}$ oz. An old-time floater.

113. DAD WALTON'S SECRET LURE. Weight $\frac{3}{16}$ oz. Two spinners, one inside the other.

114. JITTERBUG. Weight ⅝ oz. A combination of the plunking and the surface commotion idea.

115. POP-N-DUNK. Weight ½ oz. A plunking and diving floater.

116. GLO-LITE MOUSE. Weight ⅝ oz. This mouse has been popular for thirty years. The one shown has luminous substance molded into its plastic body.

117. TEAS-ORENO. Weight ⅝ oz. A curved design with a modified popping depression in the head.

118. CLAMWORM SPINNER. Weight ¼ oz. The offsetting arm gives this spinner a slight action. An attractor.

119. WINGED DARDEVLET. Weight 3/5 oz. A wobbler. The three single hooks are held close to the body of the lure until struck and then they slip out the length of the hook shank.

120. FEATHERED DARDEVLE. Weight $\frac{15}{16}$ oz. An old standby has picked up a feather tail.

121. TONY ACCETTA PET. Weight ½ oz. Many of these used along the Gulf Coast.

122. MOUSIE-SPOON. Weight ½ oz. A wobbler.

123. AL FOSS HELL CAT JERRY. Weight ½ oz. One blade of the spinner is larger than the other, which gives it action.

124. AL FOSS SHIMMY WIG
Weight ⅝ oz. Another old-ti
liable. It receives its action
the two-point bearing of its
blade spinner.

125. FEATHERWEIGHT PLA
MINNOW. Spinning or sew
action.

126. BERGMAN'S POMPANO. V
$\frac{9}{16}$ oz.

127. BUG-EYE STREAMER. V
1$\frac{3}{16}$ oz.

128. PARMACHEENE. Weight 1
For light surf or trolling.

129. TRUE TEMPER BASS
Weight ¾ oz. Mounted with
frog chunk.

130. BILL'S LUCKY STRIKE. V
⅜ oz. A rubber and cork
floater. Its flexible lower lip
slip over rocks.

131. BABY FLORIDA SHINER. V
⅝ oz. A sinker.

132. DOPEY. Weight ⅜ oz. A
sinker. Its small size is an adv
when casting into the wind.

133. NO-SNAG RIVER-RUNT-SP
Weight ⅝ oz. A diver that
protected from weeds and sna

134. JOHNSON'S SPIRITE. Weig
oz. A weed and snagproof w
that has enough weight for c

135. PECK'S FEATHER MIN
Weight ½ oz.

136. WIGGLE DIVER. Weight 1 oz
around Aransas Pass on tarpon
these fish are rolling near the

137. GLO-LITE PUP. Its weight
oz.

138. MAX FOSTER BUCKTAIL.
lure plus Max Foster started t
rod activity for striped bass at
tauk Point.

139. BUBBLE BUG. Weight 40

140. AL FOSS ORIENTAL WIG
Weight ⅝ oz. Although sm
the work this lure has taken
salt-water fish in Southern Cal
waters. A pork-rind lure.

141. CHARLEY'S SILVER F
Weight ⅝ oz.

142. HAWAIIAN WIGGLER. Wei
oz. A streamlined weedless lu
signed to keep free of fine wee
moss. The rubber skirt is re
able.

143. CHARLEY'S CRAW
CRAWLER. Weight ⅝ oz. A
action pork-rind lure.

144. PECK'S FLASH SKITTER
Fly-weight. A popping-head lu

145. PECK'S LOOK-ALIVE MIN
Fly-weight.

146. POPPERAKLE. Fly-weight.
ping head-feather combination

147. HOODOO BUG. Fly-weight.
tail-covered cork body.

148. GAYLURE. Weight variable.
and body slide apart, making
sible the change of tail hook o
lead. This take-apart feature
several combinations possible.

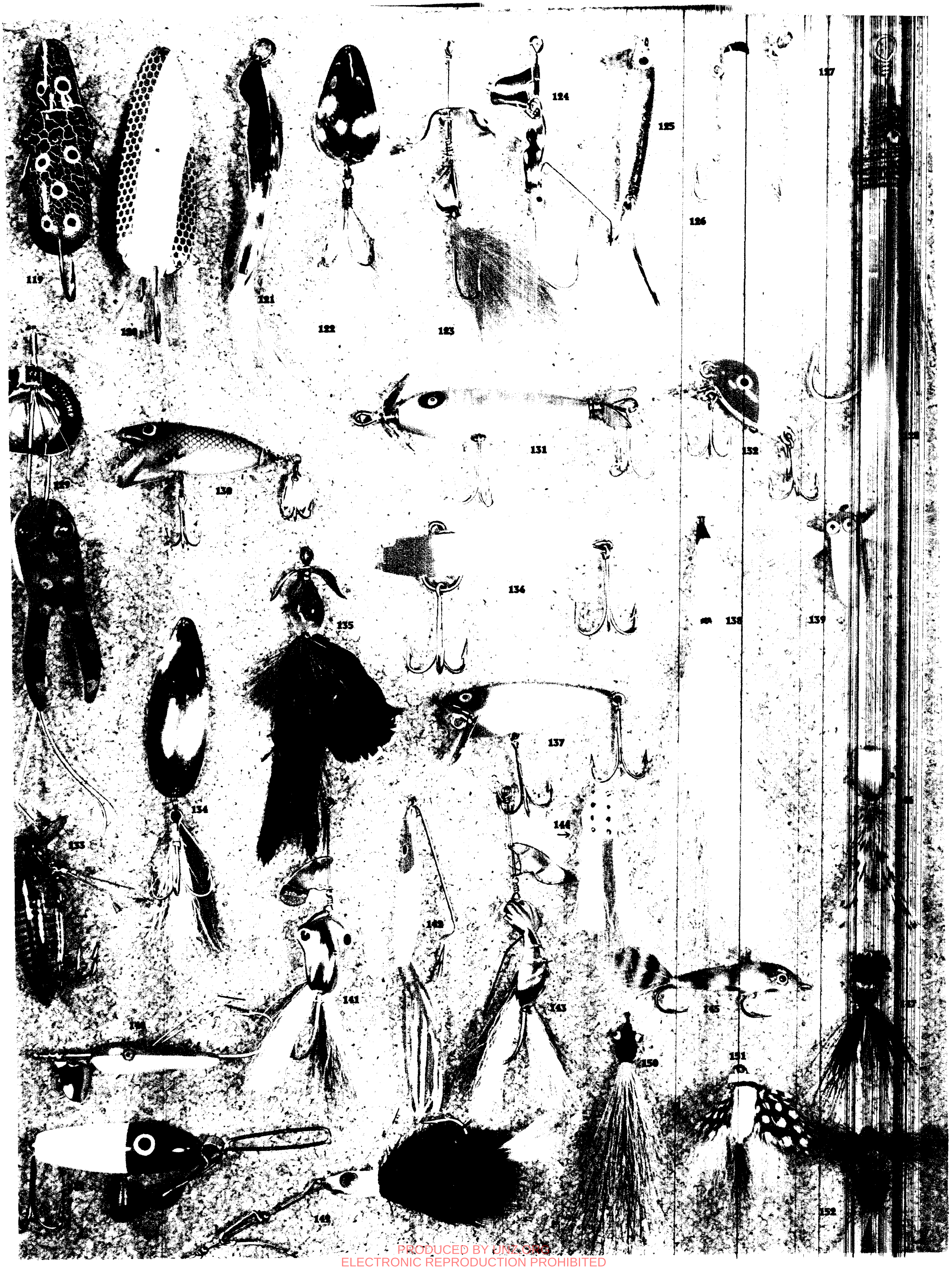
149. WEEZEL. Weight ⅝ oz. The
ner can be replaced by a wiggl
for more action. A sturdy bait.

150. GLOOMY GIL MINNOW.
weight.

151. PECK'S BASS BUG. Fly-wei

152. HENSHALL BRAND'S BR
Fly-weight.

Lures numbered 97 through 152 are ¾ actual size.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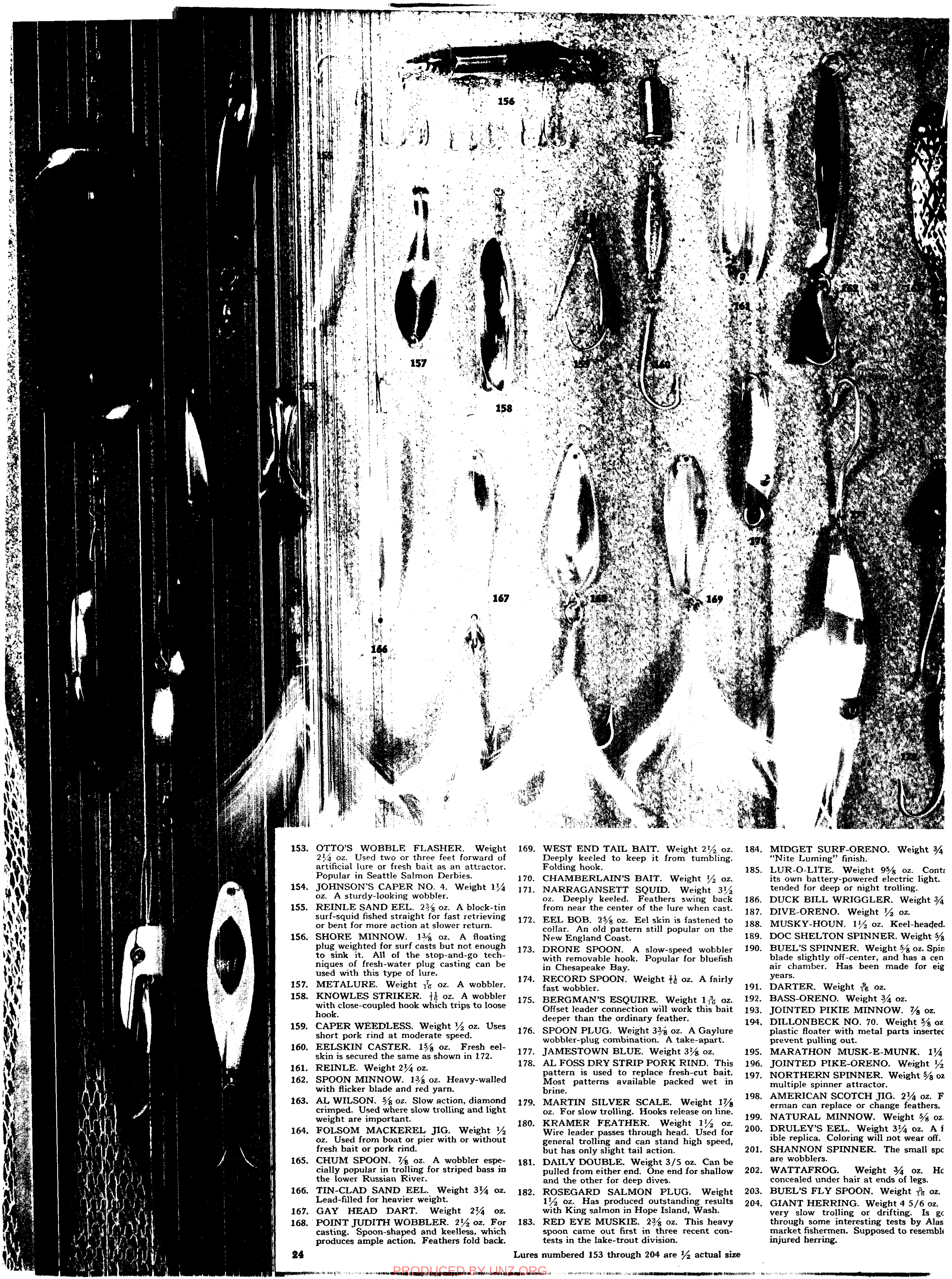


**153.** **OTTO'S WOBBLE FLASHER.** Weight 2¼ oz. Used two or three feet forward of artificial lure or fresh bait as an attractor. Popular in Seattle Salmon Derbies.

**154.** **JOHNSON'S CAPER NO. 4.** Weight 1¼ oz. A sturdy-looking wobbler.

**155.** **REINLE SAND EEL.** 2⅜ oz. A block-tin surf-squid fished straight for fast retrieving or bent for more action at slower return.

**156.** **SHORE MINNOW.** 1⅜ oz. A floating plug weighted for surf casts but not enough to sink it. All of the stop-and-go techniques of fresh-water plug casting can be used with this type of lure.

**157.** **METALURE.** Weight 1/16 oz. A wobbler.

**158.** **KNOWLES STRIKER.** 11/16 oz. A wobbler with close-coupled hook which trips to loose hook.

**159.** **CAPER WEEDLESS.** Weight ½ oz. Uses short pork rind at moderate speed.

**160.** **EELSKIN CASTER.** 1⅝ oz. Fresh eelskin is secured the same as shown in 172.

**161.** **REINLE.** Weight 2¼ oz.

**162.** **SPOON MINNOW.** 1⅜ oz. Heavy-walled with flicker blade and red yarn.

**163.** **AL WILSON.** ⅝ oz. Slow action, diamond crimped. Used where slow trolling and light weight are important.

**164.** **FOLSOM MACKEREL JIG.** Weight ½ oz. Used from boat or pier with or without fresh bait or pork rind.

**165.** **CHUM SPOON.** ⅞ oz. A wobbler especially popular in trolling for striped bass in the lower Russian River.

**166.** **TIN-CLAD SAND EEL.** Weight 3¼ oz. Lead-filled for heavier weight.

**167.** **GAY HEAD DART.** Weight 2¼ oz.

**168.** **POINT JUDITH WOBBLER.** 2½ oz. For casting. Spoon-shaped and keelless, which produces ample action. Feathers fold back.

**169.** **WEST END TAIL BAIT.** Weight 2½ oz. Deeply keeled to keep it from tumbling. Folding hook.

**170.** **CHAMBERLAIN'S BAIT.** Weight ½ oz.

**171.** **NARRAGANSETT SQUID.** Weight 3½ oz. Deeply keeled. Feathers swing back from near the center of the lure when cast.

**172.** **EEL BOB.** 2⅝ oz. Eel skin is fastened to collar. An old pattern still popular on the New England Coast.

**173.** **DRONE SPOON.** A slow-speed wobbler with removable hook. Popular for bluefish in Chesapeake Bay.

**174.** **RECORD SPOON.** Weight 11/16 oz. A fairly fast wobbler.

**175.** **BERGMAN'S ESQUIRE.** Weight 1 3/16 oz. Offset leader connection will work this bait deeper than the ordinary feather.

**176.** **SPOON PLUG.** Weight 3⅜ oz. A Gaylure wobbler-plug combination. A take-apart.

**177.** **JAMESTOWN BLUE.** Weight 3⅛ oz.

**178.** **AL FOSS DRY STRIP PORK RIND.** This pattern is used to replace fresh-cut bait. Most patterns available packed wet in brine.

**179.** **MARTIN SILVER SCALE.** Weight 1⅞ oz. For slow trolling. Hooks release on line.

**180.** **KRAMER FEATHER.** Weight 1½ oz. Wire leader passes through head. Used for general trolling and can stand high speed, but has only slight tail action.

**181.** **DAILY DOUBLE.** Weight 3/5 oz. Can be pulled from either end. One end for shallow and the other for deep dives.

**182.** **ROSEGARD SALMON PLUG.** Weight 1½ oz. Has produced outstanding results with King salmon in Hope Island, Wash.

**183.** **RED EYE MUSKIE.** 2⅜ oz. This heavy spoon came out first in three recent contests in the lake-trout division.

**184.** **MIDGET SURF-ORENO.** Weight ¾
"Nite Luming" finish.

**185.** **LUR-O-LITE.** Weight 9⅝ oz. Conta
its own battery-powered electric light.
tended for deep or night trolling.

**186.** **DUCK BILL WRIGGLER.** Weight ¾

**187.** **DIVE-ORENO.** Weight ½ oz.

**188.** **MUSKY-HOUN.** 1½ oz. Keel-headed.

**189.** **DOC SHELTON SPINNER.** Weight ⅝

**190.** **BUEL'S SPINNER.** Weight ⅝ oz. Spin
blade slightly off-center, and has a cen
air chamber. Has been made for eig
years.

**191.** **DARTER.** Weight 3/16 oz.

**192.** **BASS-ORENO.** Weight ¾ oz.

**193.** **JOINTED PIKIE MINNOW.** ⅞ oz.

**194.** **DILLONBECK NO. 70.** Weight ⅝ oz
plastic floater with metal parts insertec
prevent pulling out.

**195.** **MARATHON MUSK-E-MUNK.** 1¼

**196.** **JOINTED PIKE-ORENO.** Weight ½

**197.** **NORTHERN SPINNER.** Weight ⅝ oz
multiple spinner attractor.

**198.** **AMERICAN SCOTCH JIG.** 2¼ oz. F
erman can replace or change feathers.

**199.** **NATURAL MINNOW.** Weight ⅝ oz.

**200.** **DRULEY'S EEL.** Weight 3¼ oz. A f
ible replica. Coloring will not wear off.

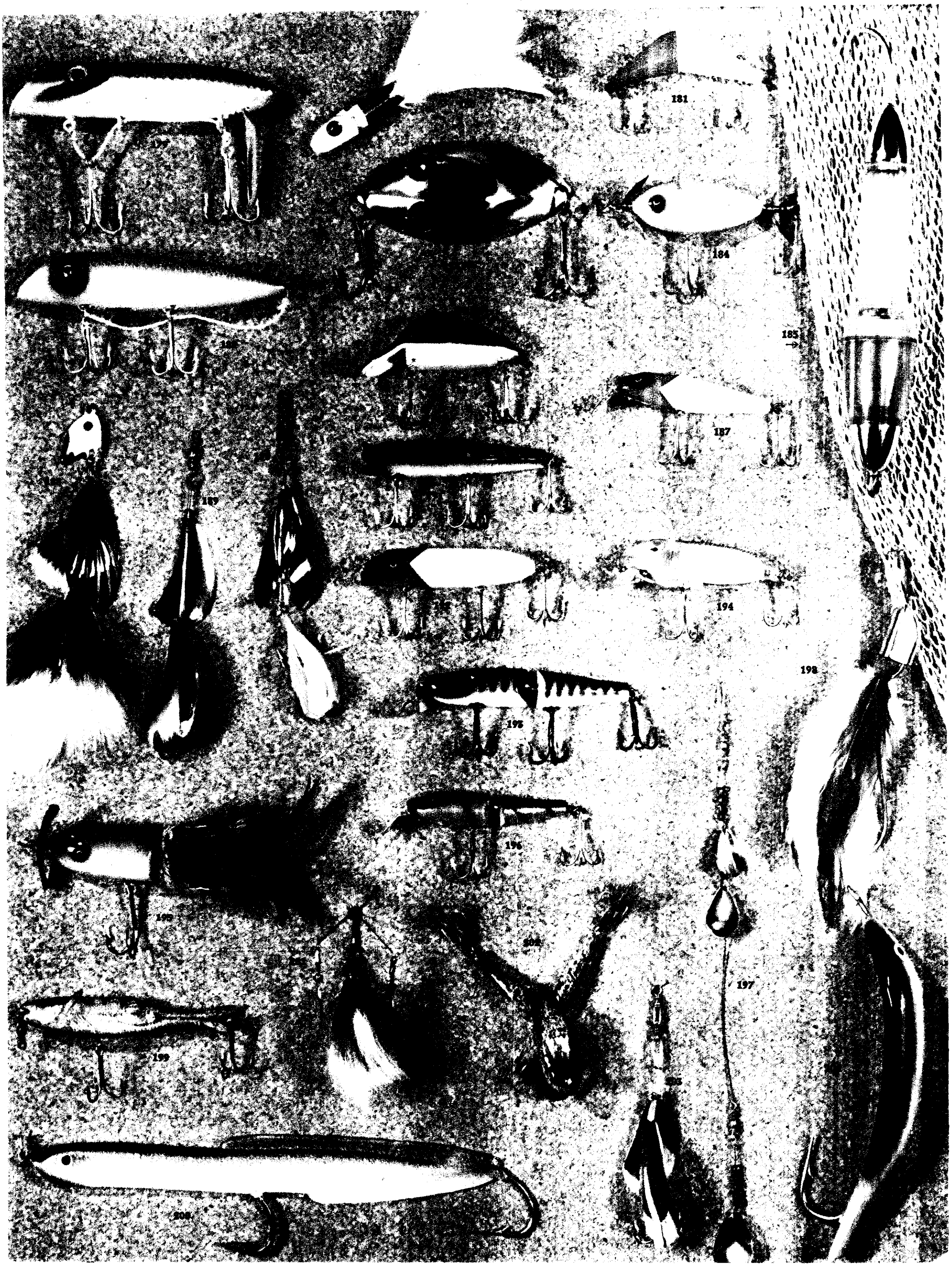
**201.** **SHANNON SPINNER.** The small spc
are wobblers.

**202.** **WATTAFROG.** Weight ¾ oz. Hc
concealed under hair at ends of legs.

**203.** **BUEL'S FLY SPOON.** Weight 1/16 oz.

**204.** **GIANT HERRING.** Weight 4 5/6 oz.
very slow trolling or drifting. Is gc
through some interesting tests by Alas
market fishermen. Supposed to resemble
injured herring.

Lures numbered 153 through 204 are ½ actual size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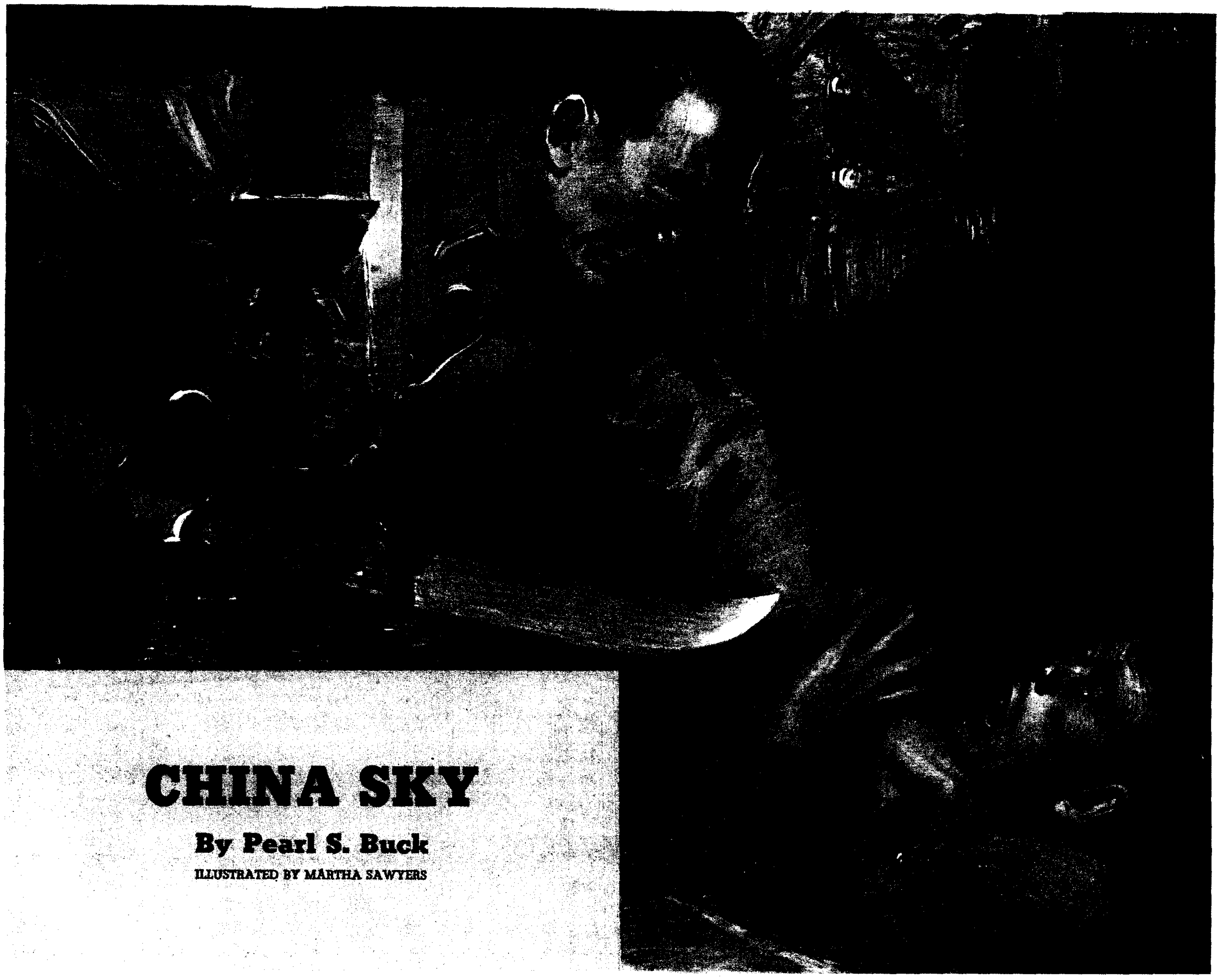


# CHINA SKY

## By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

"Tell!" Chen-ta thundered. He leaped to his feet and brandished his sword over Chung Third

### *The Story Thus Far:*

DR. GRAY THOMISON, head of a hospital in China, returns to America to raise funds for his work. He leaves a young woman—Dr. Sara Durand—to carry on in his place. The war is raging, and Japanese bombers attack the hospital daily.

Sara, assisted by Dr. Chung, who is in charge of the men's ward, operates on a badly wounded Japanese prisoner—"Mr. Yasuda"—brought in by Chen-ta, a noted Chinese guerrilla who is known far and wide as "the Eagle." The operation is successful. . . .

Gray Thomison (with whom Sara is secretly in love) returns, bringing with him a beautiful girl—"Louise," his bride! Terrified by the bombings, Mrs. Thomison is miserable from the moment she reaches the hospital. Noting her nervousness, Doctor Chung, who has been bribed by Yasuda, informs her that if she will see to it that certain "harmless" letters, which he will bring to her, pass the censors unopened, the bombings will cease. Louise gets the letters through—and the hospital is not bombed again.

Yasuda's letters are anything but harmless; they contain Chen-ta's military plans—brought to the hospital by one of Chen-ta's men—Doctor Chung's brother, Chung Third. . . . From time to time, the Japanese takes pills of poison (prepared by Chung); and he has a number of sudden relapses that mystify Doctor Thomison and Sara. . . .

Working side by side, Sara and Gray Thomison are presently forced to confront a difficult situation: They love each other. . . . Two women—Dr. Siu-mei and Ya-ching, a nurse—are infatuated with Chung. Chung amuses himself with Ya-ching for a time, then drops her, brutally. Whereupon Ya-ching—who has learned what Yasuda and Chung are doing—tells Siu-mei and Doctor Thomison everything she knows. A few hours later, she accidentally drowns.

Suspecting that Chung has betrayed him, Yasuda kills the Chinese—breaks the fellow's neck, hurls his body through a window. . . . Realizing that the Eagle must be warned of the peril in which Chung's perfidy has placed him, Siu-mei goes to his mountain headquarters. She is accompanied by her father (a distinguished gentleman). The Eagle greets them courteously; and as he and the girl stand, facing each other, the older Chinese, watching them, senses that this is no ordinary meeting of a man and a woman. Something is going on here that Siu-mei's father well understands. . . .

### Conclusion

NOW the Eagle had ready in his mind the greetings he would give to this girl, or thought he had. He had planned to say, "This place is not worthy of you," or "Deign to rest yourself in my hovel, unworthy as it is." But instead of these courteous words he blurted what was in his mind:

"Why have you come—to me?"

Siu-mei blushed and bowed her head to hide it. "I am angry," she thought, and tried to be angry. "Only on business," she said haughtily. "I come for the American, Thomison."

"Do not talk business before you have eaten and rested," Chen-ta said. He was cursing himself for his bluntness. Who was he to say such a thing to a beautiful girl, a girl learned in ways in which he was ignorant? Yet to be ashamed of himself was such a new thing to the Eagle that now he was abashed still further. Never, he told himself, could he make amends for this coarse beginning. He turned abruptly and led the way into the main hall.

Now Siu-mei saw his shame and shyness and at once she began to like him. The small anger she had tried to foster went away altogether. She waited decorously while her father sat down in the chief seat and then, obeying Chen-ta's invitation, she bowed and sat down.

"If you will allow me," she began directly, "I will speak at once. We must start back before it grows late."

"Speak, then," Chen-ta said, but to himself he vowed that it would be too late before they could start, and they must stay until tomorrow.

So Siu-mei began, looking at her father now and again to catch his nod at what she said. But the rest of the time she talked she looked quietly and directly at Chen-ta, thinking altogether of what she was saying, and yet seeing, too, that bold and eager face of his.

"The American, Thomison, sent me," she repeated. This young man must understand that she did not seek him out of her own will. "Strange things are at our hospital. We cannot understand their meaning. But now, at least, it is partly clear that the center of what happens is your captive, the Japanese, Yasuda. You remember you brought him with a belly wound."

"Which I made," Chen-ta said calmly.

"It healed within a few weeks," she went on. "Then you came for him."

"He was ill then of another disease," Chen-ta broke in, "and every time since he has had that illness."

"We have now found what it is," Siu-mei said. "He has been taking a poison."

"Poison!" Chen-ta cried. He leaned forward and put his hands on his knees and stared at her.

"That he might escape you and remain in the hospital," Siu-mei said. She wet her lips. Now was the time that she must tell the whole of it, all that she knew, even of Chung. "He who can be no more to me," she thought, her heart quivering.

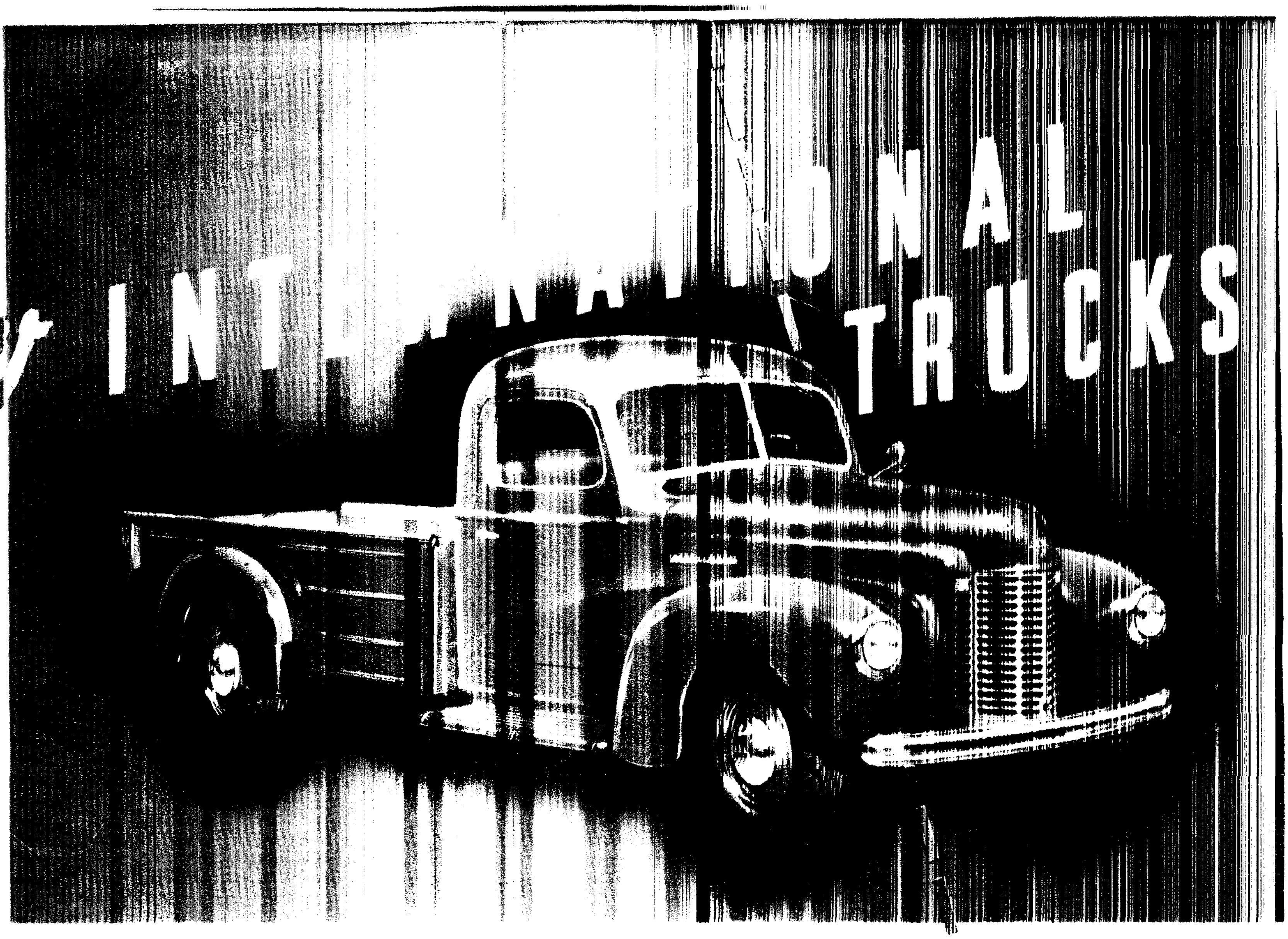
"That is not all," she said resolutely. "There is a Chinese who helped him—who gave him the drug—the Chinese, Chung, the house doctor of our hospital."

Over Chen-ta's face came a still look. He did not move. Old Mr. Ling, watching, began to stroke his beard. Siu-mei's eyes turned away from Chen-ta's face.

"You will say, why did this Chinese give a drug to a Japanese? Who can say

*(Continued on page 47)*

# *New* INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



**NEW EARNING POWER for OWNERS!**

International Harvester presents the great new hauling tools for your trade: the *NEW K-LINE INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS!*

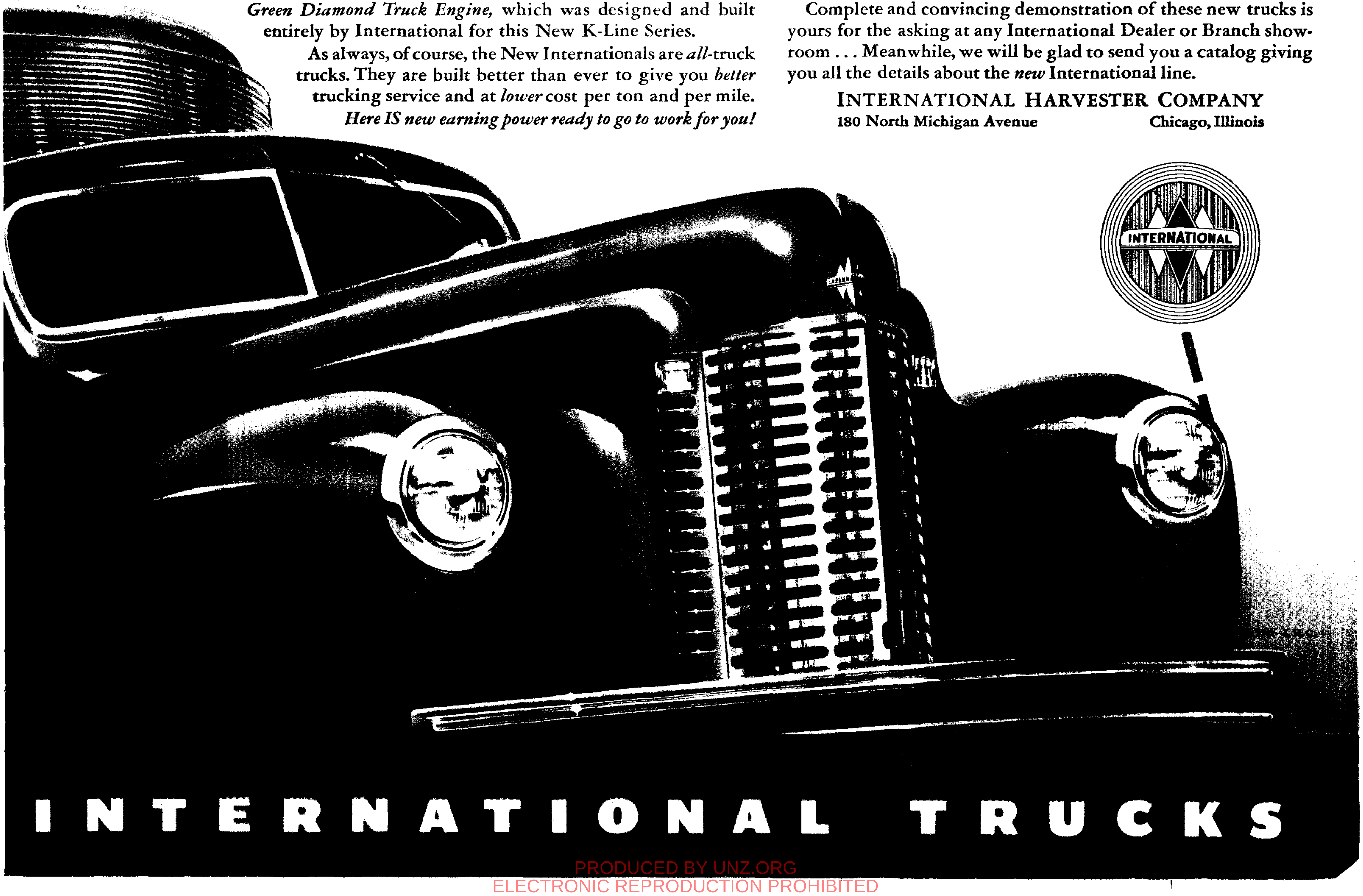
These great trucks are as new in engineering as they are striking in appearance. Beneath the graceful streamlined hood you will find new power coupled with unbeatable economy . . . the new *Green Diamond Truck Engine,* which was designed and built entirely by International for this New K-Line Series.

As always, of course, the New Internationals are *all*-truck trucks. They are built better than ever to give you *better* trucking service and at *lower* cost per ton and per mile. *Here IS new earning power ready to go to work for you!*

On the job you'll marvel at the handling ease of the New Internationals; the riding comfort of the new longer springs, the smooth, straight-line stop provided by the new double-anchor hydraulic brakes; the feel of security in the improved all-steel Safety Comfort-Cabs equipped with safety glass throughout.

Complete and convincing demonstration of these new trucks is yours for the asking at any International Dealer or Branch showroom . . . Meanwhile, we will be glad to send you a catalog giving you all the details about the *new* International line.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

ROMEO FLUNKS FINGERNAIL TEST!

I WAS SUNK when I tried the Fingernail Test. My first big chance to be an actor . . . and my nails showed my scalp was full of dirty dandruff scales! "Take it easy," advised the stage manager, "all you need is Wildroot-with-Oil!"

"IT'S OIL . . . but not greasy!" he said. "The old Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales these 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair without building up grease on the scalp!" Was he right! . . .

MY "ROMEO" wowed the audience . . . and Juliet too! Try it yourself. See how Wildroot-with-Oil's safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps your hair smartly dressed, and your scalp clean as a whistle! Get some today.

INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN
GIANT SIZE . . . FULL PINT
*(60% larger than regular $1 size).*
~~$1.35~~ 89¢
(slightly higher in Canada)
*Limited time only*

Giant Size
WILDROOT
WITH OIL
for the hair
3-ACTION

Get this bargain today! If dealer's stock is exhausted send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Other sizes low as . . . . 10¢

**Wildroot** Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere!

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT BARBERS.

# Fish Menu—1941

Continued from page 21

high into the air, his maw full of food.

The incident demonstrated that the marlin, confronted by an unusual situation, had brains enough to work it out *satisfactorily in the only possible way.*

Trout, and other fish, can tell the time with reasonable accuracy, and distinguish between colors, too. Every salmon has a calendar and a direction-finder working in its head, the latter to guide it back to the creek where it was spawned; the former to tell it when its time is up.

Fishing off Wake Island in the Pacific, I used to toss away the remains of my lunch just before docking around five in the afternoon. Within a week I had a crowd of expectant fish gathering half an hour before mealtime. Although boats were docking all day, it was only the five-o'clock boat the fish met. Anyone who lives on a stream or beside a lake can tell you fish will come around to be fed at any time, once they learn what time to arrive. And they don't take long to learn.

Fish can tell colors, too. Jacob Reighard of the Carnegie Institute proved it around the Tortugas Islands, with gray snappers. Reighard dyed sardines various colors, doctoring red ones with pepper. The snappers learned after one taste not to eat red sardines, even with the pepper left out.

Trout seem to have less color sense than most other fish, which should interest fishermen who select flies for color. If he is under it a fish sees a lure only in silhouette, especially if the sky is bright and the bottom muddy or dull. Colors, as we see them, don't exist under water. A red lure twenty-five feet down has no color at all and becomes black.

Most fishermen wouldn't have to invent so many alibis if they wouldn't become wedded to a certain lure. Some smart commercial jigboat fishermen troll eight different lures. When one produces, more of the same type are hitched on. But when these stop producing they're hauled in and a new assortment tried. Never fall in love with a particular lure.

You must learn, too, to produce the particular action for which a lure was designed or you'll never catch bass or trout. Most lures will produce results —if you know how to use them. Learning is usually by the trial-and-error system. No lure ever made will tempt a fish to jump into your tackle box.

### You Get the Reckless Fish

Colors are important when your lure is supposed to reproduce some sort of natural food; they are used, too, on tempters that resemble nothing that ever lived. Here we find colors reacting on fish as they influence temperamental changes in humans. Erratic shape, wild coloring, mad movement in a lure produce confusion, then excitement and finally bad temper in the fish. A mad fish is a reckless fish—and he's the baby you catch. You can't depend on hungry fish to fill your creel, you'll go home via the fish shop more often than not.

It's confusing to walk up to a tackle counter and see scores of replicas of fish, animal and insect life. They intrigue you—but will they intrigue the trout, or the bass, or the steelhead? At a distance, yes, but I doubt if any imitation minnow or sardine ever fooled a fish at close range. If the lure is an accurate copy and has the proper action, the fish will hit it, maybe, not because it's hungry, but because the action angered or excited the fish into a lack of caution and a rash snap of the jaws.

If you think an imitation minnow will fool a fish, place one in shallow water alongside a dead minnow—and watch *which one the next passing fish goes for.*

For ages, fishermen have divided into fresh- and salt-water camps—and each still insists the other lives on the wrong side of the tracks. The fresh-water boys scoff at the "hoisting tackle" of the salt-water crowd. The seagoing lads sneer at fresh-water catches as hardly large enough for bait. But curiously enough, of late years, each side is becoming more interested in the other's game. Fresh-water men find the "cumbersome tackle" of the sea fishers tapers down to the ultralight rods and No. 24 sewing-cotton lines of the "cotton threader." Light-equipment boys boast many catches of more than a hundred pounds taken on a line tested for only sixteen pounds' strain.

Many a stream and lake fisherman has brought his tackle down to the surf and out among the combers and taught his salty cousins new tricks. I once saw a Midwest bass fisherman use a bait-casting rod and a wooden plug off Catalina, to the amusement of the regulars —until he started hauling in kelp bass at will, while the regulars got nothing.

As the two schools of fishermen find out more about each other's methods, they begin to learn the folly of falling in love with any particular type of tackle. The fresh-water bass maniac discovers his rod and plug will take sea fish. The wet-fly and small-spinner lads find that many surface-feeding salt-water fish will hit their lures. Almost any good lake or river lure will work at sea.

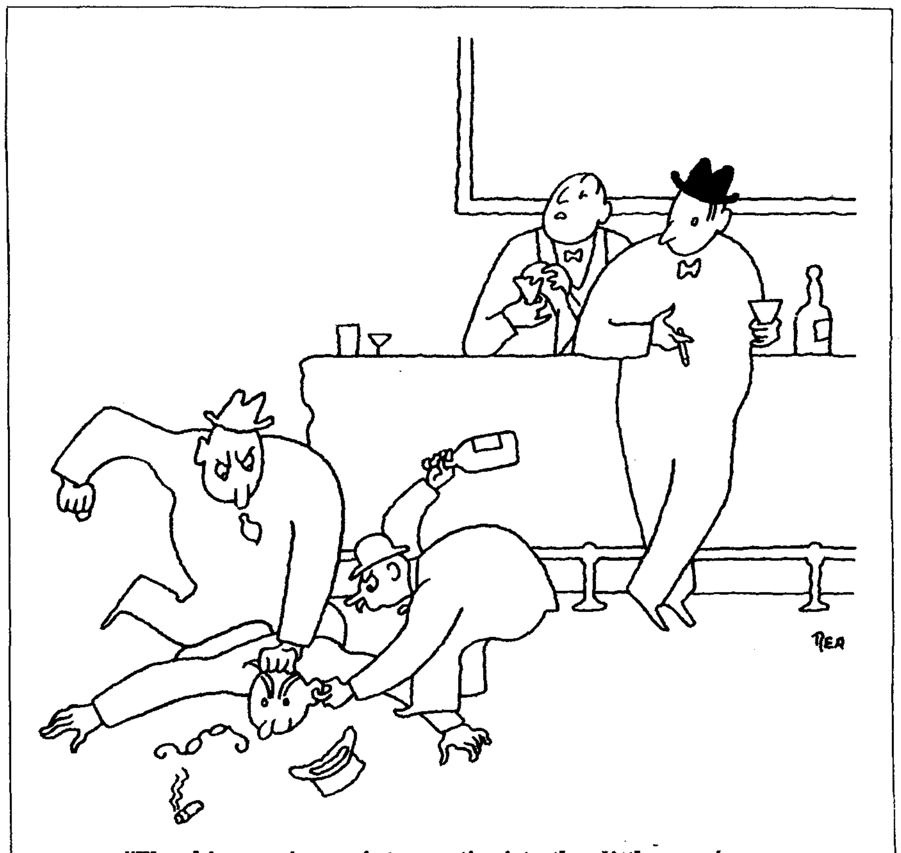
The use of a fly rod in salt water borders on sacrilege in the eyes of many fresh-water purists. When it comes to using a fly-rod tip lashed to a boat rod with a boat-rod reel I agree. There are boat rods designed and balanced for this work and of extreme light weight. On the other hand the oceans and bays offer legitimate use for fly rods that can tingle the spine of any fisherman who ever dropped a fly. A paradox? If you ever get out to Montauk Point when Max Foster is there you will get the idea.

For years Max threw block-tin squids all over that part of the Atlantic. Then for some reason he tried a fly rod on striped bass. To those unacquainted with this fighter, let me say that the striped bass is to its followers everything a trout is to a stream fisherman. Of course, the rod needed to cast four ounces of block-tin squid did not allow much opportunity for the fish to put on a show, but Max recognized the fighting spirit and wanted to see what would happen when one was hooked to a fly rod. For a while he had some learning to do. This included tying some new flies, but his real education concerned holding fast to a comet with a fly rod!

### Stupid Bass Take to the Fly

Max learned, and now if a fellow doesn't want to hear about mad rushes, air-splitting jumps, lost line and general hell-raising he had better keep away from him. If you don't duck fast enough you are going to be late to dinner, but you will hear what grand sport a striped bass and a fly rod can give you. And don't get the idea that Max is the only one offering hatband decorations to this fish. It is found from the St. Lawrence to Louisiana and from southern Washington halfway down the California coast. That makes a lot of good fishing for those users of fly rods who have passed the bait-catching stage.

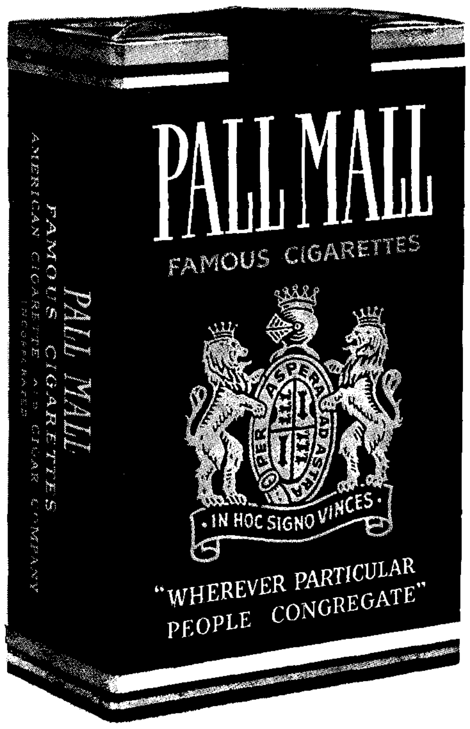
The striped bass is not the only salt-water fish to take a fly. Tarpon, from man-size down to three- or four-pounders, have been bending and breaking fly rods for several years. From these to the pollack of the codfish family innumerable salt-water fish can be added to the fly-rod group, and when small spinners are used the list includes al-



"The big guy's an interventionist, the little guy's an isolationist and the guy underneath is a 'don't know'"

GARDNER REA

# *"Design, brother, modern design is plenty important!"*


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY

- Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. Something is happening in the cigarette business. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined,—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—giving you not alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette—a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

"Design, brother, modern design is plenty important!"

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

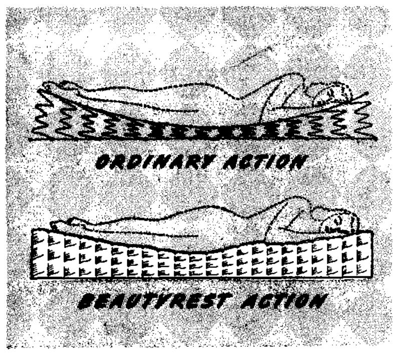
**Most mattresses are comfortable. But only Beautyrest gives you the supreme thrill of *luxury comfort*. And for only a penny a night!**

# *Six things to think about when you buy a mattress*

### 1. Don't judge comfort on looks!

Mattresses look alike. But what a wide, wide range of comfort they give! That's because it's what is *inside* a mattress that *counts*.

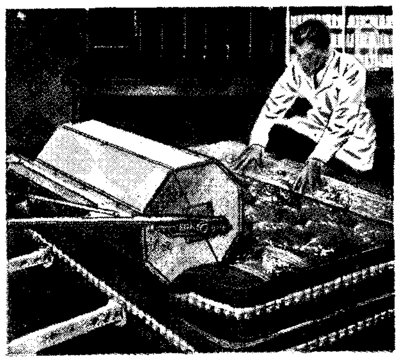
The "insides" of a Beautyrest are different from any other mattress. That's why Beautyrest gives you a different kind of comfort. Feathery, cloud-like softness. *Luxury* comfort so deep and refreshing that it just thrills you to lie there . . . deliciously . . . completely . . . *relaxed*.



### 2. There are two kinds of "insides."

← In the *ordinary* mattress, the springs are all joined together. Thus, when one spring goes down, the others must go down, too. This makes for "*sag*" support.

← Each of Beautyrest's 837 coils are individually pocketed. That's why they act *independently*. And why Beautyrest doesn't "*sway*" with your weight. It cradles you gently and evenly, however you turn. That's *buoyant* support. Only Beautyrest gives it. We make both kinds...so we *know!*



### 3. How comfortable will it be . . . in 1951?

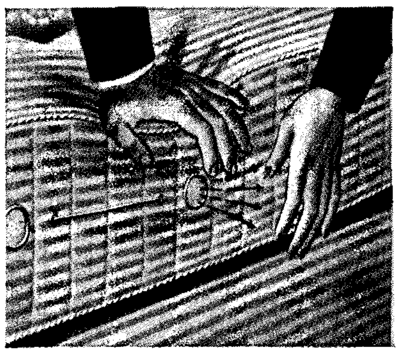
We don't just *say* that the Beautyrest you get today will still be giving you glorious luxury comfort in 1951—we give you a *10-year guarantee* to back it up!

Not that your Beautyrest won't outlast that guarantee. Given care, it probably will. For the United States Testing Company tested 17 different makes on Mattress Endurance Machines (Certified Test No. 11760). And Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than even the *next best* make!

### 4. And how will it look...10 years from now?

In the store, all mattresses—regardless of price—are firm and neat and even. But you know what happens to so many of them. After a few years, their edges commence to sag; lumps and hollows begin to form.

Not on a Beautyrest, though. Because of a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges can *never* break down. The whole mattress stays smooth and firm throughout its long, long life. So, you need to turn it only 4 or 5 times a year!



### 5. Will it stay "fresh" inside?

Some mattresses have little, round openings around the sides. These are supposed to allow air to circulate throughout the mattress.

But sometimes they are just ornaments . . . don't ventilate at all. Mattresses with these "false" ventilators become stale and musty.

Sit on a Beautyrest and feel the air puff out of ventilators that really *work* . . . keep it fresh and dry and sanitary inside.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,477,232-1,915,659

### 6. How much does it cost—over the years?

The price tag on a Beautyrest reads $39.50 —*always*. No sales. No seasonal reductions. Different from other mattresses.

Why? Because $39.50 is downright *cheap* for a Beautyrest! On our conservative 10-year guarantee alone, this comes down to only a penny a night. That's right. *A penny a night* for the deep, abiding, *luxury* comfort of a Beautyrest. Think it over. And get the *most* for your mattress money.

← *This label identifies the Beautyrest.*

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

THIS SPACE FOR RENT

most every fish having pep enough to produce an argument.

There are even more opportunities in salt water for the lovers of bait-casting rods and a glorified array of plugs. From our New England coast down to and around Florida, along the Gulf into Mexico, I have seen bait-casting rods and fresh-water lures taking most of the different kinds of game fish and producing sport for an ever-increasing number of anglers. This is also true of the Pacific Coast. The salt-water fisherman is liking the rods and lures of his fresh-water cousin and the fresh-water man, in turn, is finding that the open sea, the surf and the bays contain tough fish that will talk back.

Almost all lures are designed to produce proper action at a certain speed. Slower, their action is dull and lifeless. Faster, the action is poor and will twist your line until it is ruined. A lure that twists the line is either improperly designed or is being pulled through the water too fast. In this case a swivel or a dozen of them will not save your line because your line twists in the water easier than a swivel will turn under tension. This does not mean that swivels should not be used. They will prevent line twisting when the strain is intermittent, and their duty as connecting links is important.

### Swivels, Sinkers and Spoons

Speaking of swivels, never apply one directly to a lure if not included when you buy it. The forward or line end of a leader is in most cases the proper location for a swivel. Bait-casting lures lose much of their action if connected by a wire leader. If one is needed use the lightest possible wire and snap. Any weight you place on the nose of a lure throws it that much out of balance. Sinkers close to the lure will also retard action. The farther apart they are the better.

Remember that a fish with high jumping habits can throw a heavy lure easier than he can a light one.

Spoons can be divided into two classes, the spinner and the wobbler. The spinner turns on a central shaft and is supposed to revolve. The wobbler cannot make a complete revolution without turning the frame of the lure, which it should not do. Proper wobbler action is a swing from side to side. It should not revolve. Too much speed in the water will cause this.

All popping lures are surface lures but the same noise and disturbance can be produced when using a deep-action lure by placing a popping cork three or four feet up the line.

If you spent half a lifetime studying the temperament and habits of fish and if you mastered the technique of manipulating all the many types of lures—if you got that far with your education—you would be thoroughly convinced that the fish is still master of underwater situations, and that he will break all the rules as fast as you make them.

This was demonstrated to me after many hours of effort to interest bass in my ample assortment of bait-casting lures. I had fished the surface and had polished the bottom. The weeds and the inlet had been tried. I had jiggled, quivered, darted and plunked nearly everything in the tackle box but the answer was "no"—from every fish in the lake. Disgusted, I reeled in the lure that had been my last hope and filled my pipe. In trying to light a match in the wind I knocked my plug into the water and wham! a bass hit it, took it, and as far as I know, still has it.

A friend of mine, a good fisherman, also learned this after he had made half a dozen attempts to get a broadbill swordfish to take his bait. First a mackerel, then a juicy squid was offered, and each was presented in all the standard ways. The swordfish, however, not only refused all offerings but insisted on sticking around to see the fun. The insult was too much for the fisherman and with a string of oaths that could be heard as far as the lighthouse, he threw the much refused squid *at* the swordfish. The fish resented this, made a wild rush that threw water into the boat and took the squid and hook.

Maybe it is a "Bowery vocabulary" we need in our tackle boxes!

### Numbers of Lures Follow Manufacturer's Name

| | |
|---|---|
| ABERCROMBIE & FITCH | 52 |
| FRED ARBOGAST | 114-142 |
| AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO. | 123-124-129-140-178 |
| BATSELL-WELLS | 105 |
| BRAIDWOOD STAMP CO. | 148-166-176 |
| J. T. BUEL CO. | 190-203 |
| CINCINNATI BAIT CO. | 198 |
| COAST TO COAST TACKLE CO. | 126-175 |
| CREEK CHUB BAIT CO. | 110-115-191-193 |
| RUBE CROSS | 10-21-31 |
| WALTER DETTY | 7-15-20-22-24-35 |
| BILL DE WITT | 100-139-186-199 |
| DILLON BECK MFG. CO. | 185-194 |
| DRULEY'S RESEARCH CORP. | 97-103-104-200-204 |
| ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. | 165-174 |
| LOU J. EPPINGER | 119-120 |
| EVANS FLY CO. | 30-34-43-44-58 |
| EVANS HOOK CO. | 171 |
| FLORIDA FISHING TACKLE MFG. CO. | 131 |
| FLY FISH KIT CO. | 81 |
| H. & D. FOLSOM ARMS CO. | 164 |
| GEORGE FRANKE & SONS | 170 |
| POP GEER | 101-189 |
| GOOTENBERG BRUNDAGE CO. | 102-128-150 |
| W. J. GRUBE | 90-130 |
| JIM HARVEY | 60-62-69-72-125 |
| JAMES HEDDON'S SONS | 111-133-156 |
| HELIN TACKLE CO. | 99 |
| JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT | 80-82-85 |
| HOFSCHNEIDER CORP. | 183 |
| HORROCKS & IBBOTSON | 48-73-83-106-112 |
| L. B. HUNTINGTON | 173 |
| LOUIS JOHNSON CO. | 86-134-154-159 |
| S. E. KNOWLES CO. | 158 |
| JOHN C. KRAMER | 180 |
| LYON & COULSON | 1-32-46-49-75 |
| MARATHON BAIT CO. | 11-188-195 |
| MARTIN FISH LURE CO. | 179 |
| THE METALURE CO. | 127-157 |
| WILLIAM C. MILES | 61-70-77-78-88 |
| WILLIAM MILLS & CO. | 26-53-54-55-59-63-64-79 |
| MILLSITE STEEL & WIRE CO. | 181 |
| MONTPELIER BAIT CO. | 108 |
| NORTHERN SPECIALTY CO. | 197 |
| THE OLETIME WOODSMAN'S LINE MFG. | 118-160-167-168-169-172-177 |
| PACHNER & KOLLER, INC. | 96 |
| R. M. & L. G. PALMER | 67 |
| PAW PAW BAIT CO. | 109-202 |
| E. H. PECKINPAUGH | 76-91-135-144-145-151 |
| JOE REINLE | 155-161 |
| ALEX ROGAN | 36-45 |
| ROSEHARD PLUG MFG. CO. | 182 |
| CHARLES SCHLIPP | 74-122-141-143 |
| SHAKESPEARE CO. | 116-121-132-136-137 |
| SHANNON LURES, INC. | 201 |
| SOUTH BEND BAIT CO. | 98-117-184-187-192-196 |
| SPOON MINNOW BAIT CO. | 162 |
| HARRY L. TIENKEN | 6-16-51-138 |
| O. C. TUTTLE DEVIL BUG CO. | 56-66-87-89-93 |
| WASHINGTON SPOON & BAIT CO. | 153 |
| WATSON SCHELDT | 113 |
| WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO. | 2-19-23-33-47-50-57-146-147-152 |
| WEEZEL BAIT CO. | 149 |
| AL WILSON CO. | 163 |
| WORDEN FLOATING SPINNER CO. | 84 |
| WRIGHT & MC GILL | 65-68-71-92-94-95 |
| VARIOUS MAKERS | 3-4-5-8-9-12-13-14-17-18-25<br>27-28-29-37-38-39-40-41-42 |

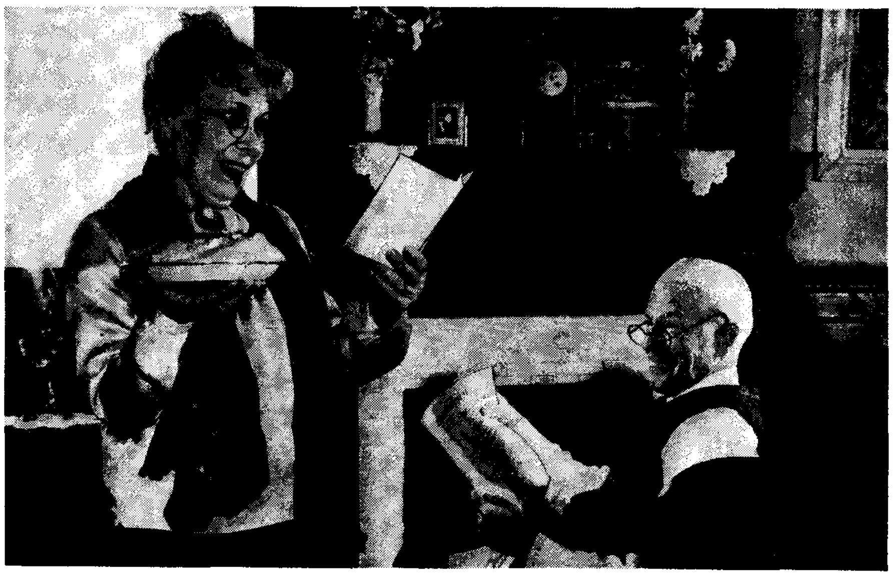
Our new neighbor had the mopes

**MY! SHE WAS A CUTE LITTLE THING.** Pretty as a picture. But the way she used to pace the yard like she had lost her last friend. She couldn't even say "Good morning."

**WELL WE WALK ALONG** to the drugstore to get ourselves a soda, when who should call up Sam the druggist but this same little neighbor. And she tells Sam, in no uncertain terms, to send up one of every kind of laxative, cathartic and purgative he's got. "So that's it," thinks I. "The poor little creature."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

**ON THE WAY HOME,** we wait till she isn't looking and I leave on her doorstep a note and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. I suggest if her trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, she should get at the *cause* and correct it. This crisp, toasty cereal will make her right as a cricket. She should eat it every day and drink plenty of water.



**A LITTLE BIRD** must have told her who did it, because, some days later, over from the little neighbor comes the most cheerful note you ever read, thanking us for telling her about ALL-BRAN'S better way, and inviting us to come over for tea.

Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

**1. SARAH NEEDS A LAXATIVE**—but she's got to go marketing, so she puts off taking anything. As she prepares to go out to the grocery and meat market poor Sarah is feeling plenty uncomfortable.

**2. CLARA NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** she's got marketing to do, too, but she remembers, "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So she takes speedy Sal Hepatica.

**3. SARAH FEELS** so miserable she pays no attention to what she is selecting. The meat she buys is tough, the greens are old, Sarah is disgusted!

**4. CLARA FINDS** marketing easy. Dinner is going to be a great success! Sal Hepatica worked so fast . . . was so gentle and thorough . . . Clara feels like a new person!

Whenever you need a laxative
—take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEXT TIME you need a laxative, don't delay. Take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts by attracting water to the intestinal tract. Acts gently, thoroughly—without irritation, discomfort, or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this speedy, sparkling saline!

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Whenever you need a laxative, take the speedy, gentle saline recommended by so many doctors: Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Soldiers of the 35th Division, Camp Robinson, Arkansas, filled two trains
a trip to Hot Springs' race track. Four members of the 134th Infantry beca
too interested in Miss Beatrice Baswell's betting form to bother about b

# OUR NEW ARMY

THE word Jeep has been banged around so much lately that its original Army application is getting into a mess of alleged misusage. Chief among the ill-assorted definitions of the word are: Army scout cars that climb the Capitol steps for the benefit of cameras and Congressmen; new soldiers in quarantine; and mess halls (Jeepville) for recruits. What various National Guardsmen and sundry Regulars at Maryland's Aberdeen Proving Ground loudly proclaim is that they have first call on the name Jeep for military use; that a Jeep is exclusively a vehicle; and that this vehicle is strictly a high-speed prime mover with considerable specifications, not the least of which is a 7,500-pound pull on its drawbar.

The genuine Jeep may be only a farm tractor that joined the Army, but it's a lulu. It'll yank six-inch howitzers along a level highway or up a forty per cent grade at 40 m.p.h. On its ten wheels it'll wallow through mud or water forty inches deep. Any tree up to twenty-eight inches in diameter that interferes with a Jeep's progress is a goner; Mr. Jeep's front roller just massages the tree until it gets tired and lies down—and neither the tree stump nor associated rocks can puncture Mr. Jeep's armored stomach. Et cetera . . . "So," demand the Aberdeen boys, "what is the idea of calling a puny scout car or a quarantined soldier a Jeep?"

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, ARKANSAS. Men of the 35th Division who hail from Kansas, Nebraska
and Missouri are more familiar w
plow horses than thoroughbreds t
they decided to take a chance wh
the Missouri Pacific Line proposed
run a special train from Little Rc
to Hot Springs (seventy miles) on t
Saturday following a payday. Obje
To play the ponies at Oaklawn Jock
Club. Round trip fare and a ticket
the track cost $1.65, which for m
proved to be only a small down pa
ment on the junket. More than a tho
sand men filled two double-heac
specials. M.P.'s short-circuited a rev
lution when the cars were shunted or
a mountain siding for a tireso
period, waiting for a couple of passe
ger trains to highball out of t
way.

"In my opinion," muttered Sgt. Ve
Whiteside of the 110th Enginee
"they are waiting for Congress
move us."

Some of the men did a little pr
liminary study of racing forms a
pink sheets but the unfamiliar do
got them down. At the track they li
tened to touts or used the Een
meeny-miney-mo system, which turn
out to be as good as any. One soldi
asked a race-track frequenter how
could make some money. "I do
know," replied he, "but I can tell y
how to save some. Just bear in min
brother, that these races aren't run f
the financial benefit of the public—
the Army, either."

Learning about racing was only o
phase of the week-end maneuv
Plenty of unattached girls at the tra
became attached, to serve as guid
to the Spa's night spots featuring wid
open gambling. Some of the soldie
recouped their race-track losses
dice; others were taken to the clea

a big way. Long after the sched-
our of departure the expedition's
ander, Lieut. Col. Earl B. Brooks,
al inspector of the division, paced
nd forth beside the waiting spe-
which finally steamed away
a sizable chunk of the gallivant-
Army. Nobody cared much.
h; stragglers had until 6 A. M.
ay morning to get back to camp.
, of course.

ROUGHLY entangled in red tape
p Robinson's Pvt. E. Fred Miller
Louis. When he enlisted just be-
nobilization, Miller neglected to
was separated from his wife, and
iver was obtained from her. She
ith objected, and a National
discharge was prepared for Mil-
t he had already been inducted
he N. G. discharge was n. g.
our subject reached camp, of-
made out papers transferring him
h Division Headquarters Com-
There was an error in the pa-
and various emendments were
ed to the original documents as
vere shuffled around by assistant
of staff and others. A corrected
papers was made out and Miller
nally transferred.
ll, by this time Miller's wife had
d writing to ask the Army what
fooling around for, and her law-
as telling miscellaneous officers
heir subordinates were stalling.
identally, the papers necessary
nit a now-ailing Miller to the hos-
vere issued, and the Army found
with a 300-page file on Pvt. M.
rs expect to wind up with a Miller
eighing as much as Miller.

* * *

DOUGLAS, SALT LAKE
. As in many another camp,
es are being dished out hand-me-down shoes and overcoats worn by the doughboys of '17. The broad iron toes of heavy leather brogans (aged twenty-four years) curl up like elves' slippers. They're not even new; just disinfected. "Ole Rockin' Chair Got Me," chant the draftees as they roll along with peculiar gait. Lieut. Col. H. P. Kayser, the reception center's commanding officer, has heaved out the antiques by the score but if he condemned as many as he'd like to, plenty of the pressure-privates would be traipsing off to training camps barefooted.

The overcoat situation was okay for a while. At first the intermountain draftees were issued the snappy new models—and felt like soldiers. Then the commanding officer of the Fort, whose Regulars were wearing the nifty 1917 numbers, decided the draftees had better fall heirs to the bizarre bennies so that the Regulars could look like something. Col. Kayser grits his teeth every time he passes a trainee whose toes are curling up and whose trench-kimono looks as though it had been designed by Charlie Chaplin for a shoulder-arms belly laugh. The Army certainly wasn't gypped on those 1917 goods. "In fact," commented the colonel, "that's the trouble. They're too damned durable."

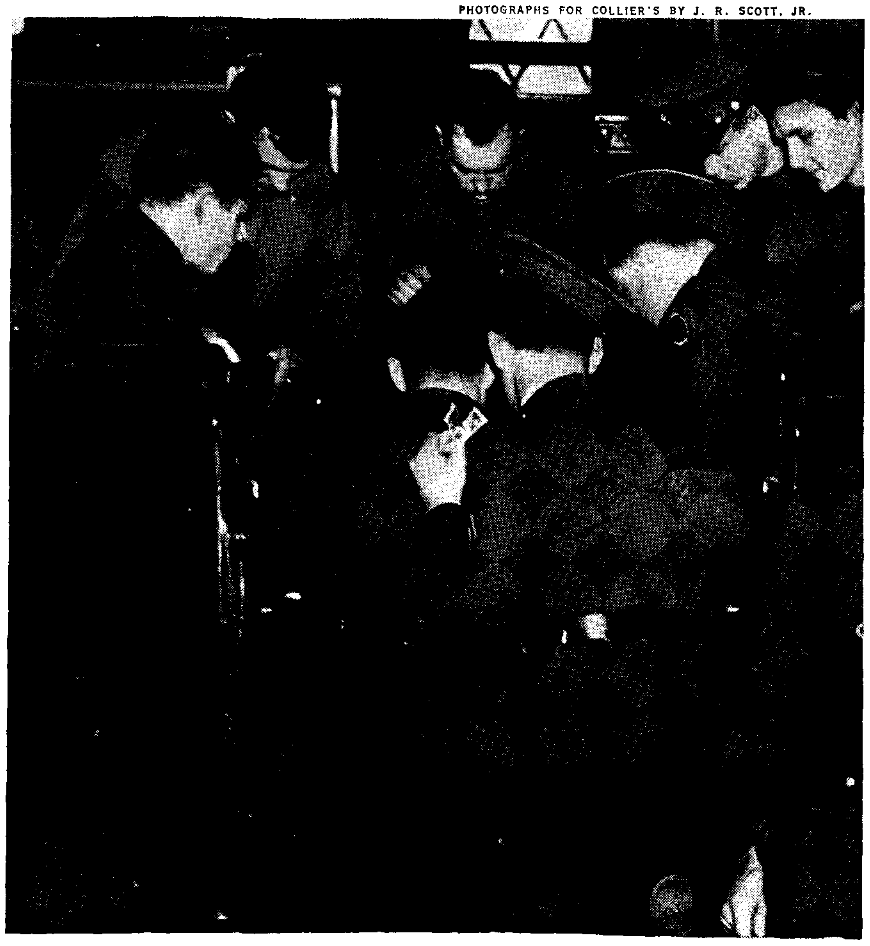
THE mud got so bad one day that even the Fort Douglas mule quit. He was clear up to his belly and they couldn't get a jack under him, but he debogged himself when the boys knocked off for noon mess. No draftee, that mule; he's a crafty veteran.

BECAUSE the Selective Service program is called a five-year plan, reception center buildings are of temporary construction. Most high-ranking officers feel it'll develop into a twenty-year program and wish Washington officials would have guts enough

*(Continued on page 66)*

**ipants in the Hot Springs expedition made up race-track losses shoot-**
**ice, a game they understood. Many Camp Robinson soldiers remained**
**sit Hot Springs hot spots and missed the troop trains. Nobody cared**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY J. R. SCOTT, JR.



Something
NEW*
has been added!

*MEN may not understand it—but a new hat means a world of difference to your spirits—makes you a new woman, with new zest for life. And that's what something new is doing for a famous cigarette, too—giving it new tang, new zip, new spirit!*

It's the new Old Gold—enriched with an added touch of a special imported tobacco! You'll taste the difference with the first puff—the full-flavored goodness of old, gold tobaccos aged for years for mellowness and blended for you by America's oldest tobacco merchants.

Try a new Old Gold—a more pleasant-tasting cigarette than ever now that something new has been added! Get a pack today!

***NEW—A prized imported tobacco, from the eastern Mediterranean—a tobacco whose small aromatic leaves impart new zest to the famous Old Gold blend! So every moment you spend with Old Gold will be even more pleasant than before.**

P. Lorillard Company

America's oldest tobacco merchants—established 1760.

Same familiar pack, but new Old Golds inside. All the Old Golds your dealer has now are NEW Old Golds.

PULL TAB
Old Gold
CIGARETTES

"My Answer to the Burning Question is *Cool Shaves!*"

***"Help!"*** yells the chief. "Gimme the first aid kit—and give it to me quick! I got a third degree razor-burn! Look at my face! It's like a sunset on a sirloin—and me with a date to have my picture taken with the heiress I saved!"

***"Chief,"*** I says, "your chops are broiled, and it serves you right. You're shaving with a cream that belongs to the old horse-and-engine days! Here—lather up with Ingram's cool, freshening, quick-action cream!"

***"Ingram's Shaving Cream*** is different, Chief! It gives a quick billow of special, cooling lather—a de luxe lather that conditions your skin for cool shaving while it wilts your whiskers fast. Why, not to use Ingram's is practically arson!"

***"Whee!"*** says the Chief, "this is the shaving cream life for me. Ingram's lather makes whiskers wilt like weeping willows! You shave with a free and easy hand—shave minutes off your shaving time—and finish as cool as an heiress' million!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
*In Tube or Jar*

***"You'll look like a million*** to the camera eye, too," I says. "Ingram's leaves your face younger and more attractive! No lotions or tonics needed! After an Ingram facial refresher your skin is smooth and cool—and stays that way for hours. Help protect yourself against shaving burns and terrors by getting cool, economical Ingram's—today!"

## Legionnaires' Way

Continued from page 13

detail of international courtesy. Of less importance today than yesterday, for a change is due very soon."

THE major had taken a chair as he spoke. By European standards, he was a small man, and his booted heels barely reached the floor. Lesprade felt too tall, too massive, clumsy, and found himself wondering if the swords they held before them were regulation length or shortened in proportion.

"I have been informed that all was settled, Major," he replied. "Your men were freed, the weapons have been returned, the required official apology transmitted to your commander in chief. An apology was wrong, in my opinion, but perhaps we cannot be too punctilious on such points at this time."

"Not all was settled, Lieutenant." Takamura smiled, a very brief, unfriendly smile. "The culprits must be punished."

"Culprits, Major?" Lesprade said. The four black pupils rested on him, motionless, expressionless save for a stony hostility. "I fail to understand. Your patrols have repeatedly crossed the frontier, and have disregarded warnings from our patrols, perhaps because they are aware that we have orders not to create an incident. My men are legionnaires, professional soldiers, who would not disobey the order against firing. But they found their prestige lessened in the eyes of the local population by the arrogance of your patrol chiefs. What was left for them to do?"

The answer was simple: What they had done. A patrol of six men, commanded by Sergeant Folger, had spotted a Japanese patrol of fourteen men on Tonkinese soil. Aware that a warning would be ignored, they had used their own method. All six were old soldiers, veterans of years in the Moroccan hills. They had trailed the others for several hours until they had halted to rest and eat. For experienced raiders, the rest had been simple. They had overpowered the sentry, seized the stacked weapons. As to what happened after, it was a matter of surmise. But the Japanese had gone back across the border weaponless, bruised and dazed.

"The dividing line is not marked clearly everywhere, Lieutenant. And Chinese snipers flee across it." Takamura did not appear happy. "Moreover, crossing the border is traditional in this region. Your General Gallieni not merely tolerated raids by his men during the pacification, but encouraged them."

"China was not then an organized nation, Major."

"Nor is Indo-China today," Takamura said very quietly. "In fact, we have strong reasons to think that but for our presence on this frontier the Chinese would have invaded the Tonkin, aided by a general uprising of the population. We have protected you."

This time, Lesprade smiled.

"Your government carries altruism to great lengths," he declared. He indicated an open cigarette box, and when they shook their heads, helped himself. The smoke tasted bitter. "With your permission, gentlemen. I repeat that I do not understand the word culprits."

"Japanese soldiers were struck."

"Very likely. My fellows were a bit nervous—they may have gone to it rather hard."

"There was a junior officer, Lieutenant, an officer!"

"In that case, he had maps and could read them. He should have been cool enough to realize that my men were doing their duty, disarming a detachment of foreigners found on our side. But I understand that some of your men rushed for the guns even after they had been informed of the exact situation. My legionnaires humanely prevented their getting to their rifles, to avoid shedding of blood."

Takamura's eyes did not move. "We request the names of those six men."

"I shall not supply their names, Major. *In fact, I shall destroy all records* concerning that incident, in case Hanoi should be prevailed upon to ask for punishment. But do not worry, Major, you shall have a culprit. I could see plainly that my men were up to some trick, and did nothing to prevent it. I take the responsibility."

"I regret that I shall have to report you, Lieutenant."

"You're forgiven in advance, Major." Before the threat, Lesprade suddenly felt his strength return. He laughed. "I have no doubt that your request seems normal to you, Major. But I doubt that *there is an officer in a—well, in a non-*Asiatic army, shall we say?—who would not understand at once that I cannot grant what you demand. If I complied, I would be through in the Legion. Short of asking for my execution, you cannot menace me with worse."

FUSIKAWA spoke for the first time: "May I be permitted to make an inquiry in person? Many of your men are Germans, in sympathy with us. Through one of them, we can find out—"

Lesprade repressed a smile: Patrol Chief Folger, a German. Privates Vogel, Friedmann and Schultz, Germans. Private Schneider, Viennese. Private Knudsen, Danish—not a Frenchman in the gang.

"You have my permission to try, Lieutenant. However, it may lead to another incident. More than half of my men are German born, will become Germans again when their enlistment expires. But just now, they are legionnaires. Note that I do not say Frenchmen, but legionnaires." Lesprade smiled. "You probably are aware that since the disaster in France the percentage of desertions from the Legion in the Tonkin has fallen to an exact zero. Before, an occasional chap, gripped by wanderlust—they're nomads even before they come to us—skipped into China.

"Why do they remain now? Partly loyalty to their officers, I hope. But the main, the chief, the primordial reason? They figure that with France *so crippled that it cannot send help*, Indo-China will be attacked. Attacked by millions, when we are but a few thousands. That will mean superb fighting, a chance to die gloriously and, what is most appreciated by legionnaires, a chance to fight against an enemy which the Legion has never fought before, a brand-new foe. Desert with that in prospect? They'd forego their pay, their chances of pension, to stay."

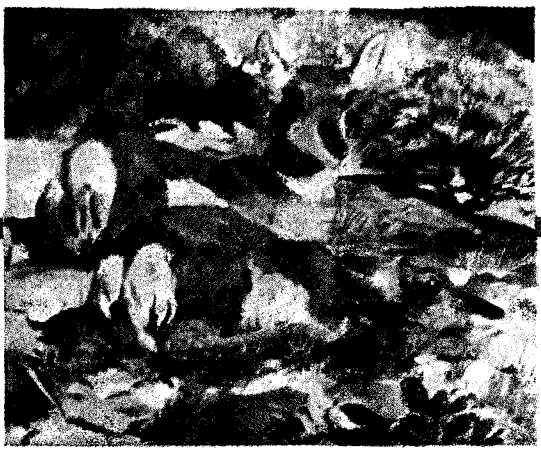
Lesprade looked at the tip of his cigarette, smiled.

"As a child, I was much in love with the Japanese. We had a school of literature *devoted to their praise. I admired* the professional soldiers of your great feudal lords, your samurai. My legionnaires are samurai. I was under the impression that you were people who understood such things."

The two kept their eyes on the Frenchman. Then, slowly, the major reached for a cigarette, his lieutenant imitated him. Neither smiled, but they seemed less stiff.

"We are such people," Takamura

# NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE ANTELOPE



**LEFT:** Mother Antelope takes full advantage of Nature's Protective Blending. Here, among sagebrush, cactus and tumbleweed, her fawns find sanctuary. She hides them here when danger is near.

**BELOW:** Not often would Mother Antelope expose her young in the open like this. Away from Nature's Protective Blending they would be at the mercy of wolf, coyote and eagle.

# CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

## makes possible the most highly refined Whiskey

**BEN:** You always drink Calvert. Don't you ever change your brand? I get so fed up with every...

**LEN:** Yes, I know—you're like a million other guys—looking for a whiskey that *tastes* good. Here! Try *my* brand.

**BEN:** Sa-a-ay! Is *that* Calvert? Awfully good—isn't it! Listen, Len! Is it *always* that good?

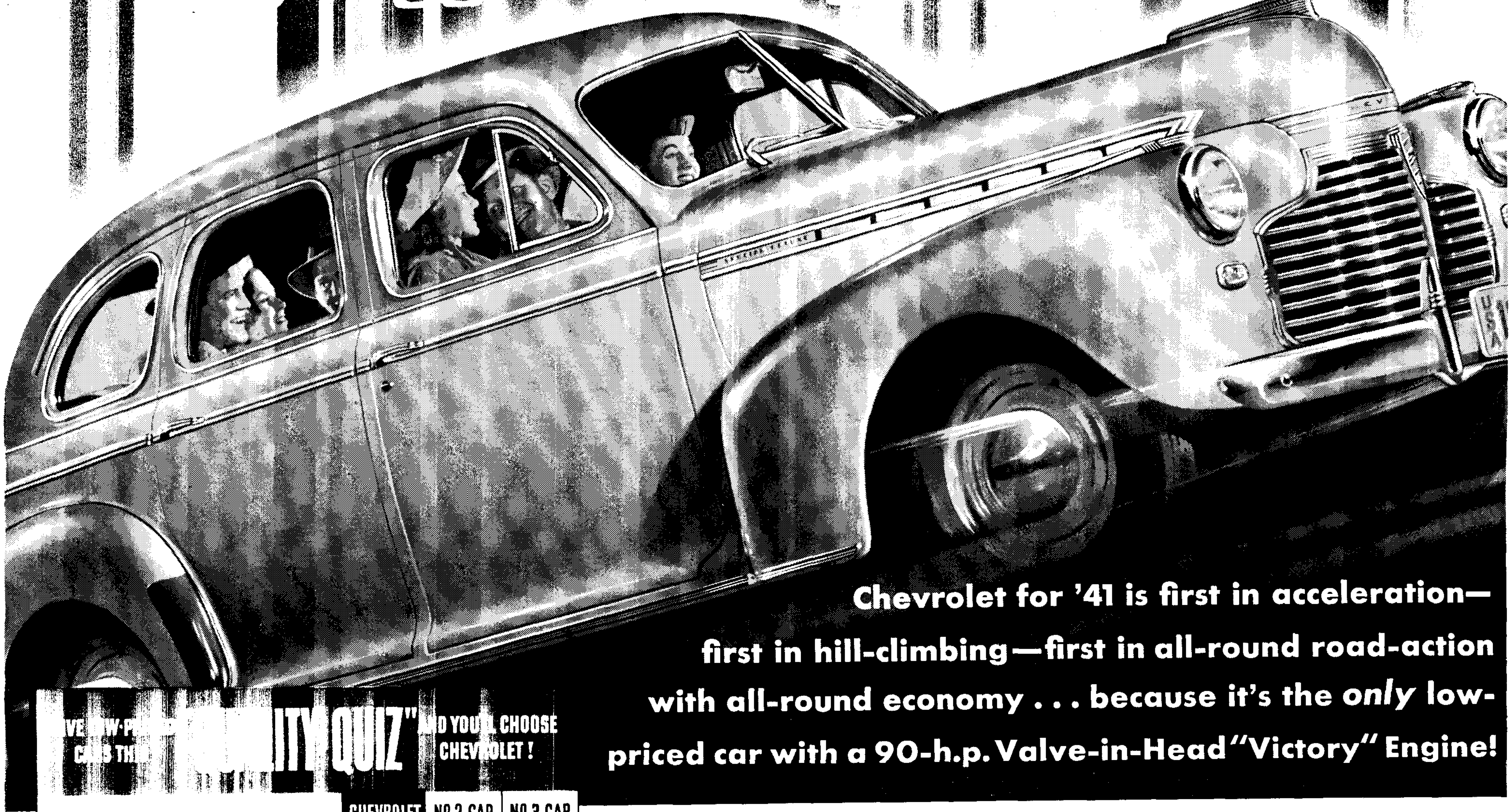
**LEN:** Always! The fellow in my liquor store says Calvert's middle name is "Uniformity."* Glad you like it.

**The unvarying fine flavor and quality of Calvert Whiskey are assured by Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending*

Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert
SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
The whiskey of good taste
RICHER
COSTS A LITTLE MORE
LIGHTER
COSTS A LITTLE LESS

**CLEAR HEADS** (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
**CALL FOR Calvert**

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



[illegible] y [illegible] ggest selling [illegible] c [illegible] a [illegible]

**Chevrolet for '41 is first in acceleration—first in hill-climbing—first in all-round road-action with all-round economy . . . because it's the *only* low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine!**

[illegible] VE [illegible] W-P [illegible] CARS TH [illegible] ITY QUIZ" [illegible] D YOU [illegible] CHOOSE CHEV [illegible] OLET!

| | CHEVROLET | NO.2 CAR | NO.3 CAR |
|---|---|---|---|
| 90-H.P. ENGINE | YES | NO | NO |
| CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS | YES | NO | NO |
| VACUUM-POWER SHIFT *AT NO EXTRA COST* | YES | NO | NO |
| BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP* | YES | NO | NO |
| UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION | YES | NO | NO |
| BOX-GIRDER FRAME | YES | NO | NO |
| ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION | YES | NO | NO |
| TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH | YES | NO | NO |

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**CHEVROLET'S the LEADER**

agreed, as he leaned forward for the match struck by Lesprade.

"We are such people," Fusikawa confirmed.

"Yes, we understand why they wish to stay," the major resumed. "And also why you cannot comply with our suggestion." He nodded as Lesprade indicated the bottles, gave his choice. "We Japanese are ceremonious people, Lieutenant. Everything that is done must be explained. But when something is said that explains, we talk of it no more. I shall arrange that the apology already given shall suffice."

"Thank you, Major."

"I was sent as an observer to France during the other war, Lieutenant. I was then as young as you are. I spent some time with your *chasseurs*, some of them were not taller than Japanese. I felt at home in the snow and the mountains where I found them. They were amazed. A Japanese wears silk kimonos, walks in tiny gardens, among flowers and fish pools. No one heard of Yezo, where one hunts mighty bears. But there as here, there was but one fashion for a warrior to die. We do not understand the French always, they do not understand us at all. We Japanese have started to march; we are marching, marching, because we must march. Lieutenant Lesprade, we shall visit you again soon, the lieutenant and I. We shall march up your road."

"It will be a pleasure, Major."

They exchanged smiles.

Both were confident. Lesprade's outpost was constructed on a jutting peak, could be reached only by a narrow, winding road, hewn wider and wider by generations of legionnaires, until it permitted a motorcar to come. But the slopes could not be scaled, and the path was under the fire of mortars, thirty-seven-millimeter cannon, heavy machine guns.

To bring artillery to bear on the post would call for acrobatic performances under brisk fire. There was a well in the post, and as long as food and ammunition held out, it was impregnable; the sixty legionnaires of the garrison could hold up a division. Yes, a full division, even if the possible enemy were willing to sacrifice lives like—like Japanese!

"We have marched and we have passed everywhere," Takamura said, as if he had read the young officer's thoughts. "Even where it was claimed that we could not pass." Lesprade looked at the small, compact body in the baggy riding breeches, then again into the eyes, the eyes that were so hard for a man of his race to read. "We march, Lieutenant. We shall call again."

"We have supplies for many months, Major."

"We know, we know."

Takamura rose suddenly, offered his hand.

"*Au plaisir—*"

The guard turned out again, the bugler launched his melodious call. The little car lurched through the gateway, sped down the first incline, vanished around a bend, to reappear several hundred yards below. Sergeant Folger stood at Lesprade's side, and grumbled under his breath. Takamura would have insisted upon a long apology.

"You'll get your chance, Folger. The major seems to know something. He said he was coming back—"

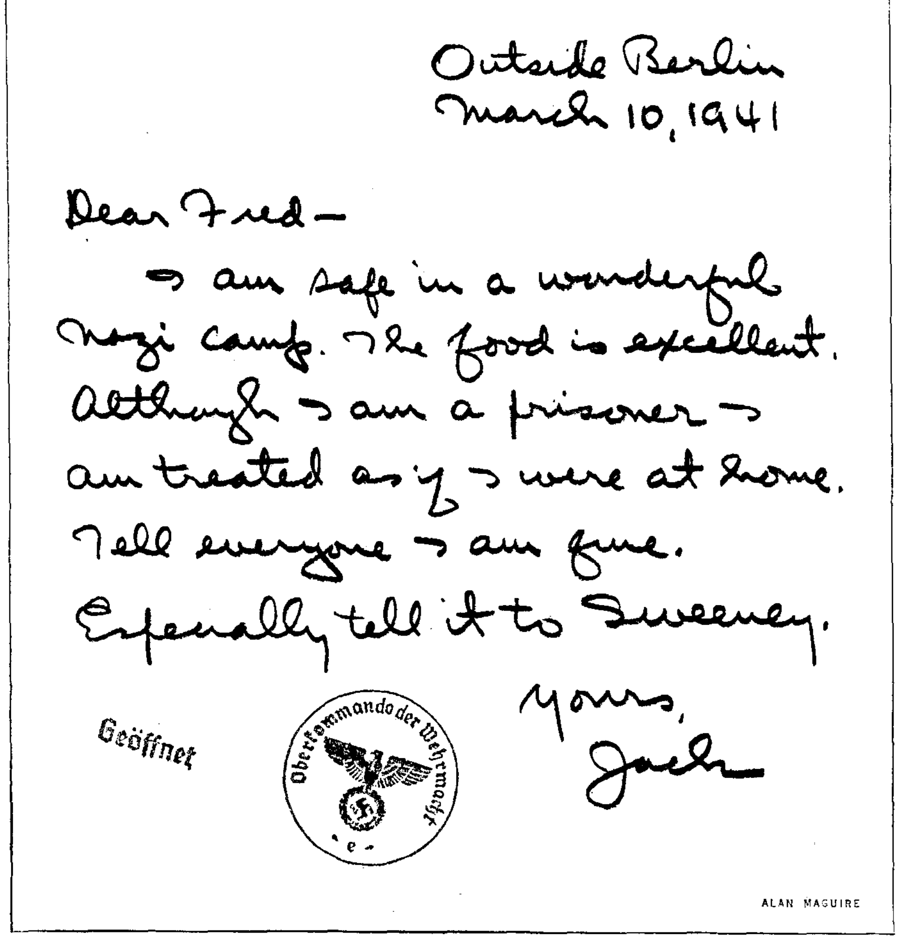
"Good," Folger said. "They've been picking on Chinese too long, and a change will do them good." He grinned widely. "Won't they be surprised!"

"They're pretty good, Folger."

"Maybe. But, Lieutenant, if we had four Legion regiments out here instead of one, I'd bet on us."

TOWARD the end of August, 1940, Lesprade's second, a sublieutenant promoted from the ranks, had had to be sent down the hills, suffering from nervous disorders. Since the signing of the armistice by France, he had gone about the outpost, either mute and depressed or gesticulating, cursing. The young lieutenant had been forced to ask for his removal when he had taken to halting the men in the yard, especially those of Germanic origin, with the challenge: "And who are you laughing at? Monsieur Aristide Briand says no more cannon, no more bayonets! Who are you laughing at?"

In the general chaos and panic prevailing, he had not been replaced. Lesprade envied him somewhat. He himself had thought he was going mad when the news of defeat came over the



Outside Berlin
March 10, 1941

Dear Fred—

I am safe in a wonderful Nazi camp. The food is excellent. Although I am a prisoner I am treated as if I were at home. Tell everyone I am fine. Especially tell it to Sweeney.

Yours,
Jack

Geöffnet

Oberkommando der Wehrmacht

ALAN MAGUIRE

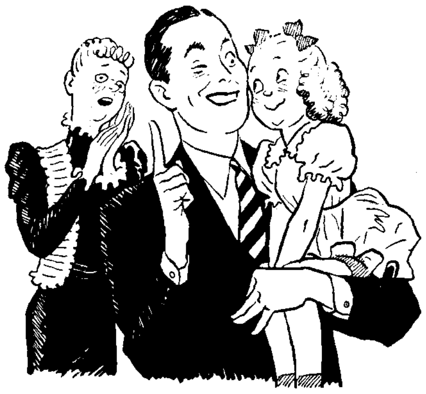
WHENEVER he felt the urge
Sidney would splurge
On shirts—
So rashly that they seldom,
if ever, looked the nerts.
They drooped o'er his torso
Like a sack, only more so;
Their collars were, in a word,
Absurd.

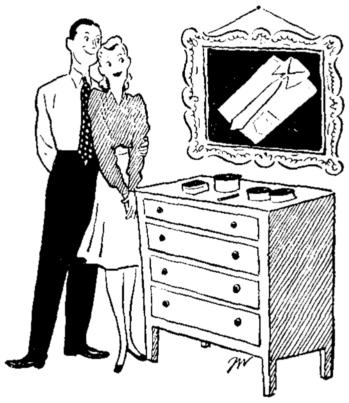
So when Marge brought him home to the
folks for their final say-so,
She knew his chances weren't worth a
plugged peso
Unless she got an Arrow Shirt on Sid,
Which she did.

"Not bad,"
Thought Marge's Dad.
"His shirt is one of the year's
masterpieces—
The lad is obviously rich as
Croesus."

"Ah!"
Said Ma.

And Marge's maiden aunt sighed,
"What fit! How it becomes him!
What a pity
I'm not twenty-one and pretty!"

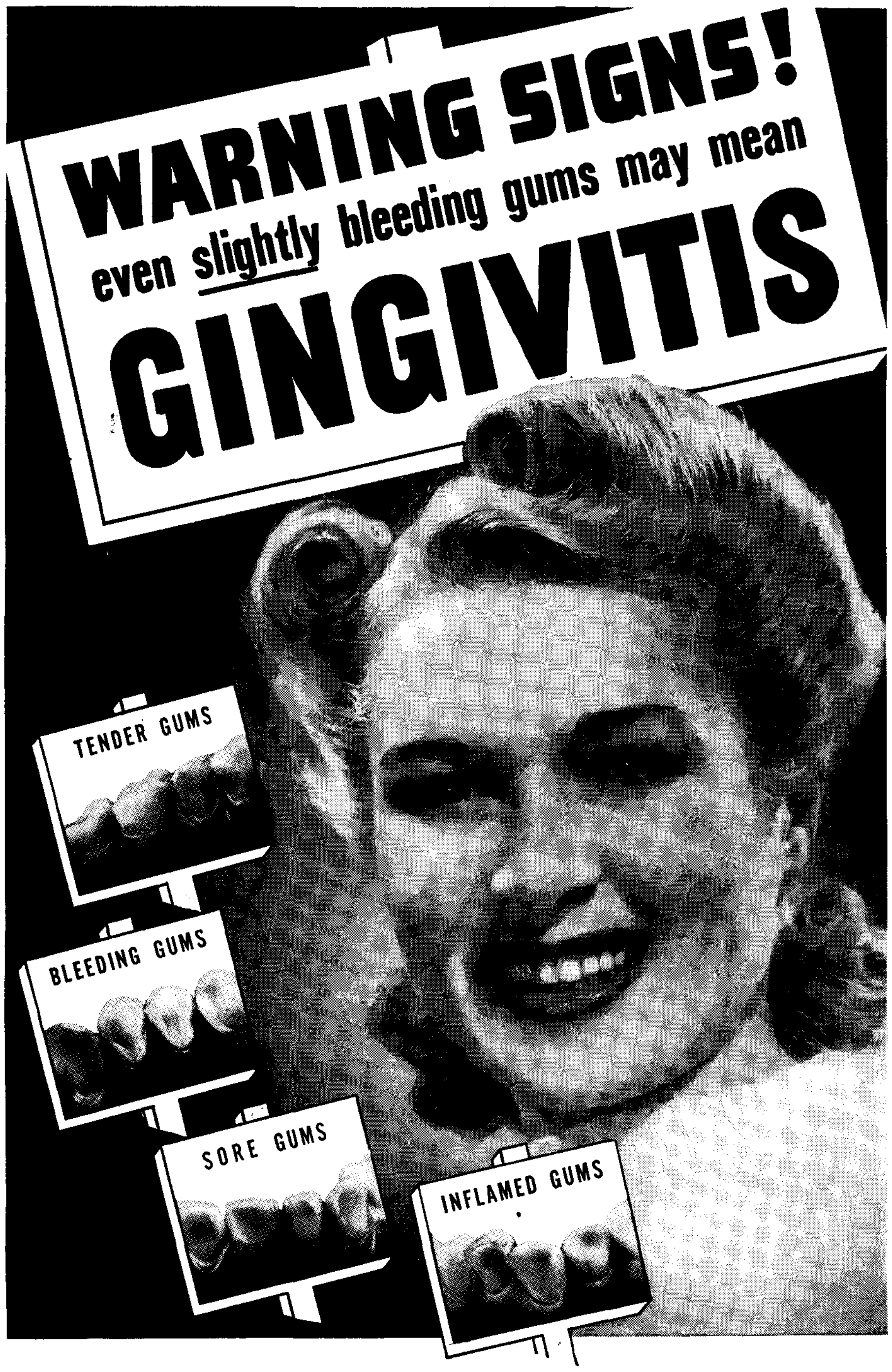




Today Sid and Marge are married—to guess
which you don't have to be much of a
guesser.
And above their dresser
Hangs not a portrait of rich Uncle Otto,
Or a diploma, or a motto,
But that first Arrow Shirt Marge gave
Sidney!
(He looked swell in it, didney?)

Sid buys *only* Arrow Shirts these days
And finds it pays.
Their "Mitoga" figure-fit fits him like a glove does
They're Sanforized-Shrunk and shrink as little as
his love does:
Less than 1%! They have the dandy Arrow Collars.
(Arrow Dale is $2.50 and Arrow Hitt, $2.)

ARROW SHIRTS
$2 $2.25 $2.50 $3.50 $5
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



4 OUT OF 5 May have this trouble— Often leads to PYORRHEA—

DO *your* gums ever bleed? Are they sore, tender to touch? Then watch out—Gingivitis may be starting trouble for YOU!

This mild gum inflammation is so common today 4 out of 5 may be victims and not even suspect it at first. If you don't take action *at once*—it often leads to Pyorrhea—to soft shrinking gums—loosened teeth—which only your dentist can help. See him at once. But at home you can—

**Help Guard Against Gingivitis This Tested FORHAN Way**

Every *morning* and *night*—massage your gums and brush your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste—the FIRST and ORIGINAL toothpaste for *both* massaging gums and cleaning teeth.

This Forhan method is so effective:
1. It stimulates gums to be firmer—thus more able to ward off infection.
2. Cleans dull teeth to their natural sparkling brightness.
3. Helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay.

Start using Forhan's *today*—note the DIFFERENCE!

At drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

**SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS**

Wise people now visit their dentists every 3 months instead of the old fashioned idea of "twice a year". Thus he can keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis, detect and fill small cavities and save you pain and dental bills.

use Forhan's with massage
Forhan's
THE ORIGINAL TOOTHPASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS & CLEANING TEETH

FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

radio hourly. He was ashamed and he was baffled.

He was sure that the Japanese would attack. They had openly desired Indo-China, long before the fatal war, and this was a good opportunity. He was not a fool, knew that the chances of successful resistance were slim, almost nonexistent. But the troops out here were colonial regiments and Legion, ready to sacrifice themselves, to turn in a good performance. Ready and eager to fight for their own honor, for the good opinion of the world, for their prestige as soldiers.

YEARS ago, General Gallieni had sent a message from Madagascar to France which still expressed the colonial soldiers' program: "Please send out another regiment of Legion so that we may die decently when the time comes." No vain hope of victory there, but a simple statement.

As there was a regiment of Legion in Indo-China, Lesprade had taken it for granted that they would die decently. The order from the Hanoi government to evacuate the outposts along the Kwangsi frontier, to turn them over to the Japanese, stunned the young soldier. He hesitated to inform his sergeants, then realized that they would learn from the wireless operator.

He called them in, gave them the information. They accepted it in silence.

He sent a dispatch to Hanoi, suggesting that a successful defense was possible, that he guaranteed to hold out for two months. The following day, an emissary from Hanoi, a staff officer, arrived. He was very nervous, resentful. It appeared that practically all post commanders had made trouble.

"You chaps don't see farther than the end of your nose. We are helpless, Lieutenant. We'd all be massacred for nothing."

" 'They're six thousand, we're three hundred; we are French: Odds are even!' " Lesprade quoted bitterly.

"Heroic bunk," the other retorted with irritation. "That doesn't go far against air raids. We are a beaten people, my dear fellow, and must resign ourselves to that status." When Lesprade stared at him in silence, he prompted, "Well, what do you think?"

"You don't remind me of Joan of Arc."

"What would you do?"

"I?" Lesprade shrugged. "Hold out. The Chinese have been fighing three years. What I'd do? I'd ask their help—use our professional regiments as cadres for their troops." The young officer rose, shaking. "But no, surrender is the only course! Any day, I expect to hear that Liberia has asked for the Sudan, and the Vichy government is ceding it without resistance!"

"Odd speech, Lieutenant, for a French officer!"

"Yes. A French officer who wants to fight is phenomenal today! So long."

When the man had left, Lesprade gave the orders needed for evacuation, trucks came for the movable supplies. On the eve before the day scheduled for departure of the French garrison, Lesprade had the flag hauled down. There was a guard of honor, and the bugles played. He saw the faces of the men, felt that any words he might speak would be useless.

He rolled the tricolor with his own hand, slipped it in a metal casing which was soldered. Then he, Sergeant Folger and four men with spades went outside the walls, into the small cemetery where legionnaires had been laid to rest for forty-five years. As Legion graves always are, these graves were well tended.

The Post of Van-Luong had been erected in the days of General Gallieni, from plans drawn by de Grandmaison. Lesprade knew that he was the seventeenth officer in command. Some had lasted a few weeks, some for years, returning to the place after tricks of service elsewhere. Two of the preceding sixteen had become generals, three had been killed in the first war and seven had remained in this cemetery. As he walked, Lesprade scanned the headstones:

"Lieutenant Robert Barthier, Killed in Action, 1866-1897—" and "Lieutenant Albert Pellion, 1880-1908." Lesprade knew about all of them. Pellion, for instance, had died of infection, after being wounded by a tiger. The one next to him had been assassinated by a native servant, in his sleep. He passed by those graves without halting, headed for the oldest stretch.

"Classic scene," he mused as he walked. "Like that in the Red Marble Room in l'Atlantide—and that in one of old man Hugo's dramas, the review of the dead. One never understands those things until they are experienced. Here we are—Halt!"

It was the oldest headstone, smoothed by the rains of many years:

*Louis Napoleon Garrezi*
*Lieutenant of Legion*
*Killed in Action*
*1856-1895*

"Dig!" Lesprade ordered.

As the spades attacked the earth, he was lost in thought.

Garrezi had not been one of the seventeen commanders here. But he had been connected with the post nevertheless. Lesprade had had the curiosity, during his long, idle hours in the outpost, to look him up, to write to France for information, to Hanoi. He was himself a school officer, and the career of that forgotten soldier, who had died more than twenty years before his own birth, had held the fascination of an epic legend.

Garrezi had been the son of a sergeant major of infantry, had been born during the second empire, as his name indicated. He had been an army pupil, had become a private at eighteen, a corporal at twenty-four, a sergeant at twenty-eight, an adjutant at thirty-three. Years of obscure service, of war, in sundry Senegals, Sudans and Guianas, picking up a decoration here, a chevron there, a wound elsewhere. He had married, had had four children. That family had followed him on crowded transports when it was possible, eked along on his small pay in Europe when it was not.

LESPRADE had obtained a faded photograph of him, taken a year before his death, in Madagascar, to celebrate his promotion to second lieutenant. A sturdy chap, short and broad, with very long, curly mustaches, a low forehead shaded by the tall kepi, throwing out his chest to show off his row of medals. Proud, hot-tempered, not overintelligent, sketchily educated, the type who considered a dull bayonet grip a more serious offense in a private than habitual drunkenness.

But a lad with guts. He it was who had led the conquering detachment, fifteen legionnaires and sixty-three native infantrymen, up these slopes before the road existed. Led it up under the plunging fire of a band of Chinese irregulars. For hours, these chaps had clung to the rocks, hauled themselves higher, firing with one foot braced in a crevice of the stone, the other knee hooked over a protruding root. Inches at a time, for hours, in the steaming heat, fighting as if the fate of France depended on this cheap little show in the remote jungle.

In the last rush, with the bayonet, Garrezi had dropped, with a bullet in his bowels, another through his chest. He was an old soldier, who had seen many men die. He knew what was happening to him as he retched blood, had no illusion that he would survive. Nevertheless, he ordered his sergeant to signal to the main body:

"Position occupied without serious losses."

Then he had died.

"Lieutenant—" one of the men said, looking up.

"Ah, yes—" Lesprade was startled.

"Lid's falling apart on this coffin."

"Just lift one of the planks and slip this in anywhere," Lesprade said, crouching to hand down the cylinder containing the flag. "That's the idea." He straightened, dusted his knees mechanically, as the men climbed out of the pit and started to fill it again. "He was the first legionnaire up here, you know. So I thought we'd let him keep the flag."

The men did not answer. They had understood from the start.

"That was a good idea, Lieutenant," Folger said, as they walked away. "The men will like that. They're sentimental, you know."

"Yes, Folger."

"They'd have liked a chance to fight," Folger resumed thoughtfully. "Me too. I don't think they could take it very long. They're chesty little runts, Lieutenant, and our chaps hate to have them think they scared us away." He smiled. "You should see them deflate when they give in. That patrol looked like a gang of disguised houseboys after we'd reasoned with it a bit. . . ."

YES, they would look like that, Lesprade thought, but he could not smile. Men who have been beaten or frightened into surrender do not look heroic—and he involuntarily thought of the hundreds of thousands of his countrymen who had tossed their guns on the pile and filed before the conquerors like sheep.

"Folger, there are general instructions concerning the transfer of outposts. But after what happened with that patrol, I don't want you fellows here when they arrive. Might lead to a row. They know I was not there, so I shall remain with the native attendants to turn the place over officially. You'll take charge of the detachment, start this afternoon. You can camp below for the night, and be off to join the main column in the morning. The Japanese will surely take care that I get transportation to my destination."

The sergeant hesitated, coughed.

"Why not let me stay, Lieutenant? I'm not worried. Or at least keep you company. You've been feverish for days." The noncom gestured in apology. "It'll be gloomy up here, without the changes of sentries, the usual noises. Ever been in an empty post? Gives you the willies, Lieutenant. You imagine you see ghosts—"

"I'll be all right, Sergeant."

Folger halted, turned to look at his chief intently, suspiciously. "Lieutenant, you're not thinking of doing a foolishness?"

"No, you ass—" Lesprade smiled. "Folger, I give you my word I shall do nothing foolish!"

THE shower was over, but the eaves dripped mournfully, with long, gurgling sobs. Lesprade sat behind the table he had used for almost two years in the Post of Van-Luong, but he had pushed it nearer to the door of the office, that he might see the gateway. There was no sentry. On the veranda of what had been the guardroom, a few people huddled—a silent, somber little crowd, the native attendants.

As Sergeant Folger had predicted, the empty outpost had been gloomy. And Lesprade was lonely—and ill. He had taken quinine, hot tea, whisky, but still the fever had him in its grip.

He reread some lines in the letter he had prepared. Yes, his writing was firm, even: "As French blood had been shed here at the beginning, I felt it was fitting that it should be shed also at the finish. My personal desire would have been to have it shed in another manner."

His body shivered, and for an instant he thought of taking a quinine pill. But he smiled. There would be no time for it to take effect. They would be here soon. He was ready—quite ready. His service revolver was on the table.

Why didn't they come?

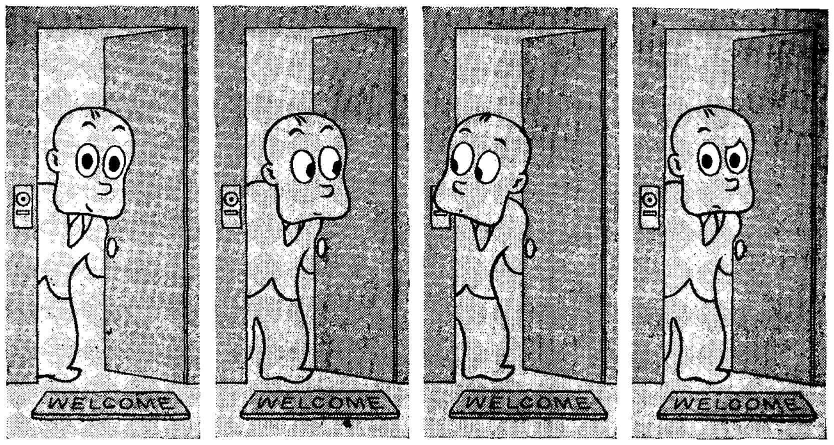
He thought of the explanation very soon: They had halted some distance away, wondering why no one was in sight to receive them. They imagined a trap, for they had definite reason to believe that legionnaires took unexpected initiative at times. They did not know that the detachment had marched out yesterday afternoon, without beating of drums or fanfare of trumpets.

He was right, for a silhouette appeared in the gateway now, paused, vanished swiftly. It returned, escorted by two others. They entered the post, bayoneted rifles at the ready, their queer little caps replaced by the queerer little metal helmets. Smallish, nightmare figures, brown faces, brown uniforms, ants—armed ants!

They walked into the yard, slowly, crouching. They started when they saw the servants, exchanged some words with them. Then, following the indications received, they headed for the office. This was the time—then Lesprade realized that he should not startle them with an unexpected shot. They might react by firing on the servants.

He attracted their attention with a gesture. They were less than fifty feet away—he could see them plainly. He slipped the revolver from the holster, lifted it into sight. They came to a stop, their rifles rising higher.

He was calm, his hand did not quiver. He turned the barrel toward his temple, slowly, that they might see his intention,



April Fool

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This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
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know that no harm would come to them. Two of them froze, the third was so surprised that the butt of his rifle thumped into the mud.

Yes, they could be amazed! He looked at their faces. He could read little on them—yet they were individuals. One of their own race could probably have told, from those faces, where they had been born, what island had bred them. For, as Takamura had made plain, there were *Japanese and Japanese*—

Just as there were Frenchmen and Frenchmen. White men and white men. The first French officer to reach this place was buried near by, in the cemetery. Seven commanders of the post were resting with him. And their guard of honor was numerous enough, more dead legionnaires than had been in the garrison stationed here recently. Blood had been spilled to gain, to keep—and must be spilled at the losing. Louis Napoleon Garrezi would never have understood the abandoning of a fortified post "Without effusion of blood."

Blood must be spilled, and Lesprade would spill the only blood permitted. War was a trade of blood and death, and if those were removed, it became ridiculous.

More stocky figures slipped through the gateway. One of the first three had recovered, was standing still, gesturing with one hand. Gesturing to restrain the European, begging him to wait, to stop. Lesprade was touched. This little man with the killing tool in his hands was concerned for his life, wanted him to live. That was his first instinct, his chief thought.

Perhaps he was right. And all that Lesprade had to do to live was to lay the gun back on the table. He had given his word to Folger that he would do nothing foolish. Was this foolish? Would the sergeant think he had broken his promise? The young officer imagined his noncom's face, saw his eyes—and knew the answer.

He smiled—and squeezed the trigger.

The infantrymen were filing into the empty barracks; a Japanese sentry already paced before the gateway. There were four officers in the room with Lesprade. The Frenchman's body had been laid on a bamboo couch. Major Takamura had finished reading the letter, which had been addressed to him.

"It is a courteous apology for his not awaiting my visit, as he could not receive me as he knew I would wish to be received," *the major told the others.* "He was a very young man, of excellent breed. He informs me that he knows we shall understand that blood had to be offered at the end."

"We would wish that it had come about differently, sir," a captain declared. "You had told us that the French were so."

"So they were. I saw them." Takamura's hand reached out to touch the revolver, picked up by someone and laid on the table. "It is sad and piteous, not the death, but the method." He looked from face to face. "I know your thoughts. We can do no less. In courtesy, it must be myself."

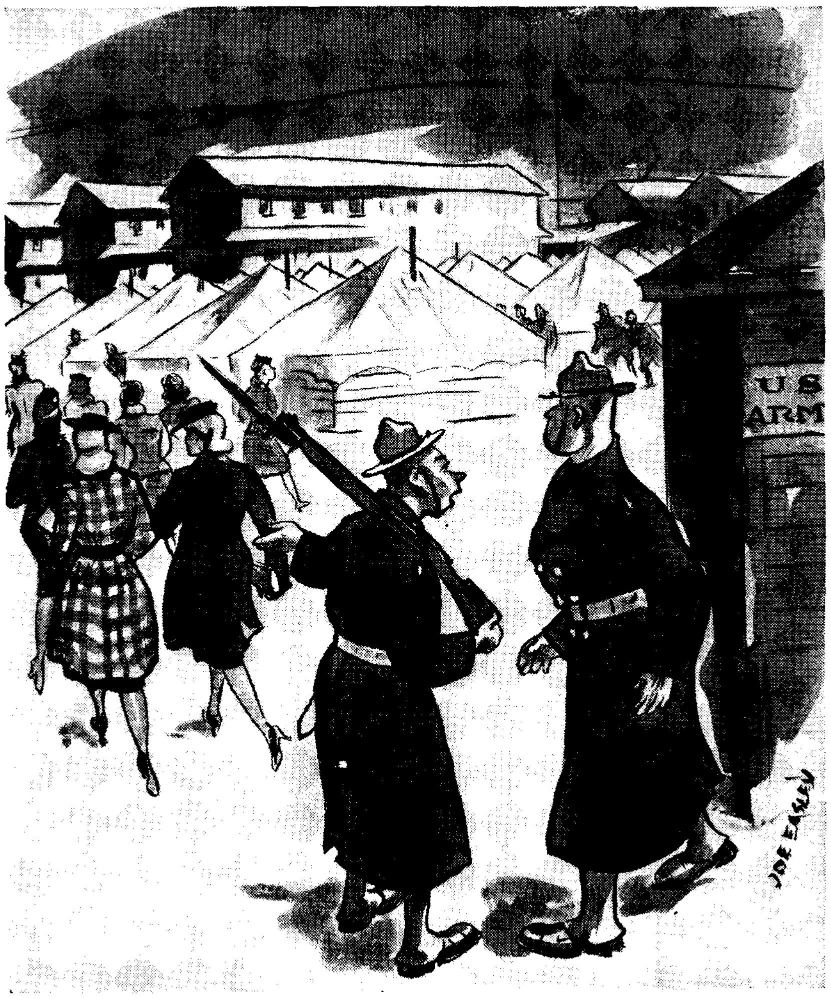
"YOUR bagage has arrived, sir," Fusikawa said. "It will be my honor to bring blades and robes and to assist you."

Takamura lifted his eyes to his lieutenant's.

"Not so. This is not a ceremonial immolation." Again, his finger touched the revolver. "By gun fire. We also pay with blood."

There was calm talk for some minutes longer, instructions as to burial and ashes. Then, one by one, the officers filed out, bowing as they passed their chief, who was left alone. There was an armed detachment at the foot of the staff, waiting to hoist the sun's standard.

And they waited, at the bottom of the veranda stairs, waited for the shot of courtesy that would give them the right to show their colors above this hill of Tonkin.

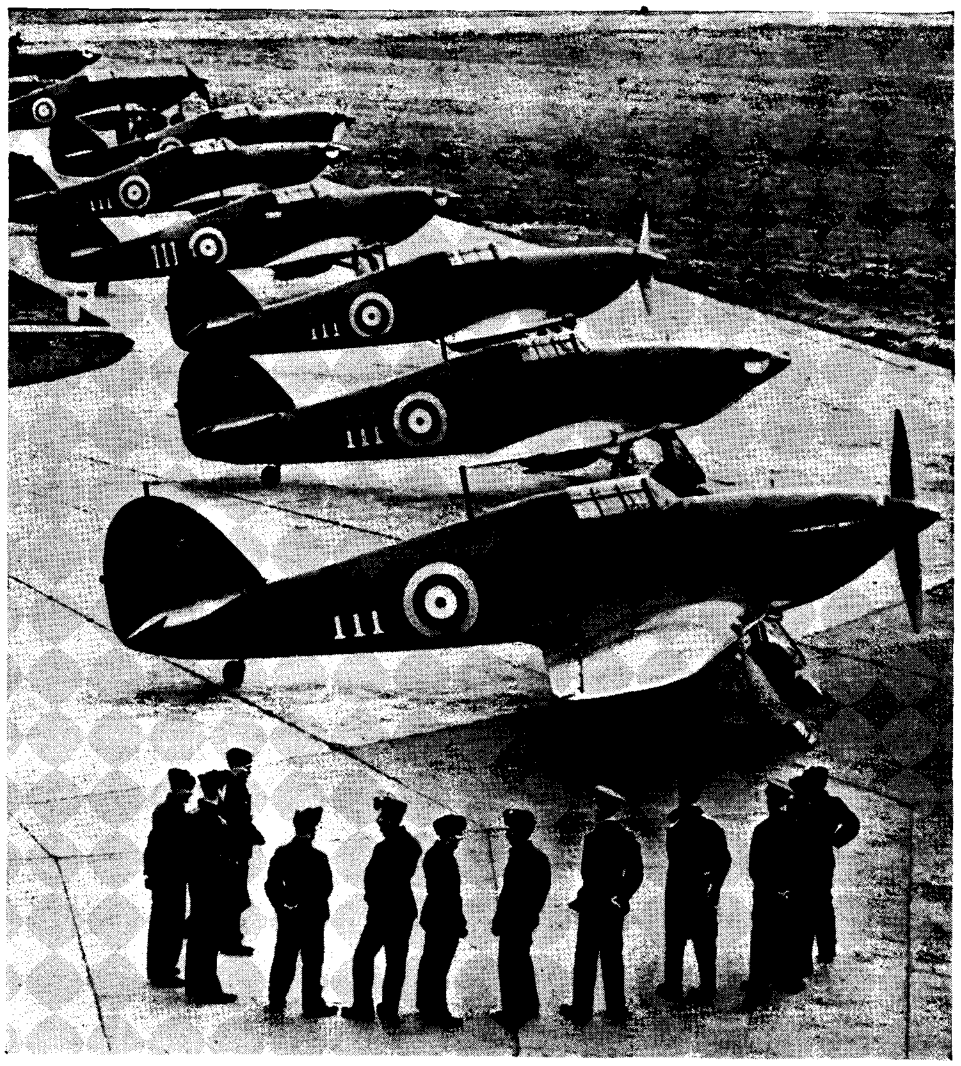


"I had to let 'em in, Sarge—they all gave me the right password"

JOE EASLEY

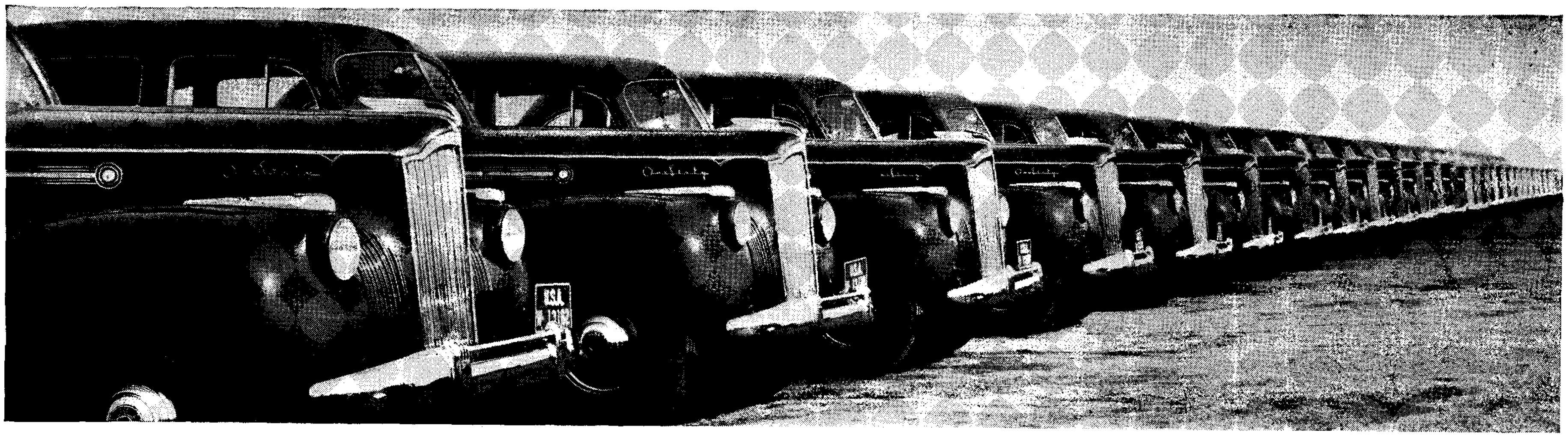
(PHOTO BY W. EUGENE SMITH FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

**Horse Power for the Navy**—Six of the Navy's new "Elco" patrol torpedo boats, streaking through coastal waters at close to a mile a minute. Each of these swift, hard-hitting Water Wasps is powered by a trio of 1350 horsepower Packard marine engines, churning up a total of 4050 horsepower!



(INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTO)

**Somewhere in England**—A squadron of Spitfire fighting planes lined up for action. Packard, chosen to build—by the thousands—the famous aviation motors which have been so thoroughly battle-tested in the Spitfire and Hurricane fighters, recognizes this assignment as a tribute and a challenge to Packard precision production.



**Packards for the Army**—Just a part of a Packard fleet, over three blocks long, recently delivered to the Army for service as Staff cars. Land transport, too, must have swift, dependable performance—and these roomy, 160-horsepower Packard Super 8's answer all of those major requirements with plenty of power to spare.

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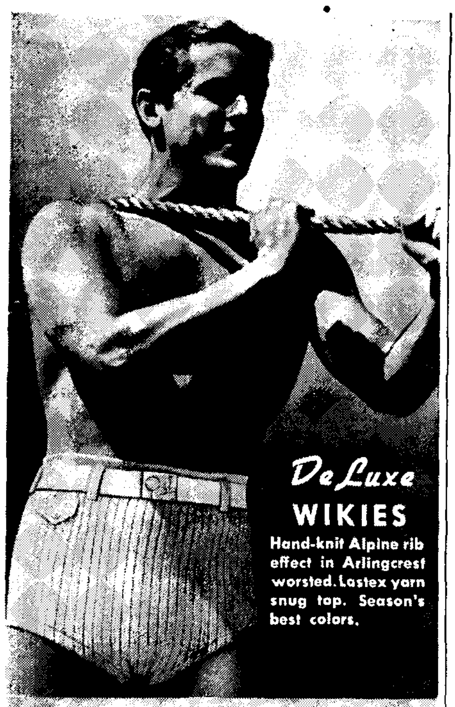

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ARLINGTON MILLS, Lawrence, Mass.

# Mr. Poots and the Ugly Tyke

Continued from page 11

watched the dog—and it was imitating him! Actually, he saw, it was going along in a grinning, outrageous burlesque of his own dignified stride.

Now it is hard enough for a stubby little man, past middle age, with an undeniable waistline to achieve a dignity compatible with the role of constable. Mr. Poots worked hard at it. He kept saying to himself: "Now remember, Walter. You're a constable now!"

But difficult as that was—what on earth chance had a man to achieve dignity when there was a great, fool, ugly dog following him around in the dark, making mock of him behind his back at every step?

Mr. Poots steeled himself. The dog was coming, as always, at this time and this place. He heard the shambling gallop. And then, in the murk, the great thing rose, planted its paws on his chest with a force that staggered him and slobbered joyfully over his face.

Mr. Poots pushed the animal away and studied it by the vague light of the half-moon. It had one prick ear, and the other flopped over the starboard bow. Its coat was a cross between caracul and a coconut doormat. Its face was like that of a lion, and its gait akin to the leapings of an inebriated gazelle. One hand higher, and it would have been a polo pony. Ten pounds heavier, and you could have hitched it to a plow.

"Oh, ma gum," moaned Mr. Poots. "And it wants to play."

He shut his eyes and turned away. In anger he strode along. He went up the moor path to where it crossed the high-road. He could hear the dog slip-slopping after him.

Mr. Poots strode along the road until he reached the deserted quarry. One of the duties of the men on the Teddingley patrol was to search the ancient and crumbling shacks by the old quarry. This night Mr. Poots' search was not for felons, enemies or tramps. He found what he wanted—a piece of old but stout rope left in what had been the engine building. He coaxed the dog to him. Expertly he fashioned a rope collar about its neck. The other end of the rope he tied to a bolt set in the old concrete foundations for the engine.

"Now," he said. "Try and pull that up. Ta-ta!"

Then gaily he set out over the moor, circling south, toward the Gosfield road.

MR. POOTS moaned. At first he thought his ears were tricking him, but he knew it couldn't be such wonderful luck. It was true. The dog was behind him again. He stopped. The dog stopped. He marched toward it. The dog backed away. He went on his way. The dog marched after him, mocking his way of going. Even more ridiculous, now, there was a length of rope, chewed and frayed at the end, dragging behind the dog.

Mr. Poots gave a despairing yell and ran down the road toward the football field, hearing that nauseating, revolting slipperty-slop of the terrible tyke behind him.

Mr. Poots tried the colonel's gate sternly, and then started away with satisfaction. He was striding with what he hoped was a perfect reproduction of the age-old British constabulary tread when a shiver ran up the delicate hairs under the woolen muffler about his neck.

"Ooooh—er!" he said.

Something was wrong! There was no doubt about it. Something was wrong. Something was hammering at the back of his mind, screaming for attention.

Quickly he put his hand to his other arm. Maybe he'd forgotten his proud sign of office—his brassard! No, Maggie had put it on that night. Perhaps his helmet had fallen off—no, silly! Of course his shining, gallant, wartime tin hat was there. His handcuffs! No, they dangled from his back pocket.

Bit by bit he checked himself—his tummy pulled in as far as it would go—the chinstrap just under his bottom lip—arms swinging . . . then he knew what it was.

The dog! That was it! The night was quiet! The terrible tyke no longer followed him. He was free!

With a feeling in his heart that sounded somehow to Mr. Poots like the moment they sang the doxology at church of Sundays, he sneaked to the Moggerthwaite grounds. The gate was locked. All seemed well.

"Now, if he comes, Walter," he said, "he'll come following by scent. So just work back on thy own trail."

QUIETLY in the night he stole along going over his own tracks, into the gap in the fence about the football field, by which he took a short cut to the grandstand, back to the clubhouse. And there, his heart leaped. For there, sitting in the murk, looking up at a door, his tail sweeping over an already well-swept arc, was the ugly tyke.

"So, there's somebody in there, and he wants 'em to come out and play," he thought. "Get ready, Walter!"

Mr. Poots pulled his chinstrap all the way under his chin, and then pulled from under his clothing a ten-inch length of lead pipe. Mr. Poots had never let *anyone know about that lead pipe*—not even Maggie. It was a secret all his own, a secret between him and his dream that some night there might come a glorious moment when he, Walter Poots, did battle with some burly evil-doer—and won.

He spat on his right hand and gripped the pipe. He tiptoed forward. With his left hand he reached down and tickled the ugly tyke between the ears. The animal gave a fatuous sound of contentment. Mr. Poots looked around for another hand to try the door. He solved it by putting the pipe between his teeth. With his right hand he tried the door. It was quite firm.

Mr. Poots pondered on this problem. Then he nodded his head. He had no knowledge of the ways of criminals beyond that gained in occasional and somewhat despairing lectures given to the handful of village men by the young constable. And from one of these drifted back words he had not thought he remembered at the time:

"The ordinary burglar effects entrance by a rear door, then sets wedges under that door, and makes his exit later by another route—usually the front door, leaving casually as if he were an ordinary resident in the place."

"All right. The front door, then," Mr. Poots said. "He'll not have that one wedged. So we'll crash in, rush him, and take him by surprise. Aye—that's the ticket!"

Quietly he tiptoed around to the front of the clubhouse.

He went up the steps, hunched his shoulders, drew a breath and charged. Mr. Poots got his first surprise. Even while in the air, he half saw the doorknob turn, half glimpsed a man opening the door. Then he caromed off the loose door, went through space and landed in a heap on the floor. His tin hat went bumping away in the darkness. He sat up, with his teeth aching so badly that he could taste a brassy sort of taste

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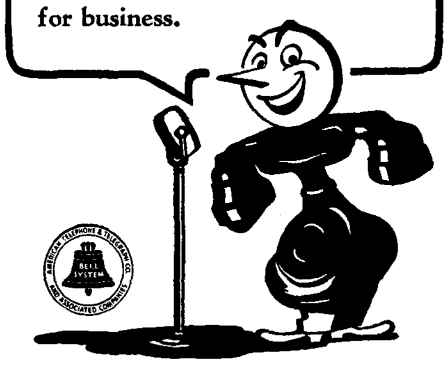

in his mouth. But he was not deterred.

"So there is a burglar," he told himself. "And he was just trying to leave by the front. Probably he heard thee at the back. So up and after him."

He could still hear, like a memory of a thing gone by, the scurry of feet down the hall.

"Come, come, Walter lad," he said.

He got up and started down the hall in pursuit—or that was what he meant to do. Unfortunately, he happened to tread on his own tin hat, and so went into his second one-point landing.

"Nasty, slippery things, tin 'ats," Mr. Poots said.

He was sitting up, fingering a great, dull area on the point of his chin. He could feel it swelling like a balloon, even in the short space of time that had passed since he landed on it.

"Aye, Walter," he said, sadly. "Tha doesn't seem to be going about this the right way. Now don't be so bloomin' impetuous, ma lad."

He groped around for his helmet—but it was gone again. He got up.

"Now, go easy and don't tread on it no more. Tha's certainly spoiled any chance o' taking him by surprise. So tha'll have to use tactics—aye, that's it. Tactics. He's down the hall somewhere, and probably playing bobbies and thieves wi' thee. So go get him. But tha'd better go quietlike."

Mr. Poots sat down and unlaced his boots. He set them side by side, neatly, in the middle of the floor. He stole, silently, in his stockinged feet, down the corridor. Halfway down he stopped. The office door at the right, his groping hands told him, was locked. The one at the left swung ajar.

That was it. He'd heard no door slam after the feet scurried away. The man was hiding in this office!

He listened. There came the faintest, minute sounds—and there was a curious, faint, warm smell in the air. The man was in there!

And at that point, for the first time, Mr. Poots felt the very human emotion of fear. There was a man in there—a criminal—one who might kill him if cornered. And here was he, aging Mr. Poots, with not even the activity and strength of middle age left to him, to pit against it.

"Ooooh, I wish I'd turned down this job before I started it," he moaned to himself.

BUT even as this passed through his mind, and the perspiration of panic rolled down his forehead, his brain began reciting words—words that one could almost hear again—spoken in the crisp, young voice of the bobby chap:

"Remember, that when a British constable has nothing else left, he always has the important weapon of authority. That is why we carry no firearms. For this weapon of authority, if used with promptness, confidence and boldness, will overcome superior numbers and often cow the most dangerous criminal type."

Mr. Poots steeled himself.

"Ba gum," he said, silently. "I hope tha's right, lad. Because there's liable to be an awful bloomin' splash if tha's been kidding us. But here goes!"

And, trembling and afraid in every fiber of his body, Mr. Poots gripped his lead pipe, reached around the door, found the electric switch, snapped it on and stepped into the room.

"All right. I've got yer," he said.

Then he stood in surprise. For there wasn't one man. There were two. One was seated, quietly, behind a desk. The other stood, his shoulders hunched, in the corner, staring toward the door.

"Ooooh, ma gum," Mr. Poots groaned mentally. "Two of 'em."

But he took another step into the room, planted his feet apart as though barring any escape, put his thumbs in his belt and smiled on them, pityingly.

"Now," he said, sternly. "Will ye come quietly—or shall I come and take yer? And—remember. Anything ye say may be used in evidence against yer."

The last part he had read in detective stories, and it sounded very policemanlike, he thought.

Then, as he waited, with the men unmoving, Mr. Poots began to perspire, and he forgot about the weapon of authority. For, somehow, he saw himself as the two men must see him—a little fattening man, past middle age, standing there in his stockinged feet, his blue serge suit crumpled and covered with dust, his helmet gone, his chin bleeding and swollen from his tumble.

He wished he knew what to do next.

"Oooh, ba gum," he thought. "Maggie was right. I shouldn't have gone sticking myself forward to help out the bobbies. I wonder if I can just walk out and pretend I never saw them. They'll run away—sort of a mutual armistice, in a manner o' speaking."

But, as he thought this, and the bigger man in the corner bent forward and took a step forward, Mr. Poots, much to even his own surprise, spread his arms to barricade the door and clenched the lead pipe.

"Ah, no, ye don't," he snarled. "No, ye don't."

AT THAT moment the man behind the desk waved his companion back, and spoke, pleasantly. "Why, good evening," he said, in a pleasant voice. "What can we do for you?"

"For me?" Mr. Poots said. "Well—I'm an auxiliary constable. Look!"

Almost indignantly he held up his arm for the man to see the brassard.

"Why, so you are," the man said. His voice was calm and with what Mr. Poots would have called a very swanky accent.

"But just what, exactly, can we do for you, my good man?"

"Well, look here," Mr. Poots said. "I thought ye were burglars."

The man smiled, forgivingly. "Now, constable," he said, "do we look like burglars?"

Mr. Poots examined them. They certainly did not look like burglars. Both were dressed in expensive tweeds. They wore colored ties—what the toffs called regimental ties. The big chap by the corner had a smart Tattersall waistcoat. Mr. Poots had never seen two more British-gentlemen-looking chaps. The week-end, country type.

"No, sir," he said, respectfully. "Ye don't. But what are ye doing here?"

The man smiled. "We're friends of Mr. Black," he said. "You know Mr. Black, don't you—the vice-president of the club?"

"Oh, aye," Mr. Poots said. "Of course." He didn't know any Mr. Black, but then he didn't want to appear too ignorant, either.

"Well, he gave us permission to sit here—we're doing a little business—going over records and so on."

Mr. Poots scratched his head. "That's all right then, sir. But still and all, I don't know exactly what I ought to do. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to come along with me and explain to the bloody bo—to headquarters."

"Why, we'd be delighted," the man said.

He rose, brushing his short, guardee mustache. Mr. Poots saw a quick glance he gave toward his companion. And then his heart sank.

These two gentlemen—suppose, now, they were up to any nasty business—get him outside in the dark, cosh him on the blooming head and get away.

He looked around wildly, as if seeking help. Then his eye lit on a neat suitcase on the table beside the wall. It was standing, open-hinged. But it wasn't a suitcase. Inside there was a panel, and

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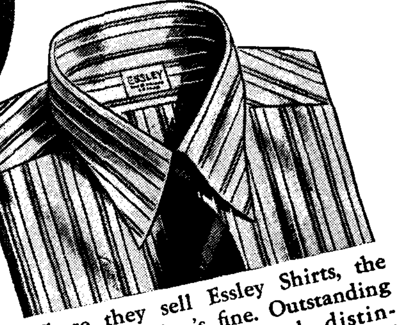

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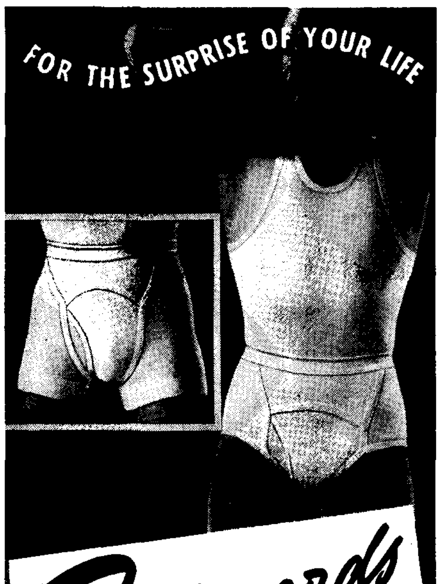

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dials. That was what he had smelled—the warm, curious odor. A wireless set!

He stepped back and gripped the lead pipe. "Hold on," he said. "A wireless. What yer doing with that there?"

The man leaned back against the desk and laughed. He turned to his companion. "You see, Derek, old chap," he said, "there's no eluding the eye of our ever-alert volunteer constables."

He turned back to Mr. Poots: "Good for you, my man. I suppose I'll have to tell you the truth. Do you ever play the football pools?"

"Ah, who doesn't," Mr. Poots said, guardedly.

"And I suppose you know that they're swindles—cleverly rigged-up schemes to sweat the hard-earned money from the working classes—oh, a few small prizes once in a while—but do you think those people really exist that they say win immense fortunes?"

"Well," Mr. Poots agreed, nervously. "I often did think there might be some fishy business in it—"

"It's crooked, I tell you. Now me and my partner, Mr. Derek Forsythe, here, have a plan. We're putting in a wireless at every soccer field in the land. We'll send secret information of the games to a central headquarters in time to post entries. We'll break the crooked ring of corrupt financial interests that are grinding you."

NOW Mr. Poots was little, he was grubby, he was insignificant. He was slow-thinking. He was even, if you wish, an ignorant little rural Englishman. But he was marked also by the saving quality of all his kind—he had a superabundance of native common sense. And he knew the man was lying.

First, he knew that all football-pool entries had to be postmarked long before any game started. Depend upon it, Mr. Poots had dwelt long enough on some private system of beating the football pools not to have stubbed his mental toe on this elementary fact. That made the man a plain liar.

Second, the man had spoken as if this were a soccer field. While the rest of the world might think of all Britain as being an immense green field where men played and watched soccer, in Mr. Poots' bleak section a round ball was considered something for little lassies and Englishmen to play with. The football played in that part of the country—played and watched and bet on and cheered about by thousands—was of the type known as Northern Union. It was played with an oval ball which a man dribbled, carried, punted, drop-kicked or passed—a jolly sort of mass mayhem in which if a man was "laid out," as they called it, no substitution could be made—leading to the simple conclusion that if you could kick the other team right off its feet you had the field all to yourselves and could then proceed to score at will. And mistaking the place for a soccer field meant that the man was a very poorly informed stranger to Yorkshire.

THESE things Mr. Poots had stored away. But when he heard the last speech, the light broke on him. He had heard too many loudmouthed arguers in pubs and on the election platforms and read his paper too well, and listened too long on the wireless not to have developed a critical faculty where such speeches were concerned. And as he heard it, he said, mentally, "Sounds like a speech by that bloody Hitler!"

And then he knew it. The wireless!

"Why," he said, in childish awe, "ye're Gairman spies!"

As he breathed it he knew it sounded too fantastic. The men looked so—so British.

"Of course they do, gormless," he counseled himself. "D'ye expect they'd sneak in with a Gairman sossidge in one hand and a dachshund in t'other?"

The man before the desk was smiling. "So?" he said.

"Aye—so," Mr. Poots said back.

"And if we were German spies, what would you do, constable?"

"I'd—I'd have to arrest ye," Mr. Poots said.

The man stroked his chin. Then his voice came swift and hard: "And if I were to offer you five thousand pounds—now! What then?"

"Five thousand pounds," breathed Mr. Poots. "Nay—I'd have to arrest ye."

The man stood erect. He lifted his hand in signal to the man in the corner. Mr. Poots looked over. The man was holding a metal thing—by gum! It was a pistol! Mr. Poots started back in horror. All he could see was that small blue circle of steel, and the hole in the middle of it.

Mr. Poots felt his whole body break out in a perspiration. "Here, here, now," he said. "Don't point that bloody thing at me!"

"Ah, that changes your mind," the man by the desk said, smiling.

Mr. Poots looked from the gun to the man at the desk and then back again. He felt a burning in his throat. "No," he said, firmly. "I've got to arrest ye! Don't ye see? I've got to arrest ye!"

He reached around for his handcuffs, in a futile gesture. He held them out and took a step forward. "Come on, now," he said. "Come quietly—or—I'll have to come and take you!"

The slim man made a sound of impatience. Then he motioned to the other with his hand.

The man with the gun nodded and began walking forward. Mr. Poots leaped back to the door and stood with arms outstretched across it.

The man with the gun spoke for the first time. "If you move," he said, "I'll shoot."

Step by step he came forward. Mr. Poots waited. And then all three froze into silence, and stood listening.

"There, ye see," Mr. Poots cried, with soul-felt hope. "Our chaps has the house surrounded." He had got that from detective novels, too.

"Quiet," the man with the gun said.

Quickly he jabbed Mr. Poots in the side with the gun, pushing him away from the door. He stood, watching Mr. Poots, but listening to the darkened corridor. Mr. Poots' heart leaped with joy as he heard sounds. And then, as rapidly, it sank.

For the sound he heard was the gangling, slipperty-slop of the ugly tyke.

"Oh, ma gum," groaned Mr. Poots, inwardly. "As though I haven't enough on ma hands now."

As he thought it he saw the ungainly, awful shape come through the door. With a sort of moan of slobbery affection the lop-eared hound leaped at the man with the gun. Under the rush of such enthusiasm, he went over backward, firing the gun as he did so.

Now Mr. Poots had been in many a Yorkshire rough-and-tumble in his younger days, and what he did then was due to no process of thought. It was more a matter of instinct. He dove at the man, and smacked him across the knuckles with the lead pipe. He managed to skin his own knuckles doing so. Quickly he snapped one end of the handcuffs over the wrist.

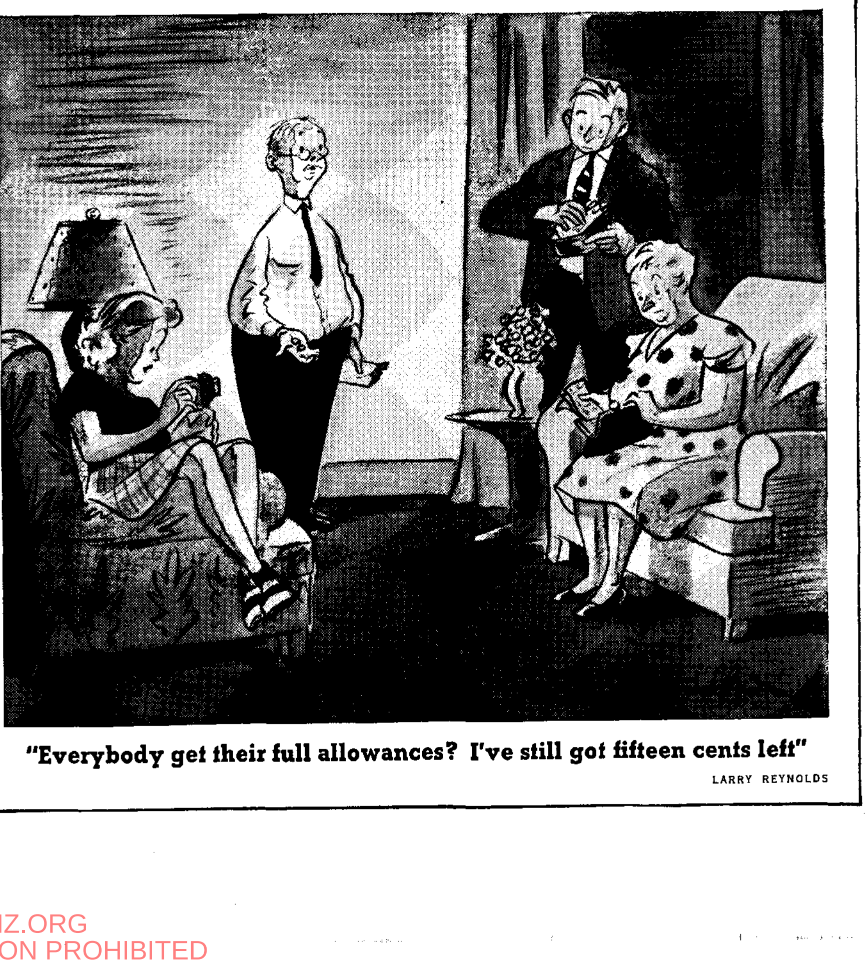
Then he pushed away the great, wriggling dog, which was trying to slobber over both their faces in a sort of adolescent delight. He rapped the man on the skull with his homemade blackjack. He wondered where the gun had gone. He wondered where the other man was. He looked up. He saw the other man in the corner. At that moment, the dog saw him, too. It opened its huge mouth in a grin of delight at the prospect of even more playmates. It drew back, putting its forelegs and head close to the floor, as in a puppyish position preliminary to a frolicking leap. Mr. Poots heard the man shouting:

"Hold your dog! Hold your dog!"

FOR the first time the truth flashed through Mr. Poots' mind. They were afraid of the dog. That was it. The man on the floor had rolled over and was covering his neck with his interlaced hands. The man in the corner was pressed back in terror. They thought this great, shambling dog was dangerous. But if they ever found out it merely wanted to play . . .

Mr. Poots dove forward and just managed to grab the terrible tyke by the tail. It let out an outraged wail. He clawed himself, in a sort of hand-over-hand fashion, up the dog's back until he had its mane.

"Now then," he said. "Come over here—holding out yer arm—for I can't hold him much longer." And, to give



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Mr. Poots credit, he was speaking the truth when he said that. The hound was as strong as a bull rhinoceros.

His eyes staring at the dog's great, dripping jaws, the slim man edged forward. Mr. Poots pulled his wrist down to the floor, and snapped the other end of the handcuffs tight. Then he blew out a breath of relief.

"There," he said. "I told ye I'd have to arrest ye. Get up and march."

The only difficulty that Mr. Poots had after that was due to the fact that he'd snapped the handcuffs on the right wrist of each prisoner, which left them facing normally in opposite directions.

"Well, I can't help that now," he thought. "Ye can't do everything right the first time ye try it—especially when ye're sort of hurried. And, besides, I don't have the key with me."

It was solved by having the prisoners march closely one behind the other.

"It's quite an invention," Mr. Poots thought proudly. "Certainly stops 'em from running away—happen I've invented summat in police procedure."

With his prisoners going before him in clumsy chain-gang march, Mr. Poots started back, grimly gripping his piece of lead pipe. He sighed as he clopped along in his half-laced boots.

"Makes yer forget it for a while—but it don't last," he told himself.

His bunion still hurt him something chronic.

THE gentleman from London sat back in the great leather chair in constabulary headquarters in the smoky northern city, and shook his head.

"I still can't believe it, Colonel," he said. "The first really important spy arrest—made by an unarmed, auxiliary constable. Two men, armed—taken by one unarmed man in his fifties—I mean—glad as I am, of course, and no offense—it almost sounds fishy."

Colonel Hartingale, head of the South Riding Constabulary, coughed proudly. "It sounded so to me," he said, "but Constable Hurst, here . . ."

The gentleman from London looked at Constable Hurst, who stood at attention, his eyes straight ahead. The colonel made a sign.

"After taking care of detention of the prisoners," he recited, "I investigated the story of Auxiliary Constable Poots, sir. Although I could elicit next to nothing from him, most obviously he had been forced to put up a tremendous struggle."

"What makes you think that, Constable?"

"Well, sir, his clothes were—were considerably disarranged and soiled. The knuckles of his right hand were badly skinned. There was a contusion on his jaw that was—er—quite noticeable. His steel helmet, found in the clubhouse, was dented by what must have been a tremendous blow of some sort. The gun he had spoken of was found under the desk in the clubhouse office. I had doubted that myself—but it was there."

"But how in the devil—your men are unarmed—and a man with a gun. He's lying somewhere. How can an unarmed man . . ."

The colonel coughed.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the—er—the men insist—privately, of course—in carrying an—er—er . . ."

"A conker, sir," Constable Hurst prompted.

"Exactly. A conker."

"A what?" the gentleman said.

"A—a conker," the colonel explained. "A sort of—er—a little lead pipe, y'know, and a little wrapping of adhesive tape, and a little of this and that. Sort of a—a cosh-stick, you might say."

"Oh, a cosh-stick! Exactly," the man from London said.

"Yes, sir. *Of course, quite illegal and* we warn them . . ."

"Of course. Quite. Quite," the gentleman from London said.

"And then, too, they—er—they wear quite heavy boots, y'know. Kicking is considered quite a—a fair weapon of offense and defense here, y'know. Not as in London . . ."

The gentleman from London laughed and shook his head.

"Some day, when this war's over, we ought to send a mission up here to Yorkshire to get to know you better. However, I don't need to say that—ah—the government is quite cognizant and pleased by the way you have taken over this important work of training auxiliary protective forces."

The colonel beamed, happily.

"Thank you," he said. "This particular unit has been under the supervision of Constable Hurst, here."

"Ah, Constable Hurst. Quite."

"I am quite pleased with him," the colonel said.

The gentleman from London looked pleased. Colonel Hartingale looked pleased. Constable Hurst stared straight ahead, but he was pleased, too. The room was full of pleasure.

"Well," the gentleman from London said. "Let's take a look at this raw-meat eater. He's here?"

"Oh, yes. Constable Hurst drove him down I'll buzz for him."

Thus Mr. Poots came into the presence of the mighty. He felt no pleasure in it. His eye lit gladly on Constable Hurst. At least "the bloody bobby" was a familiar face.

"Now, lad," he greeted cheerfully, and then was a bit hurt, for Constable Hurst stared straight ahead. Mr. Poots waited. The toff in the chair was speaking, in a clipped sort of English that was quite hard for Mr. Poots to understand. But he understood he was being asked if he was the man who made the arrest.

"Aye," he said, with a flat intonation.

The toff was shaking his head, sadly, and then asking if he knew he'd done quite a brave thing.

"Aye," Mr. Poots said, with a falling intonation. And he supposed he knew that there'd be a mark of recognition?

"Aye?" he said, with a rising inflection.

Was there anything particular that Mr. Poots wished?

Mr. Poots didn't hesitate. "Aye," he said, with finality. "Transfer me to the wagon and hosses beat."

The gentleman looked at the colonel, smiling. The colonel looked at Constable Hurst, smiling. The constable shook his head without smiling.

"Well, all right," Mr. Poots said. "Happen ye're right. Then give me the headquarters do. There's Alf Rumsbottom, he sits there reading the newspapers all night, and I have bunions that hurt me something horrid. Give him my beat, and let me sit down for a change."

The gentleman behind the desk nodded his head, and waved his hand. The colonel signaled to Constable Hurst. Constable Hurst said, "I'll make the change in duty immediately, sir."

"Nay, hold on," Mr. Poots said. "Don't rush me. Make it beginning tomorrow night. I've got summat special on ma beat tonight."

THAT night, as Mr. Poots made his farewell tour over the long beat, he carried a package. When the great dog came bounding through the darkness, he unwrapped the package, and took out chunks of liver. He flung them down the gaping, slobbering jaws. Then he looked at the dog and shook his head.

"Heavens knows, I like dogs," he said. "Heavens knows tha saved ma life. Heavens knows tha's made a hero o' me. But Heavens knows—I *still* don't like thee."

And he went away in the darkness.

## China Sky

Continued from page 26

what is in a heart? But if there is any plan between a Chinese and a Japanese today, it can be only evil. That is known."

"That is known," Chen-ta repeated in a low voice.

"Yet what the plot is, we cannot fully see," Siu-mei said, "except that somehow it must be linked with this—since Yasuda has eaten the drug the enemy planes have spared the hospital. We have been as safe as though we were in a foreign country. The people have hated us and suspected us. I have feared even for the lives of the Americans if it continued. But my father is one of the elders in Chen-li and he has counseled patience to all who inquired of him."

CHEN-TA'S eyes were now beginning to grow large with anger and surprise. He opened his mouth to speak, but Siu-mei put up her pretty hand.

"Wait—there is a little more." She put her hand to her mouth a moment, thinking whether she must speak of Ya-ching and of that private sorrow of her own love, and went on without deciding. Let her words come as they must, she told herself. "There is a nurse at the hospital who told me that a younger brother of Chung brings him messages. These messages are like this—'The Sha-Wu mountains.' "

Now Chen-ta could bear no more. He leaped to his feet and in three steps was out of the hall and in the courtyard roaring for his guard. Three men came running like rabbits.

"Fetch me that Chung Third!" he bellowed.

"Sir, he went down the mountain," one of the guard said timidly. "He said his mother was dying."

Chen-ta ground his teeth. "When did he go?"

"When the guests came in, he went out," another faltered.

"And did none stop him or ask him if he had my consent?" Chen-ta shouted.

"Sir, he said he did not like to trouble you when you had guests, and that he would be back early in the morning."

"Go after him," Chen-ta broke in. "If you cannot find him, go to his home and bring all his family here in his stead until he is found!"

"So! So! So!" The three men ran off as fast as feet could go.

And Chen-ta strode about the court a few times and then went back into the hall and sat down.

"Go on," he said to Siu-mei.

"I have told you the most of it," Siu-mei replied.

"This nurse—" Chen-ta said, "why should she accuse Chung Third? What business had she with him?"

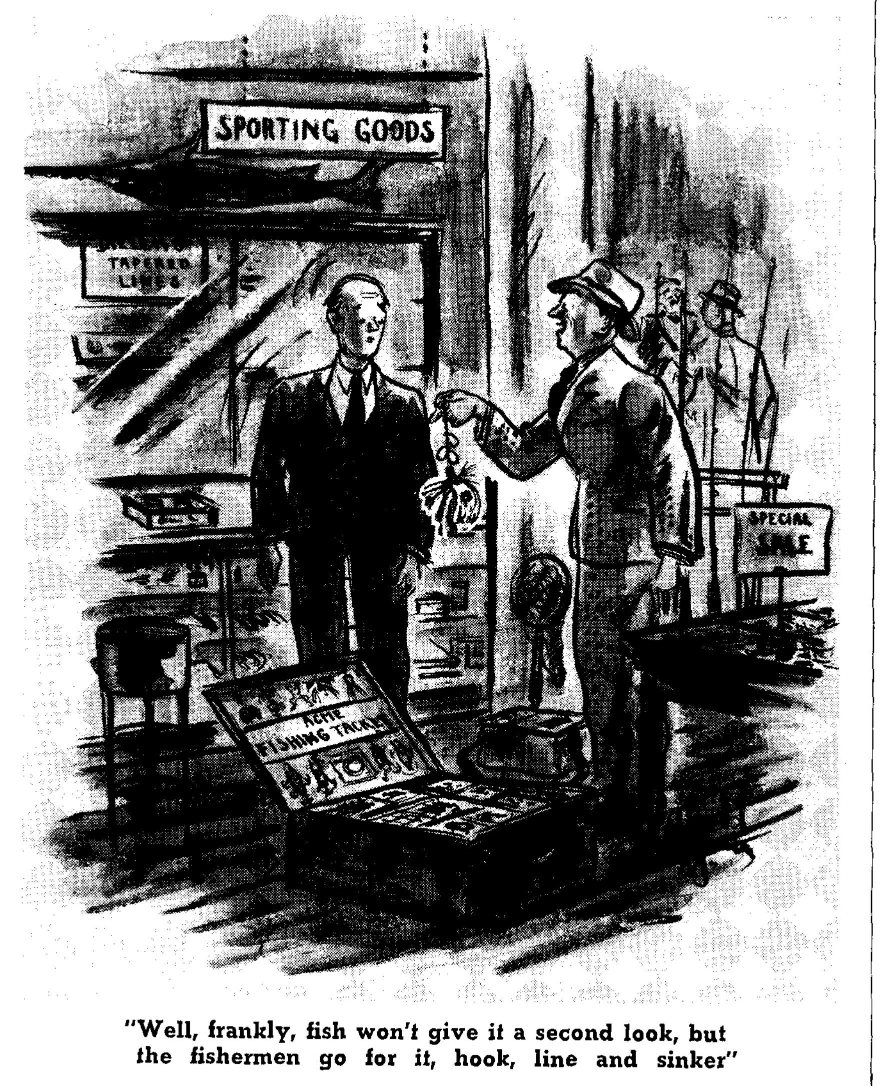
Thus sharply he plucked out the one thing Siu-mei had not told him. So she told him that, too, for suddenly she wanted him to know everything.

"She was with child," she said in a low voice, "and she hated the man, for he would not marry her, and she wanted to injure him. So, having by chance seen Chung Third coming secretly to his brother's room by night, she suspected evil. And so she watched and caught the younger brother that she might have a weapon against—the elder." Her voice fell still lower.

"*He!*" Chen-ta said softly.

"He," Siu-mei said steadily.

They looked at each other, these two,



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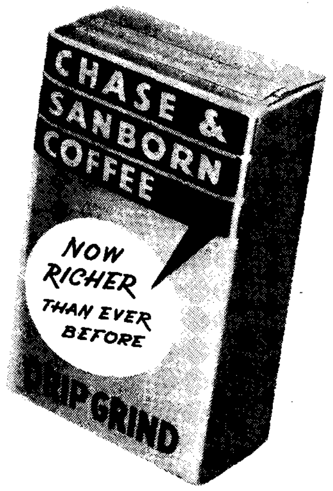

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and when she saw understanding and pity and admiration come dawning over his face, her eyes filled with tears and she turned away her head.

"He is nothing to me—now," she whispered.

Old Mr. Ling coughed. Now it was time to come forward and delay a little this headlong falling into love. Nothing should move too quickly to its end.

"Sir," he said to the Eagle, "you have the matter before you. It now remains only for you to take back your captive. By now the American has turned over the traitor Chung to the police. He was to do that while we came to you to tell you and to ask that the Japanese be taken away. There is no use in cleaning away a cobweb if the spider is not removed also."

"I will remove him," Chen-ta said. "Do not fear. But not while the worm of a younger brother is not found." He rose and clapped his hands for a servant and he said to Siu-mei tenderly: "Now you are very weary. Go to an inner room and waiting women will serve you. Eat a little hot food they have ready for you, and sleep."

"It will be too late—" she began, looking at her father.

"You will not leave the mountain tonight," Chen-ta said. "At dawn, I promise, you may go if you wish."

So firm and quiet was his voice that to her own surprise Siu-mei yielded to it. She turned to her father and found him nodding acquiescence.

"I myself am very tired," the old man said.

So she followed the servant through two courts and into a clean, bare room where a decent peasant woman waited for her. "Greeting," the woman said pleasantly, and Siu-mei smiled greeting, and let the woman take off her dusty robe and put a clean one of blue grass linen upon her, and the woman fetched hot water in a copper basin and Siu-mei washed and felt hunger and longing for sleep steal over her.

SHE ate drowsily of hot food and drank the fresh mountain tea and so prepared for sleep. But before she lay down she went to the latticed window and drew it back and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars were bright and she could see the bold, steep sides of the mountain and feel the cool night wind. Somewhere in the darkness of the valley was Chen-li, that ruined city full of its sorrow and hers, but tonight she was far above it, in this calm place. She felt safe and secure.

"I would like to stay here," she thought, and then she thought of Chen-ta, and went to bed and to sleep, thinking of him, and yet not so much thinking of him as simply holding the look of him in her mind. For when she kept him there she was able, she found, to put aside that other face which now she must forget. . . .

In the middle of the night while she slept the guards brought back a cringing, crying fellow who twined himself into a knot with fear and would not walk and had to be carried and dragged before Chen-ta who waited for him in the main hall. There Chen-ta sat, the great candles blazing on the table his only light, and the men threw Chung Third before him. Chen-ta drew out his sword slowly.

"Did you carry word to your traitor brother?" he demanded.

Chung Third writhed. "Sir, I swear—sir, I am but a miserable younger brother—if my elder brother commands me must I not obey?"

"What did he do with what you told him?" *Chen-ta demanded.*

"Sir, how can I tell?" Chung Third whined.

"Tell!" Chen-ta thundered. He leaped to his feet and brandished his sword over Chung Third.

"He told the Japanese captive." The words were a whisper.

"And then?" Chen-ta shouted.

"Then, truly, I do not know," Chung Third cried out. "I only guess, sir, but, sir, I think, though without knowing, that somehow the messages were sent to the enemy." His voice fell to nothing with this and he shut his eyes and waited for the sword.

But Chen-ta drew it back and sat down again. "I will not soil my sword," he said to the men. "Take him out and put an end to a traitor."

"So!," the men shouted, and pulling and dragging, they took Chung Third away and shot him quickly and cleanly, and threw his body over a cliff.

But Chen-ta sat on alone in the long shadows of the candlelight, thinking. "There is one more not yet found," he mused to himself. "This traitor to the other traitor, and that one to the Japanese. But where is the one between him and the enemy to whom he belongs?" He pondered this a long time and then he gave a shout of command. A guerrilla sprang into the light around him.

"Order a band of fifty within an hour," Chen-ta said. "We go to the city to bring back my prisoner. He is healed."

"So!" the man shouted. He disappeared to obey and Chen-ta rose to go and change his garments for the journey. If all went well, he would be here again at dawn, ready when she awoke. . . .

LOUISE, in the afternoon of that day, came tripping along the brick path toward the hospital and stopped to twist off the low branch of a blooming magnolia. She felt so gay, so joyous, so good, she thought, now that Gray had yielded. She would take the branch of magnolia to Yasuda. He was so appreciative of her.

"I really feel myself," she thought, "as though I could be the sort of person I truly am. Gray hasn't really *seen* me."

She tripped along again, holding the spray of great white flowers carefully. "I'm rather nice," she thought complacently, "if I am given a chance to be!"

A week from today at most, and she would never see any of this again, never, never! She looked about the compound as she went. It had never looked so neat as it had before the old gardener was killed. Well, some day they might all thank her that he was the last one that *had been killed! Her mind went for a* moment to Chung. It was strange that he had not brought her a letter for several days. She must ask Gray if he was ill or away—not that she cared. She would be glad to get out of whatever she was in, though nothing—nobody—would ever get her to say—to believe—that she had done anything wrong in making them all *safe.*

And then she saw something, lying in a crumpled heap on the tiles. It was a man, she saw at once. Then she saw who it was—Chung! His head was bleeding and crushed, but the face was clear and unharmed. She gave a great scream and threw away the branch she held. It fell, as though she had meant it, across his twisted body, but she did not heed it. She ran across the court, up the steps, screaming, "Gray—Gray—oh, Gray—oh, Gray, where are you?"

But he, far off in the laboratory, did not hear. Mind and heart were absorbed. Out of the hard pills he had isolated, after two hours, a strange substance he did not know. It was like digitalis, but it was not like it, either. A derivative or a foxglove base, perhaps, of which digitalis was the derivative. But in any case a powerful and depressing drug, acutely dangerous except in these minute doses. Ah, but Chung was too clever! This was an ancient Chinese poison, doubtless. He knew his own knowledge of poisons to be slight, but he had heard endless stories from

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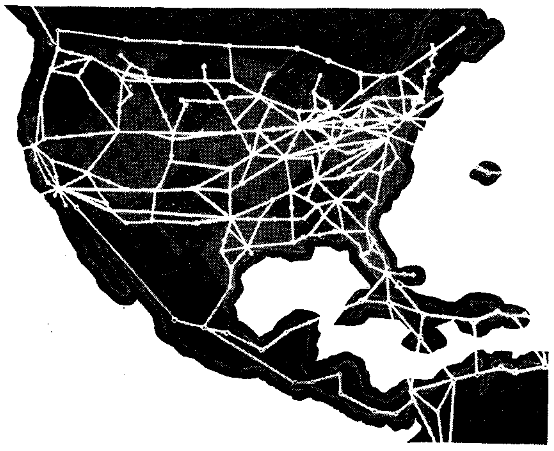

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his patients of poisons so subtle that they caused anything from a constant headache to sudden death.

But Sara heard that screaming, high voice and she ran out from the clinic to find its cause. Louise stared at her, stumbled and caught herself on Sara's shoulder.

"Oh, it's Chung—he's dead!"

Sara shook her hard. "Be quiet—where?"

"He's fallen—out in the court—his head!" Louise panted, shuddered, and pointed toward the court and Sara ran out and down the steps and saw for herself that crumpled heap. To it she stooped and pulled away the magnolia branch—who had put it there?—and then saw that Chung was dead, indeed. There could be no doubt. His neck was broken, his skull cracked. She hesitated, feeling herself grow giddy. Then she steadied herself, took off her white surgeon apron and covered him. Gray must be told at once. She had not allowed herself to go near Gray all morning and yet she had been constantly aware of his absence. Now she must go to him. And Siu-mei—where was she? She hurried back into the hall. Louise was leaning against the wall, very white.

"I'm going to be sick," she gasped.

"Go into my office and lie down on the couch." Sara flung the words over her shoulder and hurried on.

But Gray, Gray, where was he? She could not find him in his office, in the men's hospital, anywhere. Then she thought of the laboratory and there he was, his face grave over a retort he held in his hand as she threw open the door.

"Gray, here you are!" she cried.

He looked at her. "I was just coming to tell you some bad news," he said guardedly.

"But I have dreadful news," she said. "Chung is dead! Gray, he must have—killed himself. He's lying in the court, beneath his window."

"DEAD!" Gray cried. He put down the retort. "Then there's no use my going on. I suppose he must have found out—somehow—that he was discovered."

"What, Gray?" She came close and stared at the retort.

"That," he said, "it's poison. He had been feeding it to Yasuda, just enough to keep him down."

"Gray! Why?"

"To keep him in the hospital."

"You don't think it was just so we couldn't be bombed?"

"I think it must have been something beyond that," Gray said. He strode toward the door with her as he spoke. "Chung wasn't a physical coward. He was too coolheaded. No, there was something else. I wonder if now we will ever know."

SHE followed him out of the side door of the hospital and beckoned orderlies as they went out. By now a small crowd was gathered around the dead man. Others had found him and cried out when they saw the doctors coming. Gray bent and examined the body quickly.

"He has been dead for some little time," he said to Sara. He nodded to the orderlies and waited until they had lifted their burden. Then he turned to Sara and walked with her into the hospital.

"I suppose Siu-mei must be called," Sara said.

"Eh?" Gray started. "Oh, I forgot. No! See here, Sara, I was just about to come and tell you, but I thought I'd get my proof ready first in the laboratory."

They were in the office now and he closed the door and sat down, facing her across his desk.

"Siu-mei brought me these pills this morning with a strange story. Ya-ching had been giving them—under Chung's orders, of course. It's fearfully complicated. Ya-ching was in love with Chung. It was all right as long as he treated her well, it seems. That is, she obeyed him. Then—he got her with child."

"Gray! I can't believe what you're telling me!"

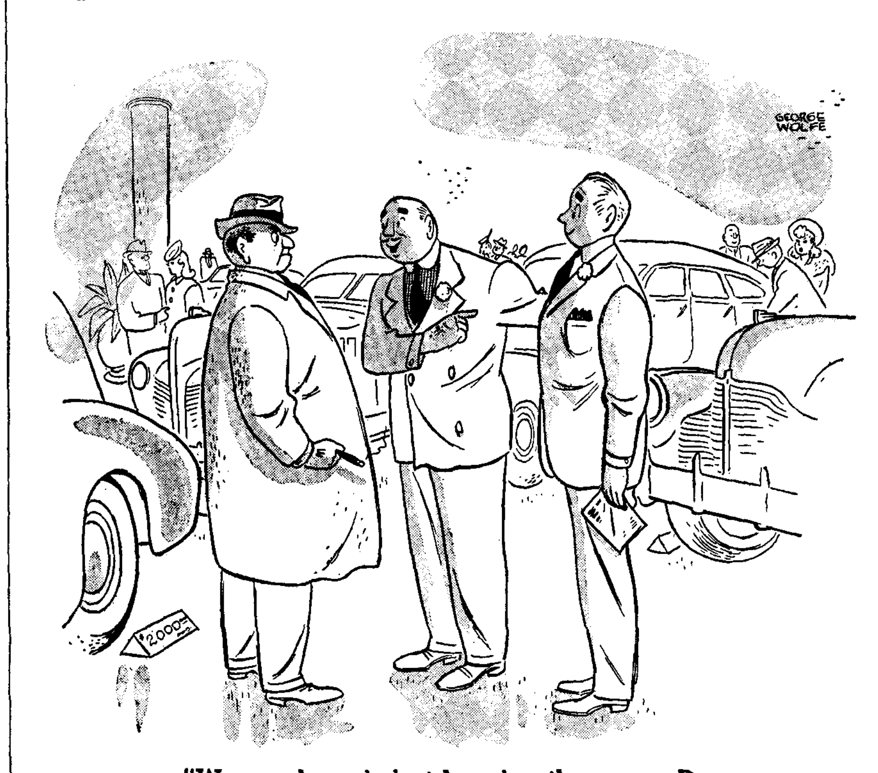
"It's true, I'm afraid. And he wouldn't marry her, naturally, being engaged to Siu-mei. And Ya-ching turned against him and substituted some pills she made herself—harmless, of course, and so had the proof. And she brought it all to Siu-mei."

"Oh, poor Siu-mei!"

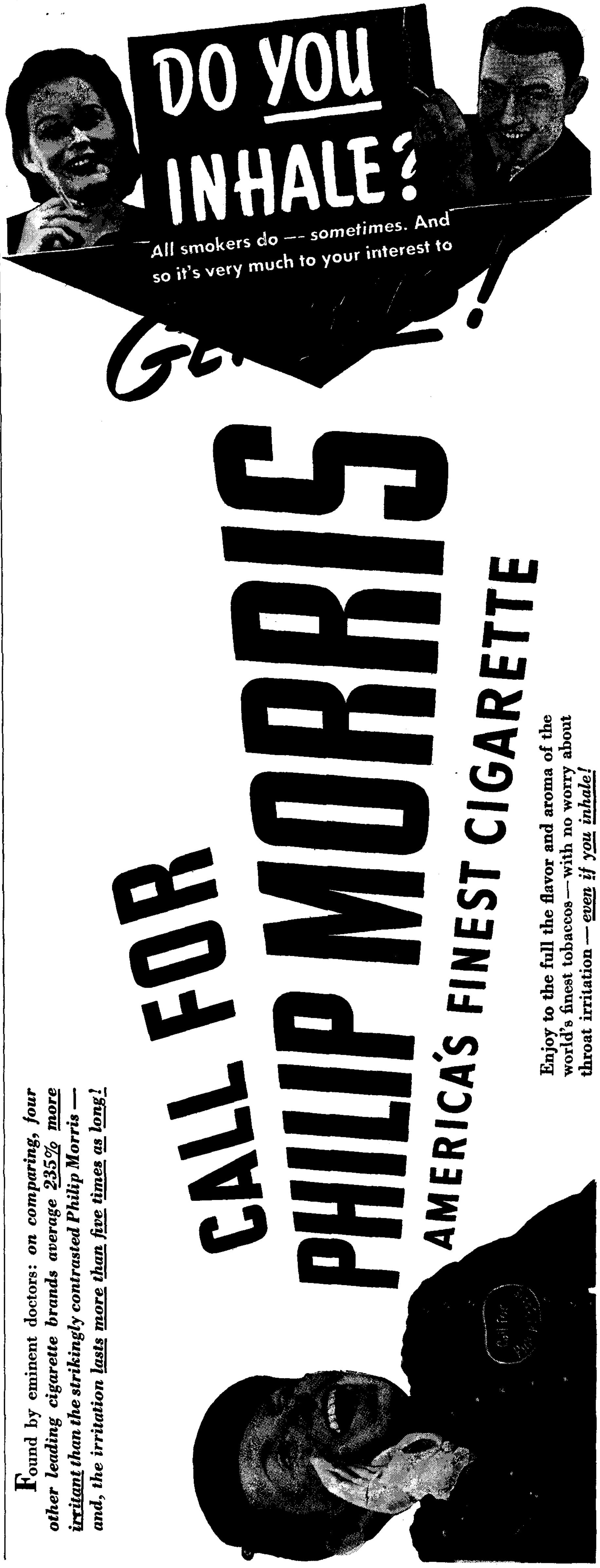
"Siu-mei was simply tops," Gray said. "We agreed that the first thing to do was to get Yasuda away."

"Why on earth didn't she let me help in all this?" Sara cried.

"She did go to find you and found you out collecting beggars," Gray said with a quick smile, "and so she came to me. And she said if I'd talk with Chung she'd go to the Eagle and have him come for Yasuda. That's where she is now—her



"Werner, here, is just learning the ropes. Do you mind if he listens while I land you?" GEORGE WOLFE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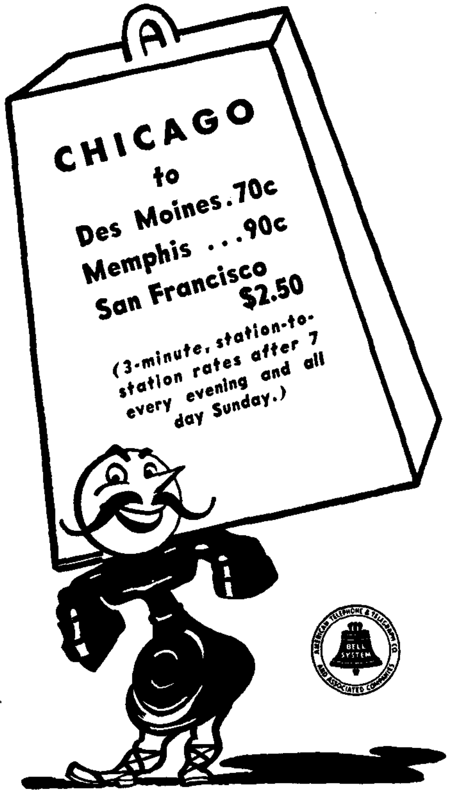
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father's with her." He looked at his watch. "Four o'clock—they must be there." He sighed. "Well, I don't have to tell Chung. I'm sorry—and glad."

Gray's face set. There was that other thing that he must tell Sara, but he put it aside. Certainly he could not leave her now, with all this. He would simply have to tell Louise that their going was postponed and bear her disappointment as best he could. "I'll have to stand by Sara for a while," he would tell her, "after that—"

Across his thoughts Sara's voice broke timidly: "Gray, perhaps I ought to tell you something."

"What?" He looked up, half hearing out of his own thoughts.

"I don't know how to tell you."

HE WAS surprised at her faltering, she who was so sure and quick. "Why, Sara, you and I—tell each other, don't we?" He could not keep his true heart out of his voice, his eyes. "We're always honest with each other, aren't we?"

"Too honest, perhaps, Gray."

"There's no such thing possible between us," he retorted, and waited, compelling her with his eyes upon her.

She lifted her own bravely. "It's about Louise—that's why I don't know."

"What about Louise?" His voice was curt.

"Siao Fah came to me last night and said she was still getting those letters—Chung brought them, and Siao Fah posted letters of hers with Chinese stamps."

"He can't bring any more."

"No." She paused. No, she could not tell him the rest.

"What else?"

"The rest has nothing to do with—Chung."

"Tell me," he insisted.

"Gray, please—no."

"You must—everything has to be told now."

"Then—Gray, Siao Fah said he saw Harry Delafield take her in his arms."

"When?"

"Yesterday afternoon. He told me last night."

"But last night she told me—" he began and then stopped himself. No, he would wait. If Louise had been cheating, then no promises held! "I'll go to her myself," he said, leaping to his feet.

"Gray, she's in my office!"

"In your office?" He paused, amazed.

"Gray, did I forget to tell you? She found Chung first!"

"Louise?"

"Yes!"

They stared at each other uncertainly.

"Did she seem to be frightened?"

"Gray, I don't know—she said she felt sick. But that was natural."

He left her abruptly and she waited, listening to his footsteps quick and firm. She waited and after a long time, but perhaps it was not long because every instant of waiting was so long, he came back with Louise.

It was impossible to tell anything from Louise's face. She was so pretty, so calm.

"Just tell Sara what you've told me, please, Louise," Gray said sternly.

Louise lifted her eyebrows. "There's nothing to tell, Gray. Just that I was bringing some flowers over, as I do nearly every day. I'd just picked a branch of magnolias to give to Yasuda and then I saw—*him*—Chung."

Gray was frowning. "Louise, I've been waiting to hear one thing you haven't told."

Louise opened her golden eyes wide. "I've told you everything, Gray."

"Not quite, Louise." Gray's voice was very quiet: "There's still something—it has worried me a long, long time."

Now she began to look frightened, Sara thought. There was the slightest flicker of the long lashes over those eyes.

"I can't imagine what, Gray," Louise said. She brushed a little thread from her skirt and crossed her pretty legs.

Gray's eyes grew hard as he watched her. "Then I'll tell you, Louise. I've known for a long time that Chung was bringing you letters from someone and you were writing letters to someone, and Siao Fah has been mailing them."

Now anyone could see she was frightened.

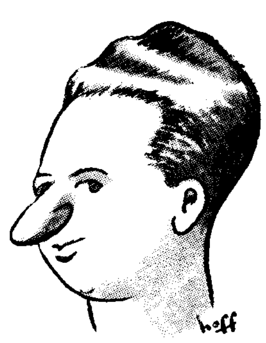
"But, Gray, how absurd!" Her eyes went from Gray to Sara and back to Gray again. Her mind running about like a wild thing caught, searching for escape. "But Chung's dead—*he* can't tell!" she was thinking.

"Siao Fah has seen it a good many times," Gray said slowly.

Louise's red lips quivered. "But, Gray darling, you wouldn't take a servant's word against mine? And you know Siao Fah always has been jealous of me with you. He'd like to make you hate me. I've tried to be patient, but I'm sure that's true."

### FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

**Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists No. 34**



**Sidney Hoff became a citizen of the Bronx in 1912, some time later graduating from P. S. 51. High school followed, then he became a soda jerker, did movie ushering, studied fine arts for three years and finally in 1929 began to sell cartoons like that on the opposite page. Likes to swim, travel and play the piano for which he composes a little.**

He could not deny that, Gray thought. The quivering, pretty lips did not touch his heart any more, but he was just and he must be just now, even to Louise—no, especially to Louise.

"That's true," he said to Sara.

Sara did not speak. She could not come between these two.

THEN Gray began again, slowly, to Louise: "I thought, maybe, the letters were to Delafield—and I ought to tell you, Siao Fah brought me *one of them* and I thought it was to Delafield—Harry, you called him."

"Oh, Harry and I did send each other notes," Louise cried; "but don't be so—so old-fashioned, Gray. You've lived in China until you're simply medieval."

Gray lifted his head. "Siao Fah said you and Delafield kissed each other yesterday."

"What if we did?" Louise said. "It was nothing—he's going away. I'm fond of him. But that's all."

There was silence after that. Louise broke it by jumping to her feet.

"If you two have no more accusations, I'll go."

"Wait!" It was Gray's command.

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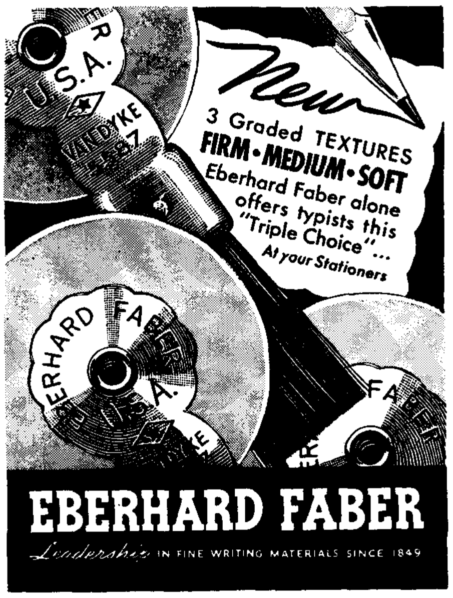
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Louise stopped, carefully patient with him.

"I think we'll go and see Yasuda. It just occurred to me. I left him locked up."

"Locked up!" Louise cried.

"Come," Gray said.

Louise hesitated. "I don't know that I—"

"Come!" Gray repeated sternly.

She shrugged and followed him and Sara went behind her.

They went down the corridors and paused before Yasuda's door. Gray tried it. It was still locked. He took the key from his pocket and opened the door and went in, half expecting in this strange day to see Yasuda gone. But he was there. He lay stretched straight in his bed, his eyes open and watchful.

"Mr. Yasuda," Gray said, "you are still better than you were this morning."

Mr. Yasuda did not answer. His eyes were fastened on Gray's face.

"In fact, you are well," Gray said abruptly. "I am preparing to discharge you."

Mr. Yasuda's lips barely moved: "When?"

"As soon as you are called for," Gray replied. He stood at Yasuda's side now, looking down on him.

Mr. Yasuda's lips barely moved again. "The guerrilla?" he asked.

"Exactly," Gray said. "After all, you are his prisoner. And he says he will not kill you—he has a use for you, he says."

"What use?" Mr. Yasuda's voice was dead in its faintness.

"That he did not tell me."

MR. YASUDA thought rapidly. Until today he would have said that to be returned to his captor would be the worst fate in life. But now a worse might befall him. Here in the midst of enemies if it were somehow known that he had killed a Chinese, though Buddha knew only righteously, how could he hope to escape death himself?

"I will go," he said to Gray.

"But there is a question we must ask you," Gray said.

Mr. Yasuda did not move.

"Mr. Yasuda, why did you willingly take that dangerous drug?"

"What drug?" Mr. Yasuda asked.

"The one given you by Doctor Chung who was found dead a little while ago in the courtyard below these windows."

Mr. Yasuda's heart went mad in his breast. It was known—was it known? He choked back a wild fury of self-defense. Perhaps only accidentally had the American said "these windows."

He swallowed and wiped his lips with a furtive hand. "Doctor Thomison, you remember the saying of your people—all is fair in love and war. This is war."

"Go on," Gray said.

Mr. Yasuda went on: "I think I am not to be blamed too much if I endeavored—as a Japanese—to go on helping my country, though I am a prisoner. Therefore, when I found a Chinese who would accept a recompense, I used him."

"For what?" Gray's question was a dagger thrust.

Mr. Yasuda did not evade it: "Frankly, to convey to my general valuable information."

"Concerning?"

"The plans of the guerrillas."

LOUISE sat down suddenly. "Gray, darling, I know this is wonderful intrigue and all that, but honestly I don't feel a bit well. I think I'll go home."

Gray turned the face of a stranger to her. "Sit there," he said. "Mr. Yasuda, how did you find out the plans of the guerrillas?"

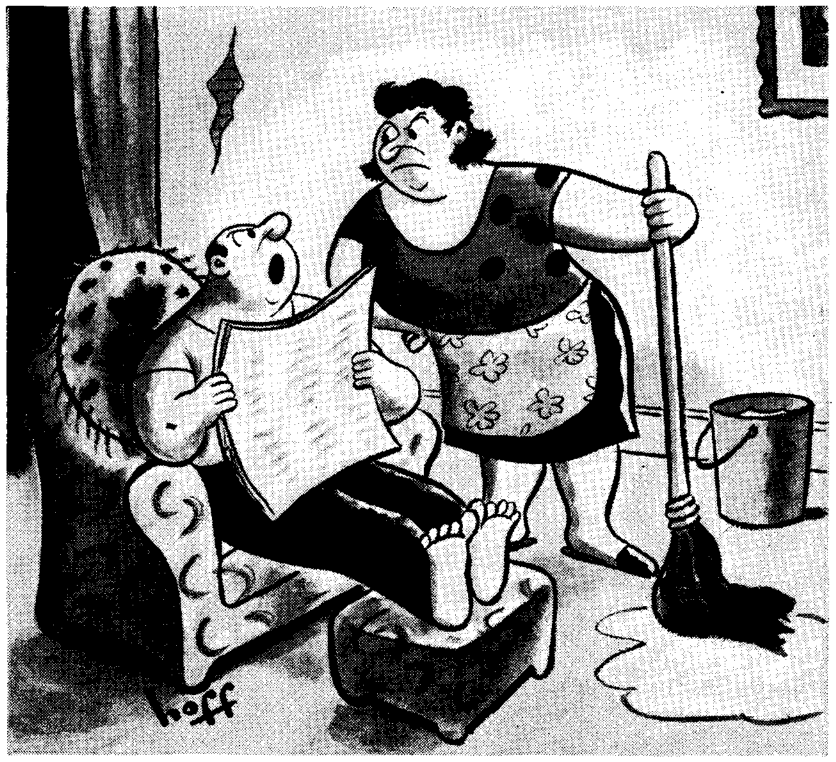
Mr. Yasuda prayed, closing his eyes a moment: "Guide me, Buddha!" Then he opened his eyes again. In that instant he had a direct inspiration. He was not speaking to enemies, he was speaking to persons who were foreigners in this country like himself. So he would offer them his simple, grateful friendship. He smiled eagerly.

"When you come to Japan, Dr. Thomison, my people will welcome you. They will treat you very well in appreciation for your great kindness to me. You have healed me and cared for me with such courtesy. And Mrs. Thomison has so kindly forwarded my letters—"

Gray bent over him. "Letters?"

"Yes, letters, like this." And Mr. Yasuda pulled from the pocket of his hospital pajamas the letter he had taken from Chung's body and held it out to Gray. "If you will send this, please? It is in code, of course—quite senseless unless you know it."

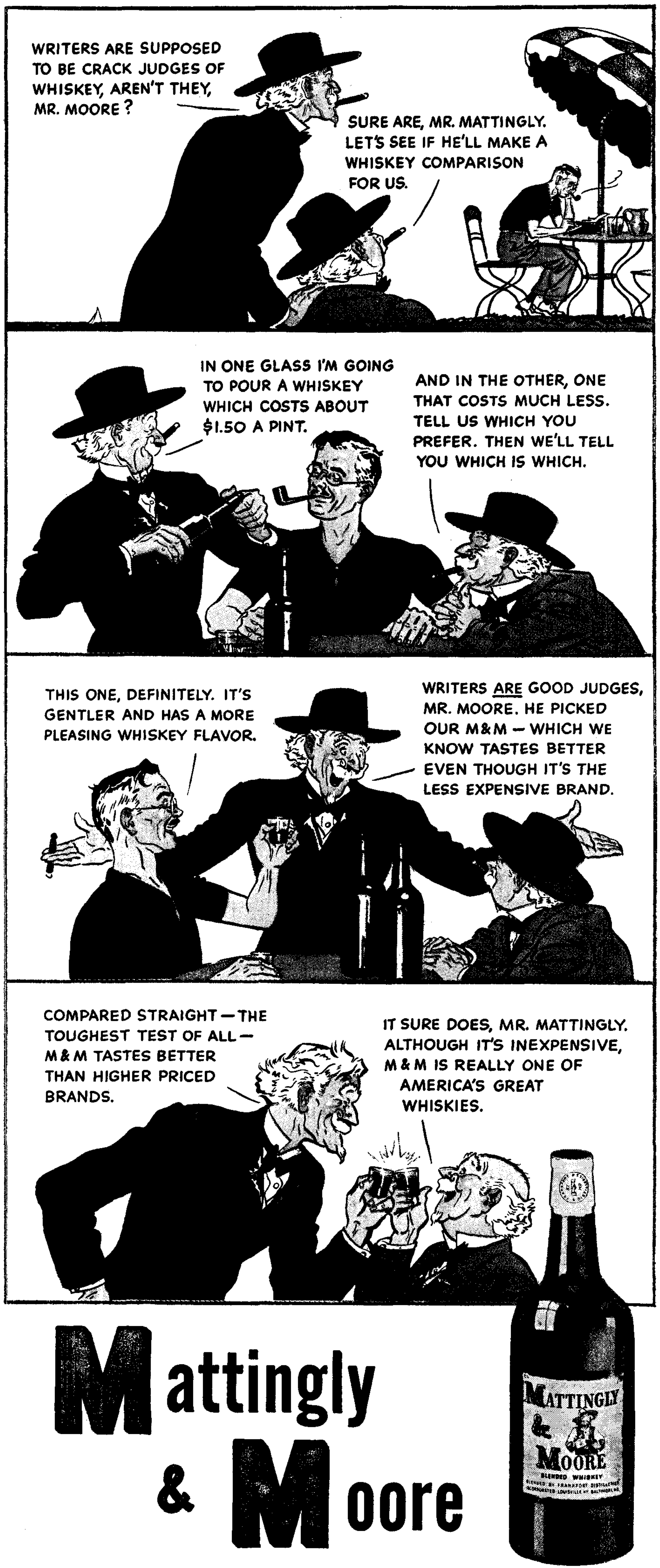
Gray took it. "Thank you," Mr. Yasuda said. "I hope the safety of the hospital has been something, Doctor Thomison, but I assure you my govern-



"I've given you a home, clothes, luxury—now what do you want?"

SIDNEY HOFF

## Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore


WRITERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CRACK JUDGES OF WHISKEY, AREN'T THEY, MR. MOORE?
SURE ARE, MR. MATTINGLY. LET'S SEE IF HE'LL MAKE A WHISKEY COMPARISON FOR US.
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ment will wish to give you a very substantial reward."

Gray straightened himself. "Come, Louise," he said.

Mr. Yasuda gazed astonishedly. They were leaving him in the middle of what he was saying. They were locking the door on him again. Americans—they were incomprehensible!

Outside the door the three stood. Gray had taken hold of Louise's arm and she tried to pull away.

"Gray, you hurt me!" she cried.

He did not hear her. He said to Sara, "Let me know when the Eagle comes."

She nodded. Could she speak or not? She despised Louise and yet she pitied her at this moment. "Gray," she breathed.

He turned.

"Don't—be hard. We must be fair, you know, to everybody."

"Of course," he said shortly.

SHE watched him lead Louise away, Louise his wife. She went back then to her office. The Eagle would be here surely before long. That split crest of mountain she could see black against the sky was only a few hours away and he would make haste. She stood looking over the city. There had been no raid today. Then doubtless there would be one tomorrow. She sighed and felt unutterably weary and lay down upon her couch to think of Gray and of what he must be doing. Yet she could only wait. . . .

In his house Gray read the senseless letter aloud, slowly and distinctly:

"Dear Harry:

"I am much better, but still not well. There is a strong wind from the south and I have not been able to go out yet. But I hope to go out about noon."

He tore it to pieces. They stood, facing each other.

"Well?" Louise said harshly.

He did not answer. She flung herself into a chair.

"I suppose you'll never understand why I did it!"

Still he could not answer.

"You may not believe me, Gray, but honestly I thought it was the only way to save our lives!"

Then he found he could speak: "There's a plane going out about six in the morning."

"Gray, you mean—"

"I want you to take it."

"Gray, aren't you—"

"No, I'm staying. I want you to go."

She lit a cigarette, trying not to tremble. "Does this mean—"

"Anything you like," he said.

"Well!" she cried shrilly. "Well, of all things!"

"I'll—I'll go back to the hospital now," he said. "There's no one on night duty in the men's ward. I'll be back in time to take you to—to the port." He turned and she flung at him all her fury:

"Of course I know why you're going back to the hospital, my dear Gray! Duty, tommyrot! You're going back to Sara—why don't you tell me the truth?"

"All right," he said, "I'm going back to Sara." He closed the door between them. . . .

But he did not go back to Sara. He went back to his own office and Sara, lying acutely awake, heard him close his door and did not move. Of course, he could not stay in that sad house of his tonight. She did not go to him, knowing that tonight each must be alone. But she rose, restless with his nearness, and went to the window and sat looking out over the city again, waiting, waiting.

It was long past midnight when the Eagle came. She heard the clatter of horsemen at the gate and then the gate was thrown open and by the light of candle lanterns she saw the vague shapes, and then one shape, the Eagle, and behind him three men. She went out to open the door to him. He bowed to her quickly.

"Where is my prisoner?"

"Ready," she said. She led him to Gray's door and when Gray came out she left them and went back to her office.

"Is the man well?" the Eagle asked of Gray.

"He is well," Gray replied. They walked on and at Yasuda's door he paused. "You will not wantonly kill this man when I have given him to you?"

"I told you, I have my use for him," the Eagle said impatiently.

They went in and without a word Gray helped Yasuda to rise and dress and wrapped his greatcoat about him. And Yasuda, very pale, asked nothing. When he was ready the Eagle shouted and the three men lifted Yasuda and carried him away. Then the Eagle looked at Gray.

"Is there anything you would say to me?" he asked.

"Nothing," Gray replied. "Whatever was is now finished." He hesitated, his conscience nagging him. Then he said, unwillingly, "And yet, I suppose I ought to tell you that this man has, while he was here, found means to send information to his own people concerning you."

"I know," the Eagle said. "And still, I will not kill him."

"Then, I have nothing else," Gray said. "Farewell, then."

"Farewell."

He watched the Eagle stride away. Then he looked about the empty room, the tossed bed. What had happened here, none would ever wholly know. He went back to his office, hesitating at the door. The light was burning down the hall in Sara's office. But no, it was too soon. They must work a while together—days, and weeks—months, perhaps, before he could feel healed. He went into his own room. He would rest a while and then make his rounds again. . . .

Dawn came and Gray went to his house, dreading the necessity to see Louise, to speak to her. He might, even, have to waken her. But when he opened the door he saw there was no need for this. Siao Fah had discovered that Louise was going and he was in a fury of housecleaning. He had tied dish towels around his head and Little Pig's and in the living room they were scrubbing the floor, the rug rolled back and buckets of soapy water standing everywhere.

"Why do you clean at this hour?" Gray asked.

"It will take us all day to get this house as it should be," Siao Fah answered with pleasure plain on his face. He kicked Little Pig gently in the buttocks. "Clean under that table," he ordered.

TO ALL this Louise's door was shut—locked, Gray found, when he tried the handle.

"Louise," he called softly.

"In a moment," she called back.

And in a moment she opened the door wide and stood there, dressed to go.

"I'm taking only my two small bags," she said. "The rest you can send after me."

"Yes," he said gently, "I will."

Siao Fah leaped up. "Carry the bags!" he yelled at Little Pig. And Little Pig lugged the bags out to the gate. From somewhere Siao Fah had hired a ragged horse carriage to take them to the port and now he came out to tell the driver where to go.

"Turn to the right when you leave the city gate," he bawled happily; "follow the river down and then before you get to the foreign oil tanks, turn left by a small earth-god temple and go three sides of a square as the road goes and

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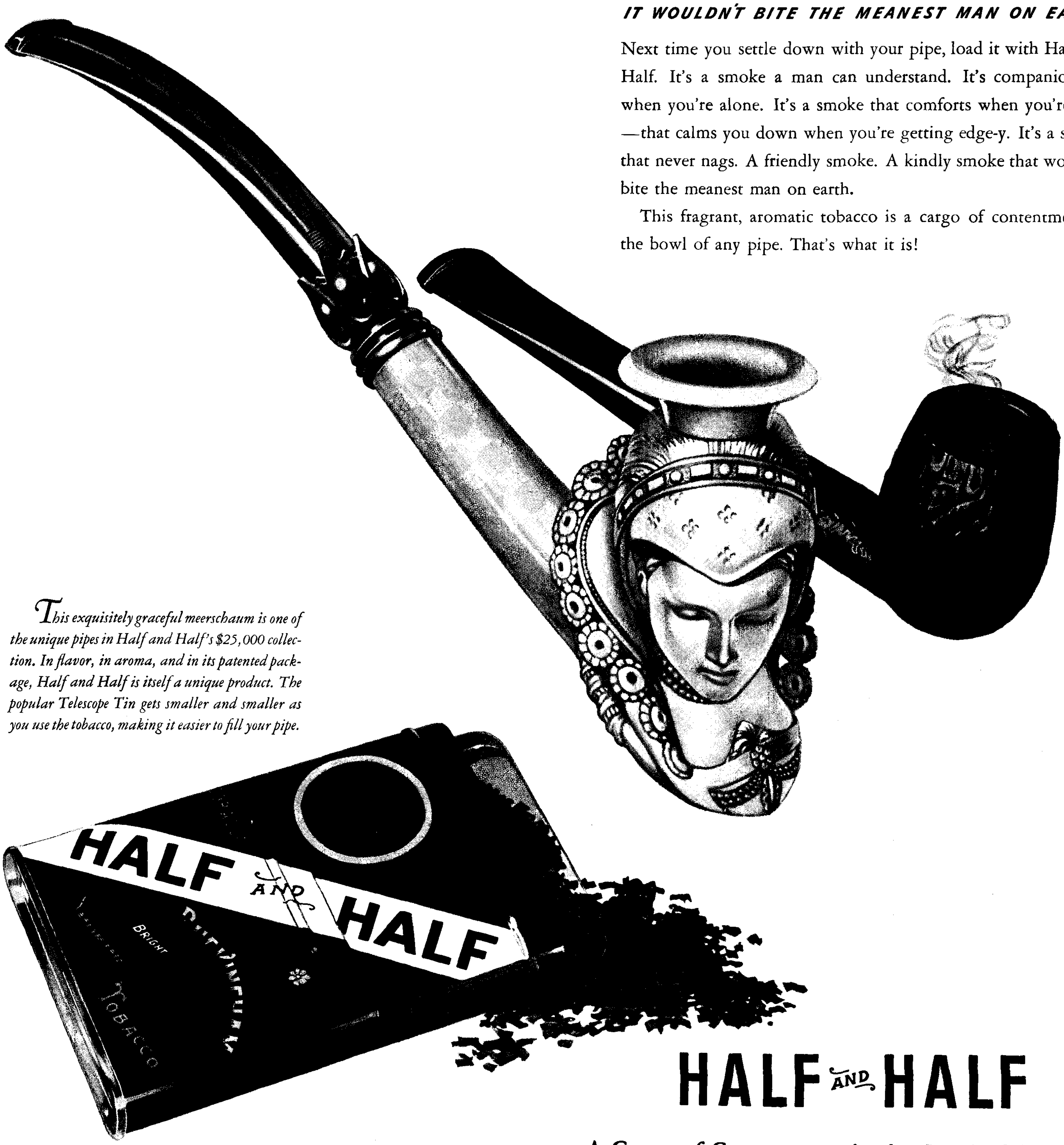

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# HALF AND HALF

**A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of Any Pipe**

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there is the airfield, and you are the son of a turtle if you get there too late for this white woman to go away, and I will hold back your pay if she is not gone!"

"I will swear to see her gone," the driver replied.

So Siao Fah and Little Pig stood staring while the carriage rattled off. And all the miles of that rough journey Louise did not speak, nor did Gray. There was nothing left to say between them. He wondered if her breast was full of despair as his was, but he could not tell. Her look was hard and bright and never toward him.

At the airport three of the port men had come to see her off, and he was thankful for their presence. They made it possible to listen, to smile a little, to let the stream of Louise's nervous banter with them run on:

"Oh, now, I don't believe you will miss me! What? I don't want to come back, ever! I hope Gray will come home to me." She flung a bright, hard look at him. But he did not answer. She had kept herself bright and hard through all the parting and he accepted it. Neither had spoken to the other out of any depth. He had scarcely spoken at all except the barest inquiries: "Sure you have all the money you need?" "Yes—plenty, thanks!" "You'd better take the steamer rug."

Now the plane was ready. She was going aboard and she turned and flung her arms about his neck.

"Goodby, darling!" Her bright, hard face, the cool kiss, the sharp, clear voice, the pretty head so high—did any wound bleed within? It was impossible to tell.

HE TURNED away with brief nods to the men and climbed into a ricksha to go home again, to the hospital. Yes, that was home. He rode along the cobbled, jarring road not feeling, not thinking, only knowing that he was going home.

He was perhaps half a mile from the hospital when he heard the siren sound out sharply urgent.

"Let me down," he cried to his puller. "I will go the rest of the way on foot. You must seek shelter."

The man let him down at once and took his pay. "I ask forgiveness," he said apologetically, "but I have an old mother who cannot walk and I pull her to the foot of the cliff and carry her up on my back to the shelters."

"Run!" Gray cried.

He ran himself. The siren was sounding again insistently. The enemy must have come by surprise. He ran, turning and twisting through short cuts and alleyways and pushed open the hospital gates. Yasuda was gone! Was the evil peace gone with him? But would they know? The letter Yasuda had written he had torn and thrown away. Would they suspect that the plot had been discovered? Who could tell? He rushed panting into the hospital to find Sara already moving her beggars to the shelter.

"I couldn't take a risk," she told him. "They *might*, you know, today!"

"Right!" he agreed.

THEY were working together again in the old swift unison, too busy to think, too busy to suffer, working like one pair of hands together, like one brain.

"At least there are no sure-to-dies," she said when the last beggar had been sent to shelter.

"What about us?" he asked.

"Shelter," she said quickly. He took her hand and they ran. "After all, we're important!"

He let her hand go until they were in the darkness of the cave. Then he took it again. They waited, hand in hand, the shapes of the beggars dim around them.

"If there is bombing near us, hold down your heads, close your ears and open your mouths," Gray ordered them.

"We know, foreign doctor," voices answered him. "We know. We know very well!"

"Poor things, so they do," Sara whispered.

They waited. The zooming grew loud and roared over them.

"They're passing!" she cried.

"No!" he shouted, "wait!"

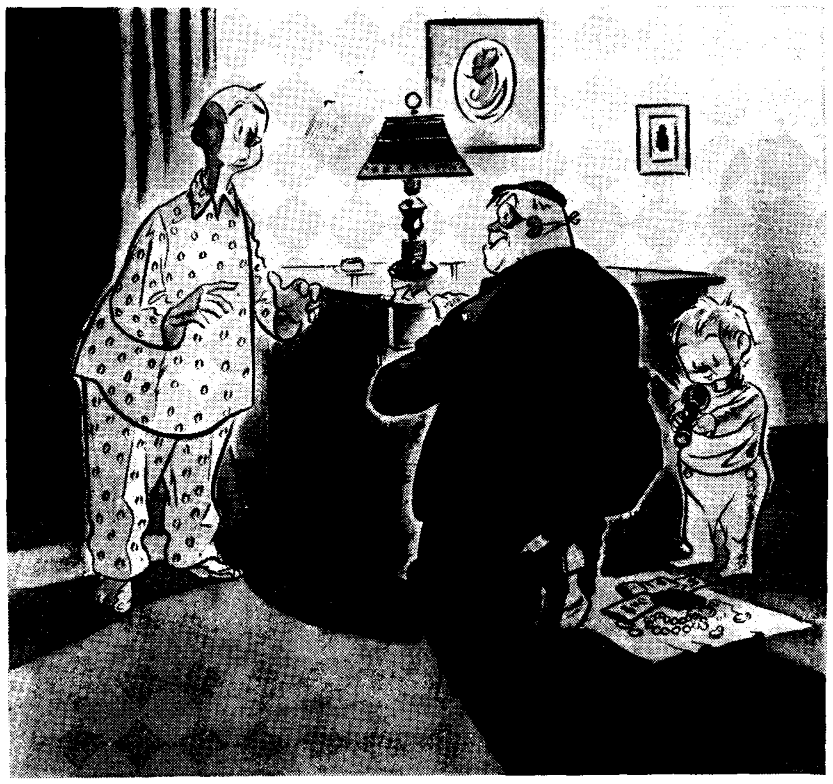
They waited an instant more and then he pulled her over.

"They're over us, Sara!" he cried triumphantly.

They bent their heads among those others, no whit different at last, except that in the hideous thunder hand clung to hand closer than two hands could cling who had not lived and worked as these two had, together.

THE END

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds



"Oh, that's all right. He ain't no bother"

AUNT JEMIMA'S GIVE ME JUST THE ENERGY I NEED AT THE OFFICE!
GEE, MOM! I COULD TASTE 'EM CLEAR UP STAIRS!
AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE ON THE TABLE!
ME TOO! AND THEY'RE SO FLUFFY AND EASY TO DIGEST!
THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO SAY, MOM!
AND LOOK AT MOTHER'S SMILE! YOU JUST KNOW THOSE CAKES ARE EASY TO MAKE!
NOW REAL QUICK! WHAT TASTES BETTER THAN AN AUNT JEMIMA?
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AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

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## The Traitor

Continued from page 19

staring out to sea. Fat gray rain clouds were moving into a huddle to cook up a storm. Sea gulls on the fringe of the conspiracy warned one another with much tattletale squawking, their cries having a staccato beat like a radio signal. The sun's face was sad.

"I . . . uh . . . haven't been treating you . . . fairly, Miss Phyllis," Savvy said.

"How so?"

"I've—uh—misjudged you. Thought you were just a kid."

"What do you think now?"

He studied me soberly.

"I like you."

"That helps. I don't like myself, just now."

SAVVY picked up my hand and squeezed it. That started me weeping again. I blurted out what was troubling me—a feeling of responsibility for Pop's death.

"Oh, don't think that—" he said. "Here—" he handed me his handkerchief. "It's no one's fault, really. Not even Bert's—although he blames himself."

I stiffened.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"That's—uh—what I came to talk to you about."

"Bert drove Pop to—to kill himself!"

"No."

"How *could* you be—so—so blind?"

"Dutch and I have had it out with Bert. Two hours of it. Not very . . . pleasant. But it had to be done. We called your father in on . . . the session. He's convinced that Commander Sedden was wrong about Bert."

"Dad? . . . No!"

Savvy nodded, his face somber.

"Bert isn't the real traitor here."

I spluttered: "Oh, the little wretch has just lied out of it! He's fooled you all!"

"No. Believe me."

"Isn't any traitor at all, huh?"

Savvy's hard, brown jaw set tight. He looked away for a moment.

"Bert's not the man," he said.

"There is someone?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"We think we know, but we're not sure."

"An officer?"

"Yes."

"But everyone thinks Bert is guilty!" I exclaimed. "They despise him. They won't speak to him. They'll turn on Mom for what she did at the service. If Bert is innocent, Dad must say so. Publicly."

Savvy shook his head.

"Bert has just got to take it—a while longer. The whipping boy for our sins." Then, hastily: "And for his own. Bert has been a traitor. He was a Communist spy."

"And maybe he still is!"

"No. He quit the day Russia invaded Finland. All but the fools and the knaves quit then."

"How did he convince you?"

"Dutch knew all about it."

"Oh . . . I see . . . Dutch."

He ignored the suspicion in my voice.

"And, by the way, that thing you thought was a bomb—and tried to heave into the basin?"

"Yes?"

"It was a German thermite pencil. Went off at ten minutes after four this morning."

"The time you were supposed to run that test!"

"Right."

Fear stabbed at my heart. I was ashamed to let him see my eyes. I turned away, saying, "I suppose you'll go right on until they kill you."

"Oh, no—I'm calling it all off."

"W-what—really?"

"Going to transfer to Pay. Maybe they'll give me a job in Chicago."

Then, I saw that he was ribbing me.

"You—you—go ahead—get killed!" I said, hotly. "See if I care!"

"Not even a little bit?"

"No!"

"Good girl."

"W-what?"

"Dutch and Pat say that I am secretly—uh—in love with you."

"N-nonsense."

"Yes . . . I . . . uh . . . hope it is."

"Oh, you do?"

Savvy nodded, gloomily, and began stuffing tobacco into a pipe.

"Damn all amateur psychologists," he said. "They think that the reason I treat you with such lofty condescension is that I'm really afraid of you. Seem quite upset about it. I shall be happy to tell 'em that you don't care a hoot whether I live or die. Maybe they'll find something else to talk about."

"You wouldn't want to fall in love with me?"

"Oh, good Lord, no!" he said.

"Why?"

"I'm a greasy mechanic, sis," he said, harshly. "A crackpot inventor. I'm sixteen hundred dollars in debt. Never will have a dime to my name. Apt to get kicked out of this man's Navy any day. Got a job to do that takes all my time." Then, he turned to me with great earnestness: "If you ever suspect me of getting sentimental . . . run like hell!"

I shook my head.

"Not *me,* Mister!" I said.

"Yes . . . you be smart, sis."

Frightened, he scrambled to his feet and held out a hand to help me up.

"Let's—uh—walk a bit, eh?"

But I grabbed his hand and put my cheek against it and started to sob.

Just for a moment, the tears worked.

He lifted me to my feet and hugged me and tenderly dabbed at my face with a handkerchief, saying gruffly: "You're just all upset, sis. Hideous night and day you've had—big problems for a little girl. I think you're a brave kid—and very sweet." Then he gave my hair a sort of rough Dutch rub and kissed me where the tears were smeared by my left eye.

"Did I have a cap?" he said.

"Yes, you did," I said. "It's right behind you."

SAVVY picked up the cap and dusted it off. I stopped snuffling and blew my nose.

"Tears *are* salty," he said, slowly. "I'd almost forgotten."

"Disinfecting, too," I said. "You won't catch any dangerous ideas."

He scowled, very much annoyed, and started off toward the dry-dock road. I trotted right along.

We said nothing until we reached the turn-off for the basin.

"Feel more sensible now?" he said.

"No," I said.

Savvy grinned ruefully.

"Neither do I, sis," he said. "I—uh—guess the boys are right."

I shivered with fear and joy.

"Don't look so scared!" I said, boldly. "Do you want to live a bachelor forever?"

He stared at the ground.

"We've got to forget it," he said, his voice very determined. "I won't make a mess of your life, sis. You'll thank me—when you grow up."

So saying, Savvy patted me on top of

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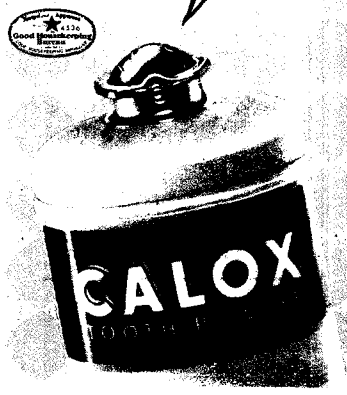

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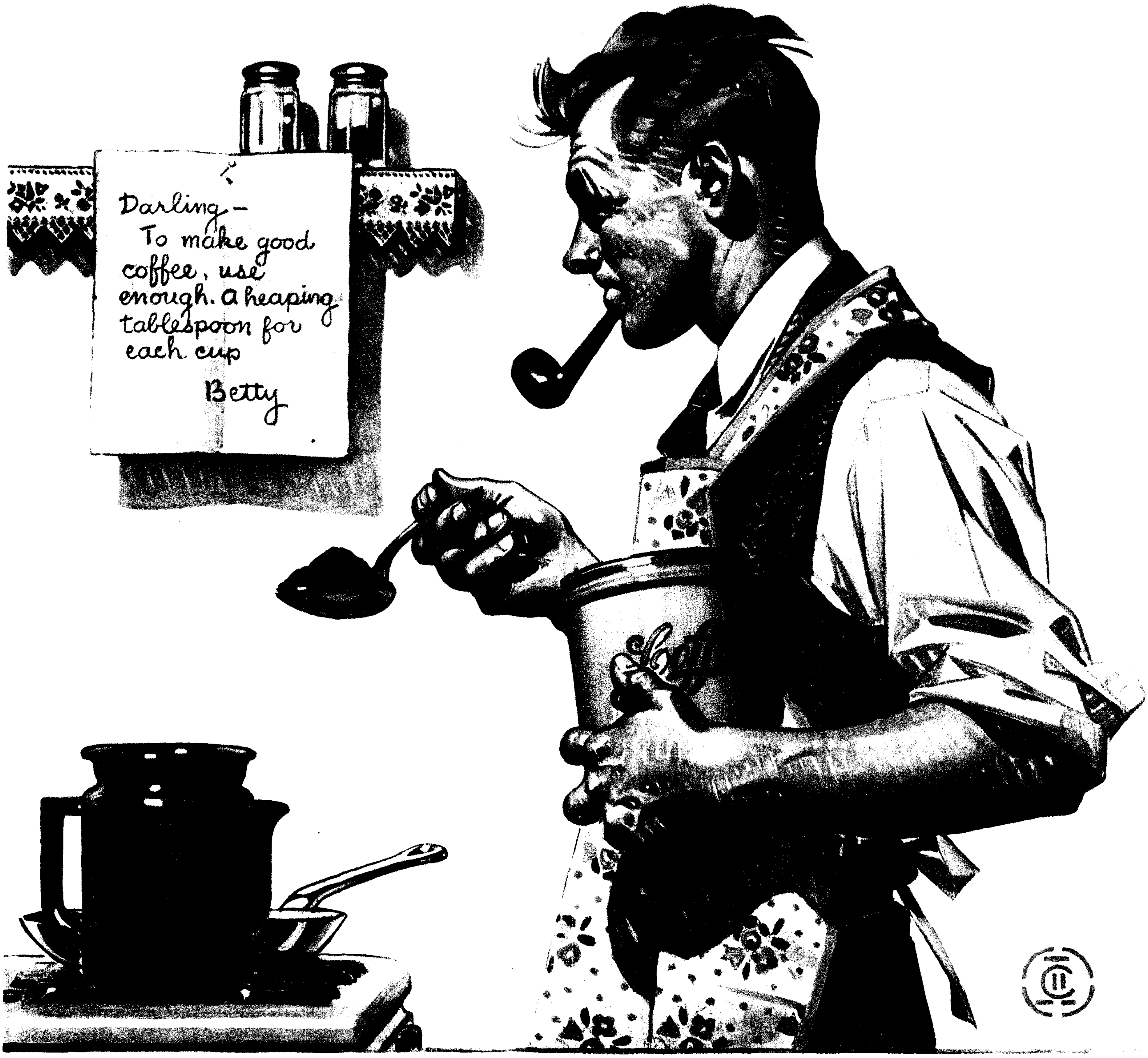
Darling –
To make good coffee, use enough. a heaping tablespoon for each cup
Betty

# *Two rules about coffee you may not know*

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RULE NO. 2 is about *drinking* coffee. The buoyant lift it gives you is too good to miss by drinking it only once a day. It brightens conversation. It helps you think more quickly and clearly. It actually rests you when you're tired. These are benefits you want at midday and in the evening. And if you're like 97 people out of 100, you don't need to worry about sleeping, for the lift lasts only about two hours.

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the head, nodded and hurried away toward the basin.

I let him go without protest.

Lieutenant Pete Briscoe was waiting for me at the corner of the Administration Building. I knew that meant a return to Navy Station and all its grief and turmoil, but I waded into it with a better heart than I had mustered before.

"Miss Phyllis—I've got to talk to you!"

"Right here?"

"No. In my office—if you will."

"Certainly, Lieutenant."

AS WE went inside, I realized that Pete was drawing heavy breaths, which meant, in a character so uncomplicated, that he had reached his wits' end. Pete contradicted all the stock descriptions of a henpecked husband. He was a huge, two-fisted man, past middle age; steady-nerved, unimaginative and brave. His Josie had simply bedazzled him. Her quicker mind and ready tongue and ample feminine charms had kept him enchanted. But something was breaking the spell.

"I am ashamed to tell the cap'n, Miss Phyllis," he blurted, as soon as the door was closed. "But I must get a transfer from this station."

"You mean—"

"Josie. Yes." He clawed at his freckled, bald pate. "She's just way out of line."

"She promised not to say—"

"She's talking again."

"About—Bert?"

"She doesn't believe Bert is the one, Miss Phyllis!"

"Oh."

Lieutenant Briscoe examined his knuckles, red with embarrassment.

"She's got a crazy notion they'll lay it onto me. That kind of talk is poison, Miss Phyllis, just poison!"

"My father wouldn't let anyone do that to you," I said. "Even if they tried—which they won't."

Pete thought this over.

"I dunno, Miss Phyllis," he said, slowly. "Maybe I'm guilty."

"Of treason? Bosh!"

Coughing nervously and wetting his lips, Pete delivered himself of the longest sustained speech I had ever heard from him:

"I been thinking . . . what is treason, anyway? Is it just spying, selling plans to an enemy? I hate to be a pessimist but I think this country is going to be in a scrap for its life pretty soon. It won't help any for us to be suspecting one another. It sure hasn't done Navy Station any good—what I've let Josie say and do. I'm not blaming her. I—well, I half believed it myself. Until today. I got to thinking and I said, 'Whoa. Maybe I *am* a traitor.' I do know this: I've been disloyal to the Service just by suspecting my brother officers. Maybe I ought to resign, Miss Phyllis."

These were astounding thoughts from an inarticulate man like Pete Briscoe.

"Resign?" I said. "With the fight just starting?"

Lieutenant Briscoe ducked his head.

"I mean—give up my commission and enlist."

"No, sir!" I said. "You think the skipper would stand for that? He depends on you and Roger more than on any of the others."

"Then I've got to transfer."

"Not that either," I said. "The only thing you've got to do is put the fear of God into your wife. I don't need to tell you that she's been the chief troublemaker around here. I've told her so."

"I know."

"Don't take my word for any of this. You go talk to Dad."

Pete grinned sheepishly.

"I'm afraid to talk to the cap'n, Miss Phyllis. That's why—I kind of sounded you out."

I gave it to him straight.

"You try wearing the trousers around your house for a change," I said. "That'll help Dad a whole lot."

He held out his hand.

"Thanks, Miss Phyllis," he said. "I'll do that."

I left Pete's office and went down the hall to my father's sanctum sanctorum, feeling grimly satisfied.

Joey, the yeoman, had a message for me:

"The cap'n is at Mrs. Sedden's, Miss Phyllis. He wants you to go over there right away."

Chief Bosun Nardin, head operative of the P. Hartney Yard gestapo, fell into step with me as I left the Administration Building.

"Would it be true—about young Bert, Miss Phyllis?"

"What do you think, Chief?"

"No."

"That's right, so I'm told."

"They pinched a German spy in the village this noon."

"No!"

"Yar. Two G-men nabbed him. Had some fire bombs like the one Lieutenant Roberts found in that boat."

"An outside job?"

"Gar, no, Miss Phyllis. He passed 'em in to some feller this side of the fence."

"Any idea who that might be, Chief?"

"The boys are workin' on it."

I peered at the chief's bland face.

"Quite a lot of talk around the Yard, eh?"

"Gar! It's bad." Then, cheerfully: "But good, too. Yar. In a way—good."

"How good?"

"Every one of us has got to stand up an' be counted now, Miss Phyllis. A traitor—so long as we catch him in the end—is a big help. It worked that way in the last war. We had one of them fellers on the old Detroit. A Swede, he was. Yar."

"You caught him?"

"Yar. In the fo'c'sle. You remind the cap'n how it was, Miss Phyllis. He's taking things too hard right now."

"I'll remind him. But how *was* it, Chief?"

"Good. A man who looks a traitor in the face is a better man. The old Detroit was a fighting ship, after that. Speak of it to the cap'n."

POLITELY touching his cap, Chief Nardin changed course toward the commissary. I cut across the parade ground to Mom Sedden's house.

It didn't take long for me to discover why my father had sent for me. I found him in the midst of a critical situation.

Mom Sedden and Bert were in the living room with the skipper. There was a pile of luggage on the floor. Mom, hollow-eyed and looking almost crazed, had her hat and coat on; she sat bolt upright on a tattered sofa holding Bert's hand.

The skipper, completely talked out and his broad shoulders sagging from weariness, sat in a chair staring at the floor.

I went straight to Mom and kissed her. I said, "Hello, Bert," and he said, sulkily, "'Lo, Red."

My father, standing, said: "Mom insists on moving to the village. Our people have—er—behaved badly to Bert. I've been trying to make her understand that they will change their attitude when—er—all the facts are known."

Mom looked at me.

"They think my boy killed his father," she said. "I will never forgive them for that."

"I know, Mom," I said.

"They called him a traitor."

"Yes, but—"

Bert got to his feet and picked up two

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AND DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER

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suitcases. "I have been a traitor," he said, "and I *am* responsible for what Pop—did. I've told Mom that she should hate *me*, not them. But she doesn't. You want to go with me, don't you, Mom?"

Mom nodded.

"Yes, I'm going with you," she said.

Bert turned to my father.

"You've been decenter to me than I deserve, sir," he said, his voice dry to the breaking point. "I'm going to try to square myself for as much—as I can."

"He means it, Joe," Mom said.

She stood up, still with that calm matter-of-fact reserve, and asked, "Has the taxi come?"

THE skipper started to say something in further protest, but I quickly intervened. I said that Mom needed rest, that she would rest better at the hotel in the village. We could talk about plans later on.

Luckily, the taxi driver's arrival at the front door shut off any more argument.

Mom, clinging to Bert's arm, walked out to the cab. My father and I followed them.

"Well, Bessie," my father said, "perhaps you are right, after all. I hope so."

She gave a little nod, pressed my hand and climbed into the taxi. She seemed anxious to escape from Navy Station.

Bert turned to us, his face working.

"Come and see Mom tomorrow, will you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Both of us will."

"Of course," my father said.

They drove away.

My father turned to me:

"Why did you let me down, Phyl?"

"Because this is terribly important to Mom—backing Bert to the limit just now. It may save him, and he is all she has left."

"That didn't occur to me at all."

"You don't know very much about people, Dad," I said.

We started walking across the parade ground to our house.

The skipper sighed.

"Your mother used to tell me that," he said, sadly. "With Mom . . . I was thinking only of the effect this will have on the rest of them. They'll be convinced now that Bert is guilty."

"Doesn't Commander Kirstell want them to think that?"

"Yes. He thinks it will throw the real traitor off guard. But I wanted it left an open question, Phyl."

"Why?"

"I'd like to have every man and woman here say: 'Lord, Lord, is it I?' Then they might start accusing one another, and the truth would come out."

I shook my head stubbornly.

"It was better for Mom to go with Bert," I said. "We'll catch the traitor. Savvy says you and the commander have a clew?"

"Savvy?"

"Lieutenant Roberts."

"Oh—yes. A clew—yes, of a sort."

"Who's the man, Dad?"

The skipper ignored my question, deliberately, I was sure. He plunged into philosophy, saying: "Young Roberts has developed my theory about Hitler a step farther. Roberts calls him the Great Catalyst. He thinks one can judge the souls of men by their reaction to Hitler. A fascinating idea, eh? It would make Hitler the antichrist as a historical reality. To admire him or even to tolerate him is spiritual death."

I shrugged, hurt because the skipper did not want to take me into his confidence as to the new suspect.

"This country is full of the spiritually dead then," I said. "Have we any officers who admire or tolerate Hitler?"

"We have a few congressmen and senators who do," my father said.

He held open the front door for me.

"I said *officers*, Dad."

The skipper frowned.

"You've had enough grief for today, Phyl," he said. "You go up to your room and rest until dinner."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

My pride badly bruised, I tried to obey orders. But, alone in my room, I was tormented by suspense. Whom did Savvy and Dad and Commander Kirstell suspect? Why had my father refused to take me into his confidence? Was it Kirstell who no longer trusted me? How had Dutch been able to convince them that Bert could be eliminated as a suspect? Had they got new information from the German spy the G-men caught in the village?

Jack Murphy, Bob Cowles, Artie Conroy, Bill Davis, Roger Collins, Pete Briscoe—names and faces, all familiar, all friendly—how could any of them be seriously considered? And the older men like Commander McMatthews, Lieut. Commander Newcomb, Major Huddleston of the marines, even Kirstell himself—I checked them off, one by one, and each seemed a preposterous choice. Our traitor an officer? I could not believe it. My thoughts went straight back to Bert and to Dutch Prentice and Pat Rorabeck.

(Clinical Note: My suspicion of Savvy's civilian helpers and Bert, and refusal to believe any Navy man capable of treason was strengthened, I think, by Pop's suicide. Pop had killed himself rather than face the prospect of his own son turning out a traitor. This fact tragically emphasized for me how such an infamy as treason was regarded by Navy men. I mention my stubborn suspicion of Dutch and Pat and Bert here because it was to bear bitter fruit very soon.)

A woman's voice talking loudly in the living room downstairs brought me out of this wretched self-communion. The voice rose to a shriek and I heard the words: "I'll kill her, that's what I'll do!"

It was Mrs. Briscoe.

I thought she meant me. I went right on down there.

Navy Station's chief troublemaker was standing in the middle of the living room, spluttering fire and brimstone.

"She's busted up Pete and me, that's what she's done!" Mrs. Briscoe yelled. "You better get her outa this Yard, Cap'n! Right now . . . this evening—"

Young Phyllis made an entrance.

"Who's going to get killed?" I said.

Mrs. Briscoe looked over her shoulder at me.

"You keep outa this!" she said. "And don't go sticking up for her!" Turning back to the skipper, she went on: "An' that's another thing—you let Phyllis associate with her. Your own daughter associating with a little tramp that oughta be in jail!"

"Now, Mrs. Briscoe," my father said, "don't get hysterical and say things you'll regret."

BUT Mrs. Briscoe had come to have her say. "I won't regret nothing! Mamie Cowles is a tramp. I'll say it on my deathbed!"

"Hope that will be soon," I said.

"You shut up!"

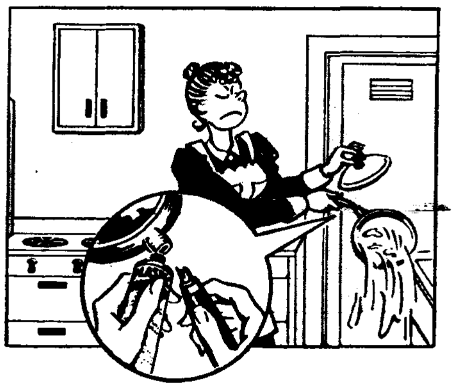
"Phyllis, please—"

"You're looking for the traitor, Cap'n! I'll tell you who he is. It ain't poor little Bert Sedden. It ain't Pete, that they are trying to frame for it. You want to know who he is? I'll tell you—*it's Bob Cowles!*"

"Oh—nonsense!" my father said.

The doorbell rang. I meant to warn Dolores not to let anyone in, but Mrs. Briscoe's act was too absorbing. I didn't want to miss a word.

Mrs. Briscoe drew herself up to full height, her black hair tumbled about



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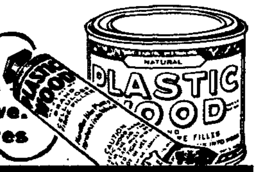

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her face and her full bosom heaving like an opera contralto's in a mad scene. I thought her corny, but rather effective.

"She drove him to it, Cap'n! She run him into debt buying ninety-fi'-dollar dresses at Magnin's in Frisco. She kept him so worried he couldn't do his work right. She's told it all around that he's gonna be passed over by the selection board. The poor guy is half crazy. That's why he turned traitor—all on account of her!"

My father will take only so much.

"I don't believe I care to hear any more of this, Mrs. Briscoe," he said. "You have slandered Lieutenant Cowles and his wife—"

Enter Mamie Cowles from the front hall. She was followed by her husband.

There was no bluster or fuss and feathers about Mamie. Dressed in black, her face pale and her eyes set in a wide, bland stare of injured innocence, Mamie turned to Bob Cowles.

"You see, my dear?" she said. "I told you she was coming here to tell Captain Hartney her dreadful thoughts."

(Social Comedy Note: M. Cowles, J. Briscoe and P. Hartney, the guilty ones in this scene, reveled in it and played their parts with gusto. The skipper and Lieutenant Cowles acted like convicted rogues on the gallows, anxious only to die quickly and get it over with.)

"G-good evening, sir," Bob said.

Mamie marched right over and planted herself on the divan.

"Now, Mrs. Briscoe," she said coolly. "Just what lies have you been telling the captain about me?"

"Oh, hullo there, Phyllis," Bob said, weakly. "Didn't see you."

My father tried to escape.

"I don't think any good purpose will be served by discussing personalities, Mrs. Cowles," he said. "I would suggest that Mrs. Briscoe—"

"You stay right here, Cap'n!" Mrs. Briscoe said.

"Please do," Mamie said.

Mrs. Briscoe turned on her, snorting: "Thought I'd keep my mouth shut, didn't you?"

"I'm sure I—"

"Okay, deny it!"

"Deny what?"

"Called Pete a traitor, didn't you?"

"I beg your pardon—"

"Mrs. Mac told me. Guess you'd deny it even to her face?"

"I merely said—"

"Did you or didn't you?"

"I merely said that Lieutenant Briscoe had made very disloyal remarks about other officers here. But I didn't—"

Poor Bob Cowles, who had been clicking coins in one hand and tugging at his necktie with the other, offered a pitiful interruption: "That was a rotten thing to say, Mamie." Then he looked at the skipper, his black Irish face a mask of agonized embarrassment. "I apologize, sir. No one can question Pete Briscoe's loyalty—of course not."

Mrs. Briscoe cocked a dark eye at Bob Cowles.

"You ain't no friend of Pete's!"

"My dear Mrs. Briscoe—" Mrs. Cowles said.

"Don't dearie me! I ain't told the cap'n all I know about you!"

"How could you possibly know anything about me?"

"Asking for it, hunh?"

"I've never recognized you socially. You haven't existed—"

"Why don't *you* tell the cap'n? And your husband, too?"

"Tell them what, Mrs. Briscoe?"

"How you been carrying on with Jack Murphy!"

My father lost his patience.

"That will do!" he snapped. "Apologize to Mrs. Cowles!"

"Like hell I will—excuse me, sir, but it's the truth!" Mrs. Briscoe said. "Everybody in the Yard knows it, exceptin' you and *him!*"

Then the beastly woman pointed a finger at me.

"Ask Phyllis if I'm lying," she demanded. "Just ask her!"

MAMIE darted a terrified glance at me, then looked at her husband, appealingly. But Bob Cowles stood there, stricken, paralyzed in mind and will. Bad luck had hounded him all his days in the Service. He seemed to be accepting this final blow with a dour submissiveness.

The skipper looked at me, as if startled to find that I was still in the room.

"We will excuse you, Phyllis," he said.

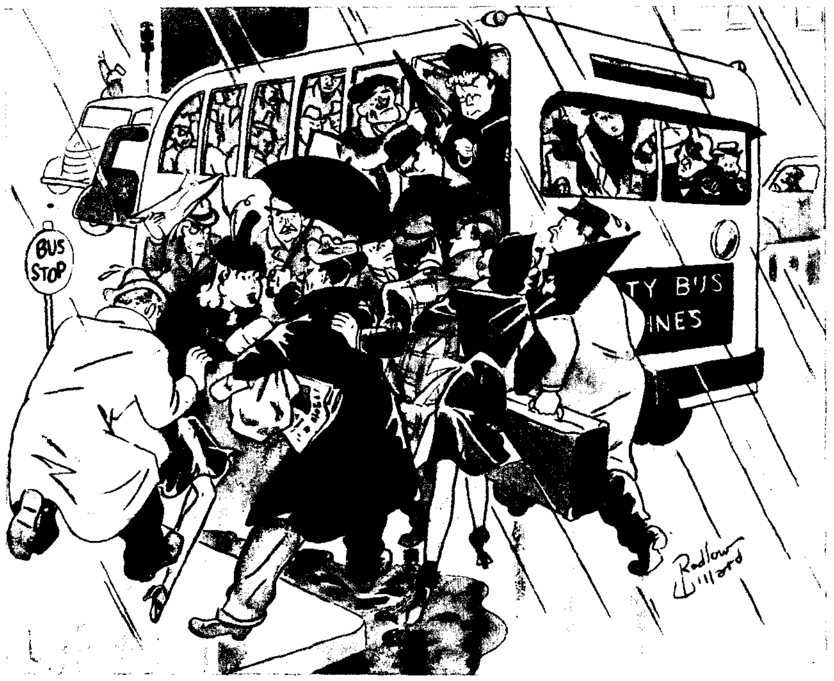
Mrs. Briscoe snorted.

"You Academy snobs always stick together," she said.

It was Mamie's cue to do one of her grand-lady exits. She didn't muff it.

Rising gracefully, Mamie spoke to my father.

"We must all make allowances for the wife of a mustang gob, Captain Hartney," she said. "My husband will settle this with Briscoe in his own way." Then, she faced Mrs. Briscoe with a beautiful scorn. "I am not in the habit of denying falsehoods told by Brooklyn



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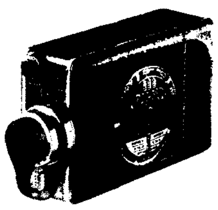

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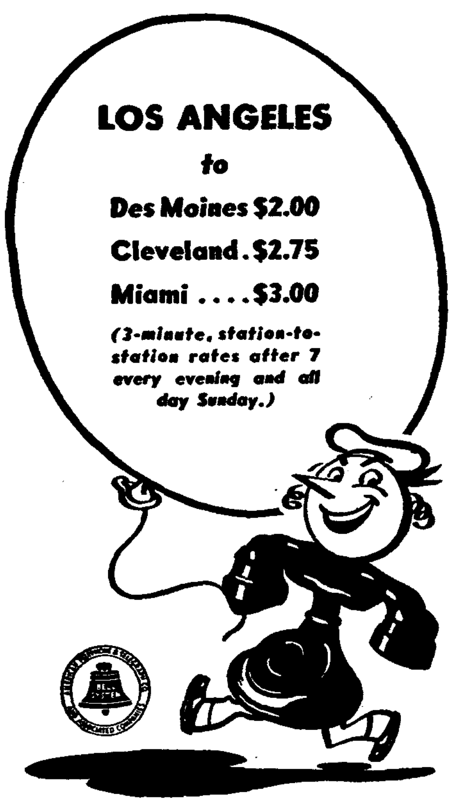

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tarts. Let them stay in your dirty mind!"

Mamie swept from the room before Mrs. Briscoe could catch her breath.

But Mrs. Briscoe rallied in magnificent fashion. Turning on Bob Cowles, she said: "Maybe you want to tell Captain Hartney the truth. Ain't you the real traitor he's lookin' for, Mister Cowles?"

There was an awful pause.

My father, stunned by Bob's hesitation in answering, looked at him almost beseechingly.

"Well—ain't you?" Mrs. Briscoe insisted.

And this was the amazing reply:

"I—I—would like to see you in your office—after dinner, sir. I need a little time to—will that be all right, sir? About eight o'clock?"

The skipper turned away from him. "Very well, Lieutenant," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

Bob jammed on his cap and hurried from the room.

Mrs. Briscoe, grim and triumphant, blurted out a clumsy exit speech, too long and sagging with anticlimax.

She said: "Better pinch him, Cap'n, before he runs away or shoots himself. Well—I guess you think I sure have done my worst to mix things up. But they asked for it. I don't care, noways. Pete's give me the air. I guess I just wasn't cut out for high sassiety in the U. S. Navy. But no hard feelings to either of you. They's just one thing I will say—don't let Phyllis marry that Roger Collins, Cap'n. She's too nice a kid to waste herself on such a punk. Well . . . so long."

Then she picked up her white kid handbag, started to cry in a moaning, hopeless blubber and walked slowly out the door.

THE skipper and I looked at each other, as survivors of a physical explosion might do. His face was deeply furrowed from weariness and pain. I realized how well he had concealed his grief over Pop's death, until now, and how shocking the ugly scene we had just passed through had been. It was a disillusionment he had not been prepared for—his first real insight into the meannesses, suspicions and hatreds among our people at Navy Station.

"Why—this—this must have been going on a long time," he stammered.

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I could sit on the lid. But it sort of popped off and—"

"You should have told me, Phyl."

"Seemed to me you had enough trouble."

"I know—but I could have—" He winced and shook his head. "Why do I say that? I couldn't have done anything. A fine commanding officer for this Yard I am. Ought to resign. A failure at this, as in everything else—"

"Don't you say that!" I objected hotly.

"It's true, Phyl."

"No! You weren't made to run a—a reformatory for a pack of misfits and neurotics. It isn't your fault Pete married that woman. What could you do to keep Mamie Cowles in line? Or make Jack Murphy—"

I broke off, gaspily, then said: "I've got to see about that. Excuse me—I'd better go right away!"

My father pulled himself together and took command. "I'll attend to young Murphy," he snapped. "You are not to involve yourself in any of this. Tomorrow, I want you to go to the village and stay with Mom."

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Fine mess for a girl like you to be in. Oh, I'll crack a few heads around this station! Going to the office. Got to talk to Kirstell about Cowles. You stay in the house."

I knew my father too well to make any further objection. Periodically, he is disturbed in his ivory tower by the sound of people being people downstairs. He emerges roaring and lays about him with what he considers a stern and heavy hand. Then, when all the wrong heads have rolled in the sand and the knaves have persuaded him they are saints, my father goes back to Critique XXVII, War in the Pacific, and the people go back to being people again.

"Your cap, Dad—and your topcoat—it's raining," I said.

"Briscoe, Cowles, Murphy—gad! I'll settle their hash—"

He stamped out into the drizzly dusk.

Dolores emerged from her listening post behind the pantry door.

"Madre Dios!" she exclaimed, "What magnificent filth! The Cowles, that one, sleeping with the handsome flyer! Tch, tch, tch—and her husband a traitor! And the Lieutenant Briscoe putting out that baggage, that street woman—"

I had some hash to settle, too.

"Shut your silly mouth!" I yelled. "Get the heck back in the kitchen—and if I catch you listening any more, you go back to Panama on the first boat!"

Dolores fled for her life.

I hurried to the telephone and called Roger at the Administration Building. He was not there. I called his quarters. No answer. Then I tried to reach Ensign Murphy. No answer there, either.

It was time for me to summon my gestapo. I got hold of Chief Nardin at the marine barracks.

"Yar?"

"Look, Chief," I said, "I've got to locate Lieutenant Collins, Lieutenant Cowles and Ensign Murphy. Right away, immediately. Call me back soon as you find even one of them. Right?"

"Yar. We'll find 'em, Miss Phyllis."

In about ten minutes, Chief Nardin was on the phone with an alarming report:

"The lieutenants called for Mr. Murphy at the Officers' Club around six o'clock, Miss Phyllis. When last seen the three of 'em was walking down the beach toward Abalone Point."

I thanked Chief Nardin, my pulse quickening with panic. I remembered the scene in Roger's office that morning when he and Jack had almost come to blows. Roger had appointed himself judge and jury in the Cowles affair. He and Bob were close friends. It needed no intuition on my part to guess that something serious was about to happen or already had happened.

Hurrying out to my car, I started for the road that led to Abalone Point. This was a deserted stretch of seashore half a mile beyond the Yard fence. To reach it, I was obliged to leave the Yard at No. 1 gate and circle, a drive of almost three miles.

IT HAD got quite dark and the rain was heavier by the time I approached the Point. I peered through the window trying to follow the outline of the beach. It looked, momentarily, as if I had missed them. I saw no sign of man, bird or beast. I drove a bit farther and started to turn the car around.

Abruptly, the headlights picked out a solitary figure lurching drunkenly along the sand not fifty yards away.

It was Ensign Murphy.

I scrambled out of the car and ran over to him.

He had been cruelly beaten about the face and head. Blood trickled from ugly cuts. He was almost out on his feet, too dazed even to recognize me.

"Jack—oh—did they do this to you? Did they hurt you? Was it Bob and Roger?" I grabbed him by the arm and shook him. "Don't you know me? Can't you hear me?"

Jack's knees buckled and he fell. I helped him up.

" 'M awrigh'," he mumbled. "Nev' min'."

"Did you have a fight with Bob?"

He nodded.

"Roger, too?"

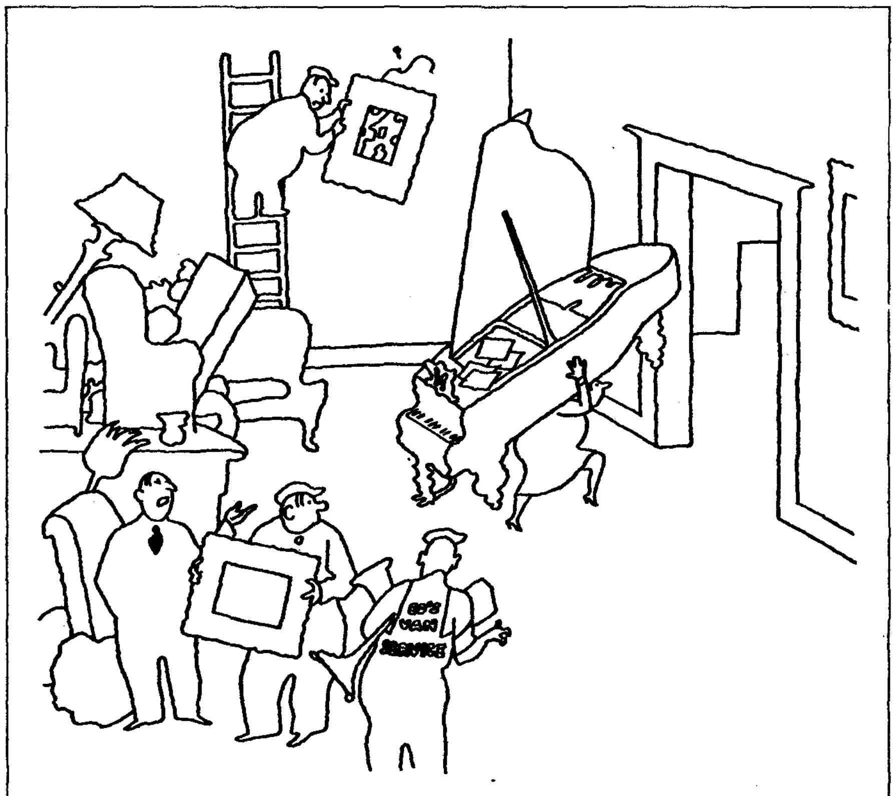
He nodded again.

"They both beat you?"

Pushing me aside, he lunged toward the car. I caught up with him as he was about to wander off to one side and led him like a blind man. There was blood on my hands and coat when I finally managed to get him inside. He breathed in shuddery gasps. I got afraid he might die right there. But he revived a little, as I finished turning the car, and then I knew it was a murderous rage, not his injuries, that caused him to breathe like that.

"Take me—quarters—" he said. "Got to get—gun—kill 'em—kill 'em both."

*(To be continued next week)*



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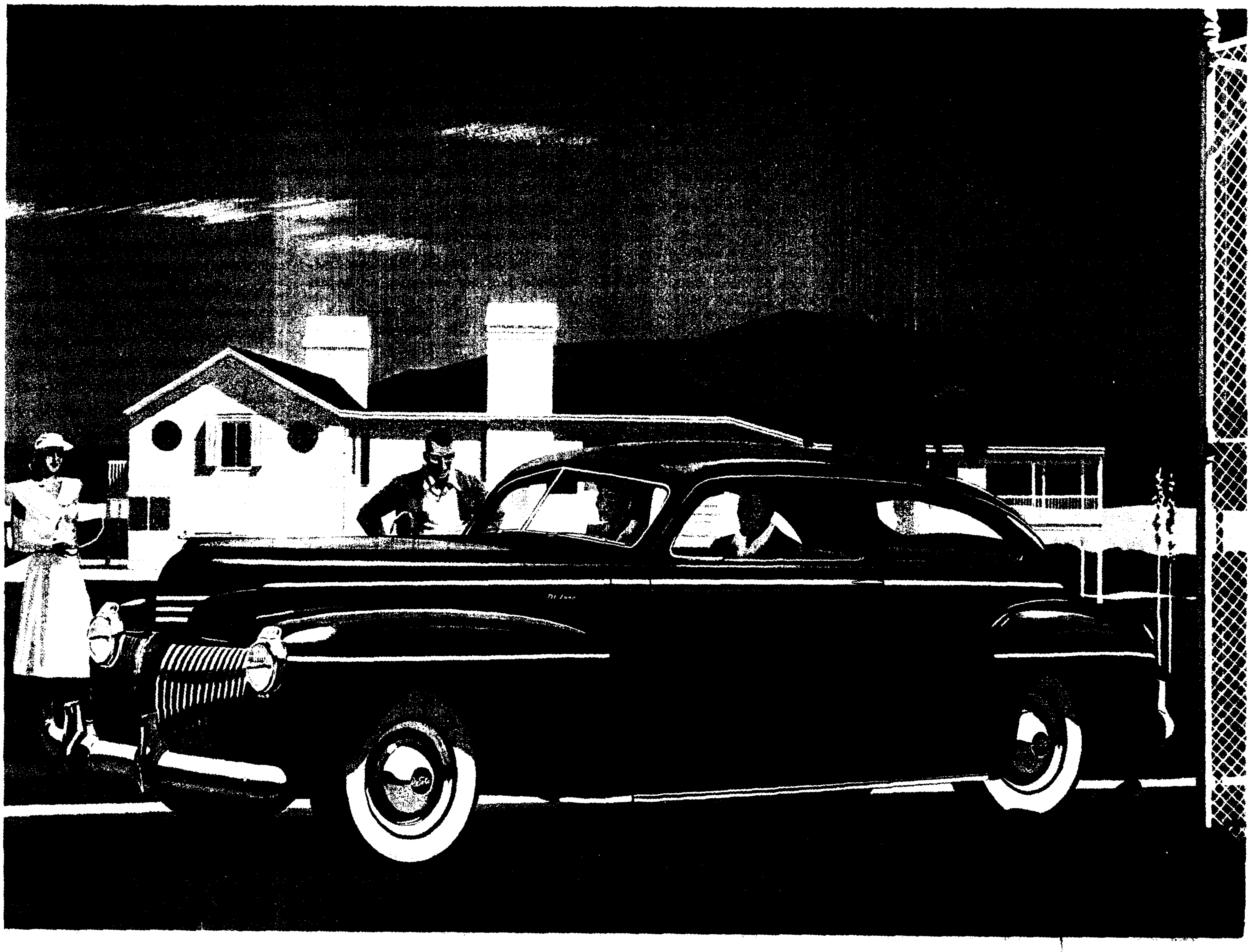

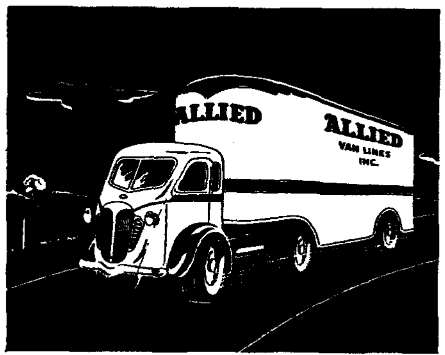

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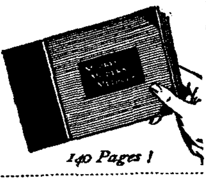

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# Stage-Struck

Continued from page 18

learned to dress and could never bring herself to enter a manager's office without walking around the block an hour to get up her courage. Then she'd go in and say: "Of course, you wouldn't want me, would you?" and they'd always admit it.

At this juncture John Beal decided that Hollywood was desolate without her and flew back with insistent words of matrimony. She was agreeable enough, but Mr. Beal took one look at her and made a face.

"Darling," he said tactfully. "Will you take this money and buy yourself at least one dress that doesn't look like the wrapping on a bunch of bananas? Even though we're getting married at City Hall, they have a sense of the fitness of things down there."

Mr. Beal was happy about the whole thing because he thought he had a job for Helen in Little Minister, which he was about to do in Hollywood. That dream lasted as far as La Junta, Colorado, when he got a telegram saying that they couldn't use Craig and would he hurry up. After a spell in Hollywood her agent in New York said she was all fixed for The Jayhawker. She met her Waterloo on that one in Kansas.

"Emporia, Kansas," says Helen bitterly. "Another little yellow piece of paper says Oops, sorry; we have somebody else."

She did a stint with Gilmore Brown's Pasadena Playhouse, felt that she couldn't go on forever in Little Theaters, dropped that job—and was out of work for another year and a half. Then came her first part on Broadway, a minor role in Lynn Riggs' Russet Mantle. She came home waving the contract in triumph.

"What are they giving you?" asked Husband Beal, businesslike.

She looked at the paper, she looked at Husband Beal.

"I never thought to ask them," she said. "I just signed it."

What she got was the minimum, twenty-five bucks a week.

For some mysterious reason she next landed with Leonard Sillman's revue, New Faces. The best that could be said was that she was a new face because she had never done humor and couldn't sing a lick. She solved the latter problem in a practical way:

"Never traveled in anything but taxis with radios. Beat time to the music as we went along."

### A New Sign Language

When that was through she had another eighteen months without work. Then she got a part in Ernest Pascal's American Primitive, rehearsed like mad for six weeks and the play lasted three nights on Broadway. That really licked her and she wanted to quit. The only one who wouldn't have it was John Beal. She had a note from Sillman to John Houseman, who was running the Mercury Theater with Orson Welles, but she refused to take it to him. One day they met Houseman on the street. Beal nudged her to give Houseman the note. She paid no attention. Only when it became apparent that she would not only be kicked violently but would probably also lose her spouse, she timidly handed Houseman the note. He asked her to come around for an audition. She had read two lines to Houseman and Welles when Welles stopped her.

"That's enough," he said.

That seemed *too* much after what she had been through and she fought to keep back the tears.

"You're all right," said Welles. "Get up in the part."

It was the role of Calpurnia in Julius Caesar and she played it on the road for six weeks. Even before this time she had been interviewed for Johnny Belinda. Harry Wagstaff Gribble, who had been known exclusively as a director of farce and light comedy, was determined to do a serious play and this one by Elmer Harris seemed his meat. From the time he took it until it was produced on Broadway five years elapsed! Gribble liked Miss Craig for the part but there were other commitments and when once it got as far as rehearsals and died there, she was not in it. When it later got an out-of-town tryout and folded, she was also absent.

She next tried for a part with the Shakespearean Players at the New York World's Fair and couldn't get it. Instead she took two weeks in stock at Montclair, New Jersey. When the bottom seemed to be reached, she took over Margaret Webster's role in Family Portrait near the end of the run. Buoyed up by that slight success, she actually talked herself into the leading role in George Abbott's production of The Unconquered. When Leontovich had originally been signed for the part, Miss Craig couldn't understand it.

"It's my role," she said plaintively, as if she might be saying, "It's *my* child; you can't have it." Leontovich withdrew in Baltimore, Phyllis Perlman talked Abbott into trying Craig, who got the part—and the show was an outright failure on Broadway.

After that, nothing went right. She tried for parts and wasn't even given a chance to read for the managers. The best she could do was a few weeks in stock at Stamford, Connecticut. Then Mr. Gribble called again about Johnny Belinda, which was having its third birth.

Miss Craig got the part because she caught on immediately to what was required of a deaf-mute girl. She made the motions with which deaf-mutes speak to one another and when Mr. Gribble put her in touch with Mrs. Florence May, a deaf-mute who was able to transmit the sign language to a nondeaf-mute, the problem was the same as solved—except for one serious defect. Things went along well until Mrs. May indicated that she was becoming entirely confused by Miss Craig's actions. Mrs. May wrote out her complaint for Mr. Gribble:

"Miss Craig has evidently invented a new sign language. I don't get it."

It was finally discovered that Miss Craig was merely misspelling the words. They never have got that situation corrected. In any event the show went on, had fair notices out of town and crept into New York with hope of a kindly reception. It got a blast that would have withered a tank. All the critics seemed to think that the play, which dealt with a young doctor's treatment of a seemingly helpless deaf-mute and later marriage to her, was too nonsensical for words.

### Symbol of the Theater

But mysteriously the play started to pick up and the run continued. Miss Craig had difficulty in concentrating when there was a sellout several weeks after opening. She had never been in anything but plays that had only a few weeks more to run, or in flops.

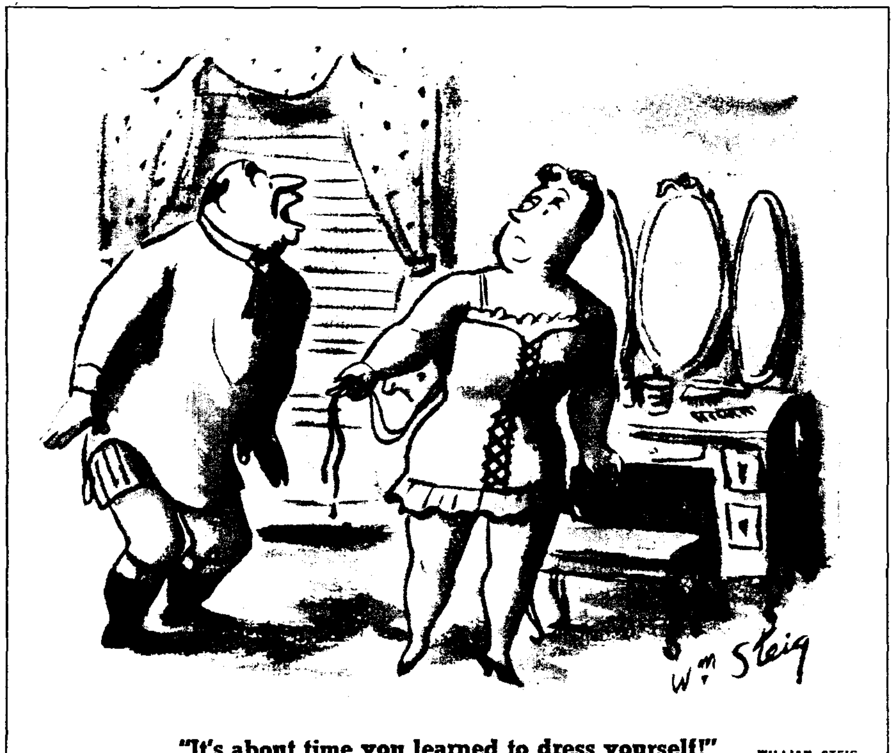
The home life of the Beals hasn't been much lately because Mr. Beal has been rehearsing and playing in the new Philip Barry play and Mrs. Beal has been running around New York to luncheons, theater clubs and groups that might buy tickets for the show. Also Miss Craig has been busily investigating various movie offers and prospective roles in plays that will follow Johnny Belinda.

When Johnny Belinda was still playing at the Belasco Theater, the house manager, who had been Belasco's right-hand man in the master's great days, came to Miss Craig and presented her with the diamond star which had always been placed on the star's dressing room in Belasco's period.

"Mr. Belasco would have wanted you to have it," he said, with tears in his eyes.

Miss Craig wept along with him, copiously. When she took the prize home and carefully unwrapped it before Mr. Beal, they cried together for hours, touched by a symbol of the theater they worship so devoutly.

What are you going to do about people like that?



"It's about time you learned to dress yourself!" WILLIAM STEIG

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mean cleaner, brighter teeth for you . . .

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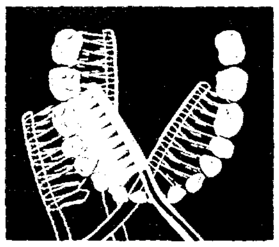

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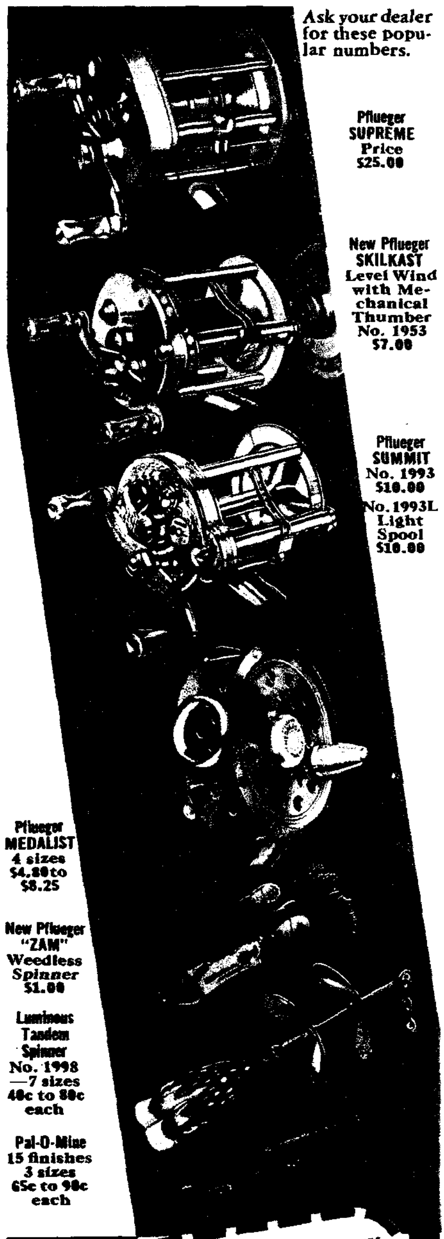
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# Our New Army

Continued from page 33

to come right out and operate on that basis instead of sliding into it little by little.

A BLACKJACK fell out of a draftee's suitcase at the reception center, but he was no thug; just a mild little guy who thought he'd take some precautions against getting picked on by a hard-boiled Army.

WHEN one draftee who had passed his physical exam reported at the Salt Lake Army recruiting station too soused to be inducted, officers ordered him tossed into the Fort Douglas guardhouse, but Fort officials didn't think he was in the Army yet and so had no business in the hoosegow. Induction officers riffled through Selective Service regulations and found that a draftee is under military control from the moment he receives notification to report for service, so . . . into the cooler the inebriated draftee went.

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. This reservation has all the Hollywood adjectives backed off the chart. It's more than gigantic and colossal. What probably impresses visitors most is the swarm of motor vehicles blanketing Blanding. It has been estimated that if all of them were lined up for a run to Atlanta, Georgia (about 350 miles), and moved fifty yards apart at uniform speed, the first would enter Atlanta before the last left camp. That would account for some eleven thousand trucks, cars and miscellaneous internal-combustion apparatus, but no one in authority has dared estimate the actual number.

The 31th Division has more than 2,000 vehicles; the 43d, now moving in, will have as many. The camp administration detachments have enough to move all the families in ten states at one time and Construction Quartermaster equipment includes everything from official cars to tractors, caterpillar drag lines, cranes and road graders.

The replacement parts bill, prior to the arrival of the 43d Division, was said to be running around $250,000 monthly. This, of course, was not the outlay for the 31st Division alone but for all Blanding vehicles working over terrains which in some instances would bog down anything short of a bird with a six-foot wing spread.

Operation of all these vehicles appears at first to be chaotic, but there's an M.P. at every intersection to keep traffic moving, and truck drivers know exactly where they're going even if visitors don't.

It makes quite a scurry.

FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS. Soldiers visiting near-by towns like Fitchburg and Leominster have run into a ticklish situation. A lot of the waitresses and salesgirls they've tried to date got jobs in these towns so they'd be close to the Fort—and their National Guard husbands.

MESS SGT. ANDREW O'NEIL, Headquarters Troop, 101st Cavalry, has it all over the average coupon and box-top collector. The Sergeant buys soap in fairly gigantic quantities and reaps a bountiful supply of coupons which he redeems for choice merchandise. Only trouble is, the premiums are mostly slanted for housewives and the Sergeant's zeal has been rewarded with such things as: Doll—composition, jointed, attractively dressed. Lady's umbrella—oil silk, sixteen-rib, high grade, assorted colors. Bath ensemble. Hot-pot cover. Cake decorator. Jelly molds. Sgt. O'Neil is trying to figure out what to do with the stuff.

SOON after the Fort Devens Lost and Found department was established, a springer spaniel showed up, was fed and given a box containing an old blanket. It turned out that the dog's name is Lieut. Hawkins. He liked the comforts of the Lost and Found department so well that he now makes a beeline for the place every chance he gets, which is pretty tough on Gordon McCoun, of E Troop, his owner, who took the ungrateful Lieut. Hawkins all through Dartmouth with him.

●

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI. It takes just thirty days at this Army Air Corps replacement center to teach a recruit Army life routine and send him on to fields and schools for mechanical and technical training. Air service groundwork (which most of the men will learn later) and flying (which less than a tenth of them will do) aren't in the curriculum. Squad and platoon drill keep them going, and guard and K. P. are learned in the intervals between physical examinations, IQ tests and interviews by classifying officers. Manual of arms is out: Air Corps men don't carry guns. The old rifle range down the river (Mississippi) is unused; recruits who like to shoot at a mark have to wait until their Saturday visit to honky-tonk shooting emporia in St. Louis' Market Street.

K. P. still means manicuring spuds. The boys had heard tell of potato-peeling machines and some of them mumbled as much when the top kick distributed paring knives in the mess-hall basement. "Yeah, we've got those machines," the sergeant said, "but none of them takes the eyes out of the potatoes, so get busy and gouge."

ROUTINE requirement for the first week at the Barracks are morality lectures. A medico talks on the health angle; a line officer describes the effect of sex morals on man power; one of the chaplains gives the moral and religious view. Sometimes prophylaxis goes beyond the lecture point. When word got around that fifty female charmers would be in the suburban vicinity of the Barracks on a payday night, leaves were suspended. When thirty-five of the reputed fifty gals showed up they found themselves mingling with a bunch of M.P.'s who were acting in restraint of trade.

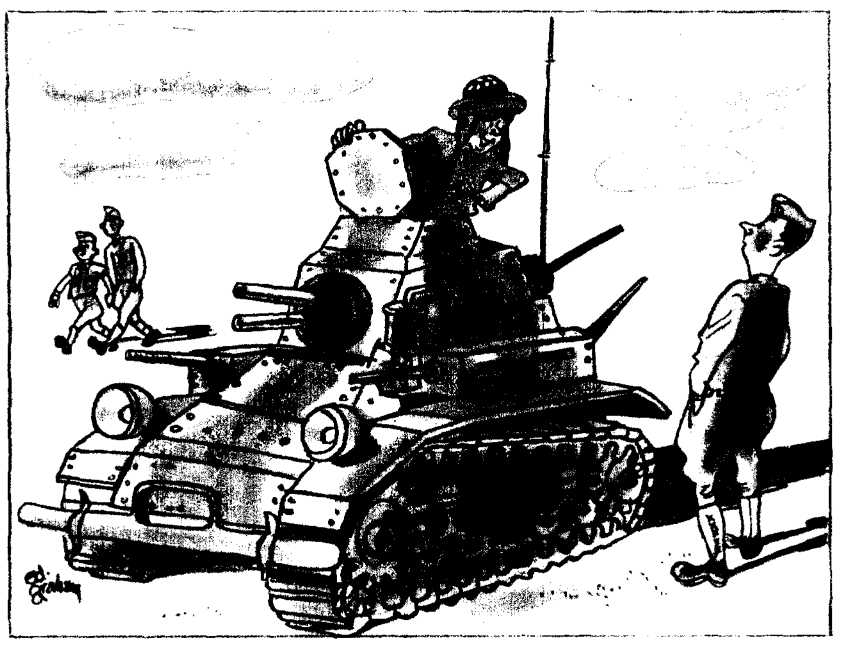
●

EVERYWHERE. Photos of loved ones are the No. 1 prized possessions of draftees. Girl friends come first, mothers next. Then dogs.

RECOIL. This department a few weeks ago declared that "the Seventh Division has no tradition." Hmmmm. If all the World War I members of the Seventh who reminded us of the division's history were told to fall in, you'd see as proud a company of men as you'd find around these or any other parts. Mr. Daniel E. Connolly of Calumet City, Illinois, was downright disillusioned by our brash statement. "On May 18, 1917," writes this ex-corporal of the 65th Infantry's Headquarters Company, "I enlisted in the Regular Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and later sailed with the Seventh Division for France. We got plenty of hiking with full pack day and night, mostly in the rain. We got to the front. Now I pick up Collier's and find out we didn't get any place. What is this?"

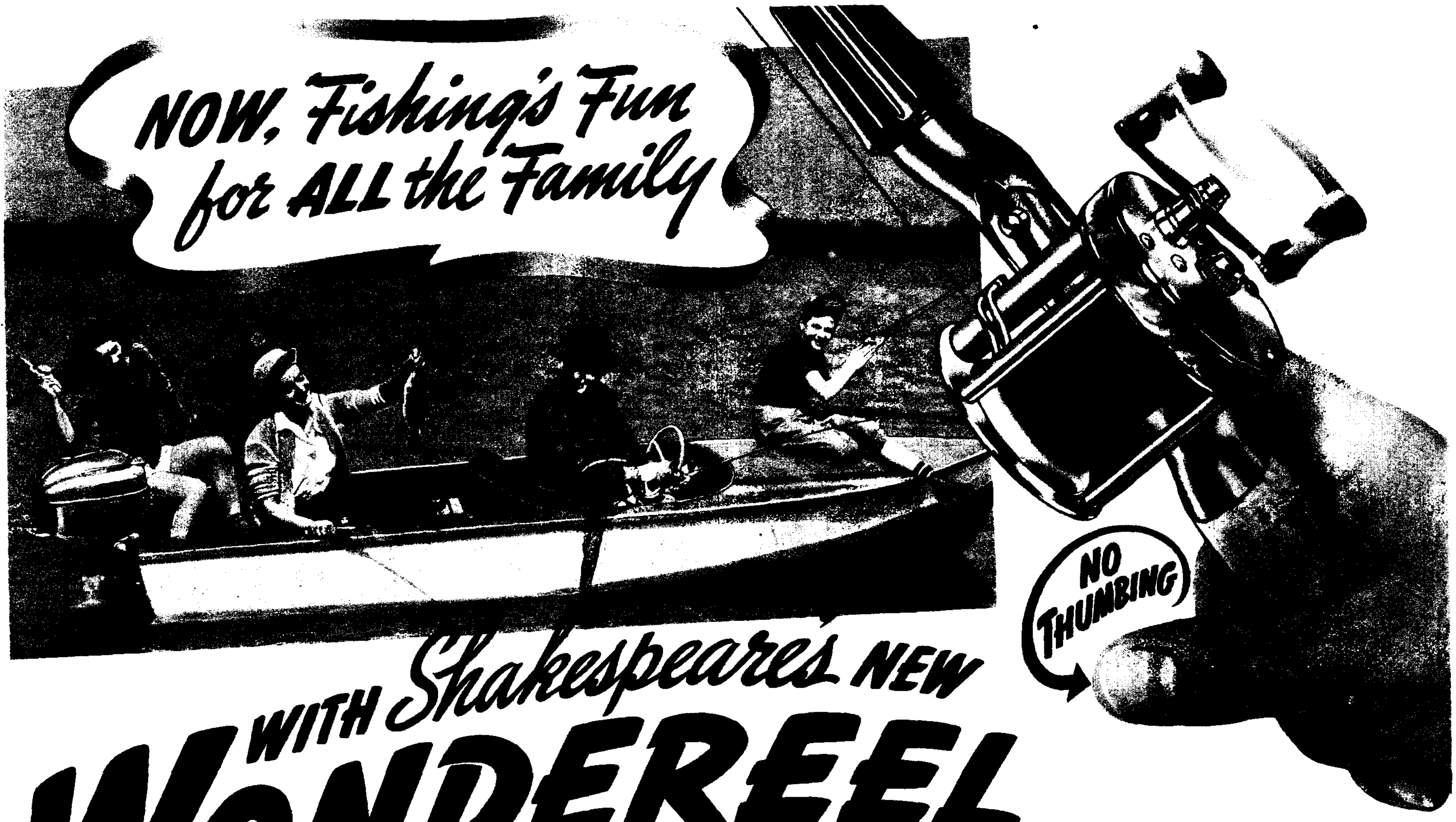
MAYBE it's sabotage.

G.W.



**"Must be a Detroit tank—it's got a radio, heater and a glove compartment"**

ED GRAHAM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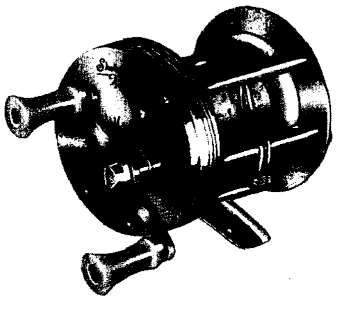
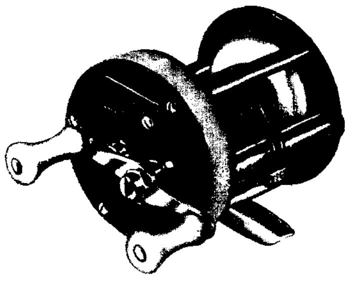


**No. 1920 Wondereel $6.50**



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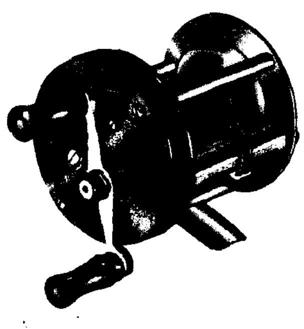

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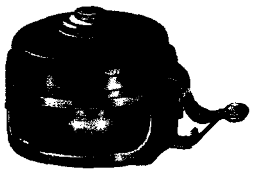

### Tru-art Automatic

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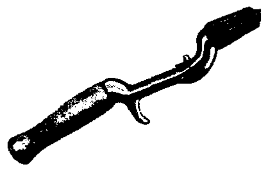

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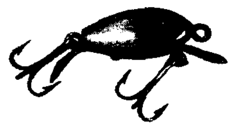

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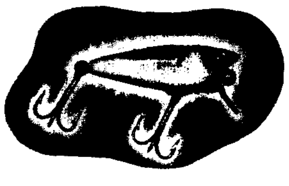

Every fisherman should have this sure-fire Wonder Bait in his tackle box. Glows 5 hours if exposed 3 minutes to sun or flashlight. 50c post paid (90c value). Limited supply. Send cash or stamps.

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(from a letter by M. M., Bend, Ore.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar
LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY ...BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.
(from a letter by Midshipman H. E. Annapolis, Md.)

THE NIPPER WAS A DRIPPER...
SMART MOTHER FEEDING BABY DAUGHTER, GOES ABOUT IT LIKE MOTHERS OUGHTER, TUCKS KLEENEX UNDER BABY'S CHIN, BABY SMILES AND DIGS RIGHT IN.
(from a letter by M. S., Silver Spring, Md.)

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FASTEETH, a powder to be sprinkled on false teeth, keeps them more firmly set. Make your loose plates more dependable with FASTEETH. You'll feel more confident with a firmer dental plate. Mildly alkaline—FASTEETH also checks gum soreness, burning sensation or rash due to the chafing of a loose, wabbly plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get original alkaline FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitute.

Plates loosen when gums shrink. Have your dentist re-adapt your plates to the changed gums. Until this is done you can get valuable aid in holding the plate more securely by using FASTEETH daily.

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# Where Airplanes Come From

Continued from page 15

the car has been. But since the early days of plane building the tendency has been the other way. To meet increasing performance demands we've had to add, not subtract. Why, the so-called light plane that college kids fly around on week ends now is a far more complicated machine than was the one flown by the Wright brothers. The trainers used at Randolph Field today are much more machine than not only the Jennies used at Kelly Field but also the fighters used in France in the last war.

"This is a problem for research science, invention and discovery. The builders can only simplify construction processes within the limitations of the design at hand.

"Now, appropriations—which that woman riled me about. Sure, they're big—today. But look back in your newspaper files. Believe it or not, last spring, right in the teeth of the coming of the blitz, reflected public sentiment influenced Congress actually to *pare* down appropriations for the Air Corps. It wasn't until Germany started rolling and President Roosevelt made his 50,000-planes speech that rubber bands came off the Treasury's purse. But you can't *scare* an air force into existence—neither can you get one overnight just by shoveling money out.

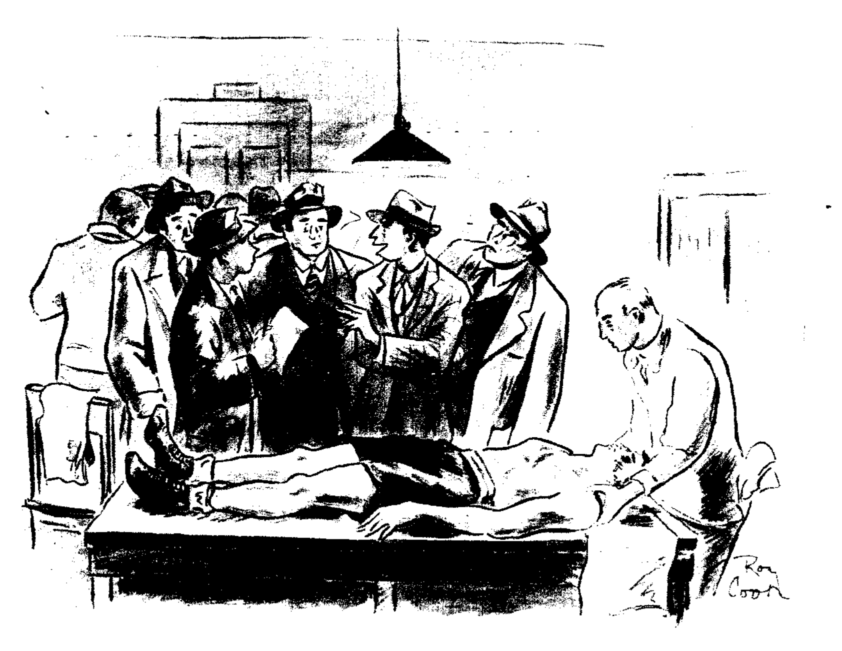
### What Expansion Really Means

"Ever trace out the steps in the expansion of a business? Any business. Aviation is complicated, so let's take what looks like an easy one. I heard a fellow describe all the things that would happen if a tailor who made fine suits, maybe 20 a month, was suddenly told, hey! there's a war on, you've got to make 2,000 officers' uniforms a month. Well, that fellow talked for an hour. He told how the tailor first had to get additional skilled help—cutters, fitters, bushelmen. Instead of five employees, he would have to have hundreds. But all other tailors were expanding, too. So where could he get enough experienced men? He'd have to take some greenhorns and train 'em. Then, instead of two rooms—he'd have to get two whole floors. Every other tailor was trying to rent more space in the garment district. He would need dozens more tables for his new workers—but other tailoring firms needed more tables, also, and there were long delays while the furniture business went through its own expansion. Oh, this is endless—sewing machines, needles, shears, chalk, pins, buttons, tape measures, linings, braid, suitings, each demand putting a strain upon the makers of those particular supplies, who in turn must endure their own growing pains. Yet a tailor's problems are a picnic compared with a plane builder's.

"Up to a year ago some of the biggest plane factories had never done more than twelve a month of combat military ships of the complicated types. That was mass production in a business in which we used to figure from eighteen months to three years from drawing board to air, depending upon the kind of ship. Materials that go into planes come from nearly every state in the Union. A fighting plane isn't only aluminum and copper—but steel, paint, thread, glue, paper, wax, silk, rubber, tin, plastics—a whole roster, in fact, of American industrial needs from several hundred individual sources."

A walk with Larry Bell through his Buffalo plant will further reveal both difficulties and reassurances. More important, it will provide you an answer to the question every citizen of the United States is vitally interested in today—how's our plane production coming along? Lay observers find only small differences in airplane factories, West, Midwest and East; and even those are set less in tradition than in personalities. Operations, in appearance, are more or less standard. Earsplitting whams, bangs, screeches and rat-a-tat-tatting; odors of oil and dope. Unusual to your eye in this cold north country shop, if you've only visited the warm-zephyred factories of Southern California heretofore, are thousands of overcoats raised in long ranks to the ceiling on pole-handled forms.

But if ever you've seen a German aircraft factory you will be struck particularly here at Bell with certain resemblances—elusive and intangible. Larry can't pin them down for you, either. One thing is certain: as any patriotic American builder should, he kept his eyes open for the benefit of the United States. He says he probably did absorb something from the Henschel, Messerschmitt, Heinkel and other factories in Germany, of which he has made



"Just say we're glad it happened—we was becoming overconfident"

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# TRAIL TOWN

**A new novel by America's foremost chronicler of the Old West—**

## ERNEST HAYCOX

●

**BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S**

an exhaustive firsthand study. Perhaps it's in his tooling.

When "Big Bill" Knudsen—who is rapidly becoming beloved and legendary in the aviation industry—of the Defense Commission inspected the Bell plant recently he declared, with characteristic word economy, "I like your tjooling!"

You've heard much about tooling with reference to aviation production.

A journeyman plumber with wrenches, pliers and the other hand tools of his trade could build you the nice special velocipede you want for your child. But if you like it so much you want to build 1,000 to sell to fathers of other little boys you couldn't have the plumber build them by hand because the job would drag on until time, wages, market changes and the high price you'd have to charge would ruin you. So to produce any given object in quantity with speed and economy you've got to design, and have built, tools that will cut out each part of that product to exact fit.

First, an airplane of new design is laboriously fashioned by hand. It is tested, edited, the master pattern readjusted, until a "go ahead" signal is obtained. Then, machine tools must be obtained to make its various thousands of separate parts. For example, in the P-39 are 8 spar caps, long structural members of the wings, each with twists and hills-and-dales peculiar to the ship's design. For 2,000 planes that would be 16,000 spar caps. The war would be over before you could get all those cut by hand. Bell engineers designed a machine. The builder to whom their order was given had to order in his turn from subbuilders the parts to make the spar-cutting machine. Subordering may run run down a long system of veins to many builders and into many little shops. Now in the Bell plant you watch this big machine fed strips of unfinished metal "extrusions" at one end, and pass out at the other end completed spar caps ready to go to the assembly line. But Bell had to wait months for the machine.

Machine tools in a plane factory may be small or huge; cost from a few dollars to many thousands each. Four automatic machines for cutting, shaping and bending main structural members for England's Wellington bomber cost one million dollars. Tooling in Bell's plant cost $1,500,000; with an additional $1,800,000 spent on jigs and fixtures which can be used only for the Airacobra and are worthless for any other type of airplane. In Bell's plant you may see 354 pieces of machine-tool equipment—including millers, countersinkers, dim-

HE CAME OUT *Fighting!*—
[AND HE'LL WIN THAT $100 PRIZE]

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Enter Ontario's Fishing Contest. A prize of $100 cash will be given for the biggest fish caught by the holder of a Non-Resident Angler's Permit in each of the six following classes: Speckled Trout, Lake Trout, Small Mouth Black Bass, Maskinonge, Yellow Pickerel or Wall-eyed Pike, and Great Northern Pike. Write for entry form.
Special Short Term Non-Resident Angler's permit for $2 is available this season. If you can't come for a week, come for a week-end . . . but come. You will be very welcome in Ontario, Canada. Ask us to plan a fishing trip for you.

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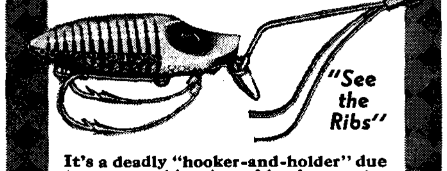

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WHERE YOU NEVER DARED FISH BEFORE!

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—with a Plug Bait Go into the thickest lily pads, rushes and among snags, where the big lunkers lie. You won't get snagged and you'll hook your strikes as surely as with treble-hook baits. Try one! It's guaranteed.

Heddon "NO-SNAG – RIVER-RUNT-SPOOK"
(TRANSPARENT)

"See the Ribs"

It's a deadly "hooker-and-holder" due to new combination of hook arrangement, embracing rigid attachment of hook to bait body, lateral extension of points of hooks outside of the width of body, plus readily deflectable weed guard. All standard colors, including Heddon "Shore-Minnow" Finishes. Price, $1.25.

It's More than a fine Steel Rod
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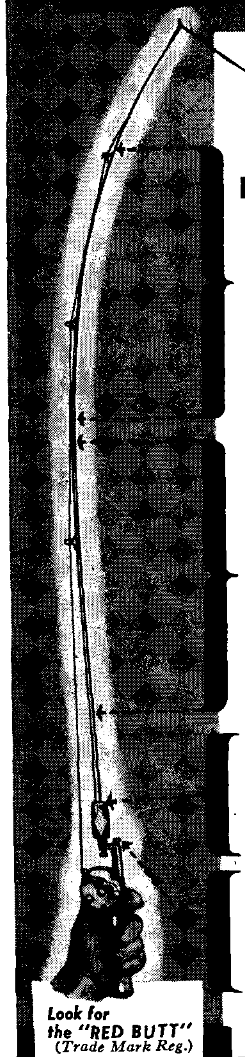

3 Patented Features:

1 Thinning Wall Toward Tip with Straight Grain

Thinner Wall Here
—where you need flexibility. You'll like the noticeable "tip-lightness" of a Heddon "Pal", —its perfect "Feel", Balance and Action.

Thicker Wall Here
—at the lower portion of the tip, where greatest strain is concentrated. This sensible distribution of steel gives extra Strength and Power where needed most.

2 Non-Sticking Ferrule
A positive tip-joint Locking Ferrule with easy, tapered fit. Prevents sticking ferrules. Easy to take apart. Won't work loose nor turn in use.

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Holds all standard Reels securely. No play . . . no rocking. Can't come loose while fishing. Reel easily taken off by turning locking screw.

See the Heddon "Pal," at your Dealer. Several models, various lengths, — "Light," "Medium" and "Sturdy" actions. Write for Free Catalog. Address Dept. C-41 (306)

Look for the "RED BUTT" (Trade Mark Reg.)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS DOWAGIAC MICHIGAN

pliers, leading-edge rollers, horizontal shapers, large radial drills, stretchers, grinders, large and small crank presses, whole batteries of machines for cutting out small hand screws or rivets. Many of these had to be specially designed, ordered, built and delivered before you could begin to build your airplane.

Nor is tooling all of the setup necessary for top-notch plane making. Larry shows you his X-ray and physical testing laboratory, where Physicist Robert C. Woods and his colleagues read the internal secrets of materials that go into the P-39. Not every inch of every plane is X-rayed. With some of the most important parts such inspection is 100 per cent. With parts not considered key factors, it may be only 20 per cent. One significant usefulness of the X-ray laboratory—and one not generally talked about—is for sabotage detection. Every internal bolt, pin or casting through failure of which the plane might be crippled is X-rayed. Microscopic gas pockets, hair cracks, uneven distribution of alloying elements will show on the film when metal castings are viewed from every conceivable angle; so will such things as bent pins or rivets, accidental or malicious.

Brine spray baths probe the P-39's ability to withstand corrosion. Electrical galvanometers sensitive enough to count the number of electrons darting around in a casting help Physicist Woods "gauge the metal's potential strength in its battle with rain, wind and other adverse weather." An impact pendulum finds out how the metal will bear sudden, heavy blows. A tensile machine learns whether fittings can take the grueling punishment to which a pursuit plane, hurtling nearly 400 miles an hour through space, is subjected.

### Industry Copies Nature

"All expensive but necessary," says Larry Bell, "to guarantee American boys not only the finest but the safest planes in the world. You know it's possible to assume a situation in which the fate of a nation might hang on a 30-second dogfight. Maybe you're beginning to see why mass plane production is a distinct and separate problem and can't be measured by production figures of any other industry!"

Two lines move toward great doors from which finished planes emerge as from a cocoon. One line is American; the other British. Practice, reminiscent of automobile factories you've seen, has subassembly lines flowing at right angles into the successive stages of the main line. This, of course, is the principle of all mass-production lines, inspired by and copied from the original mass-production line of nature—the big river, fed by tributaries which are in turn nourished by smaller tributaries.

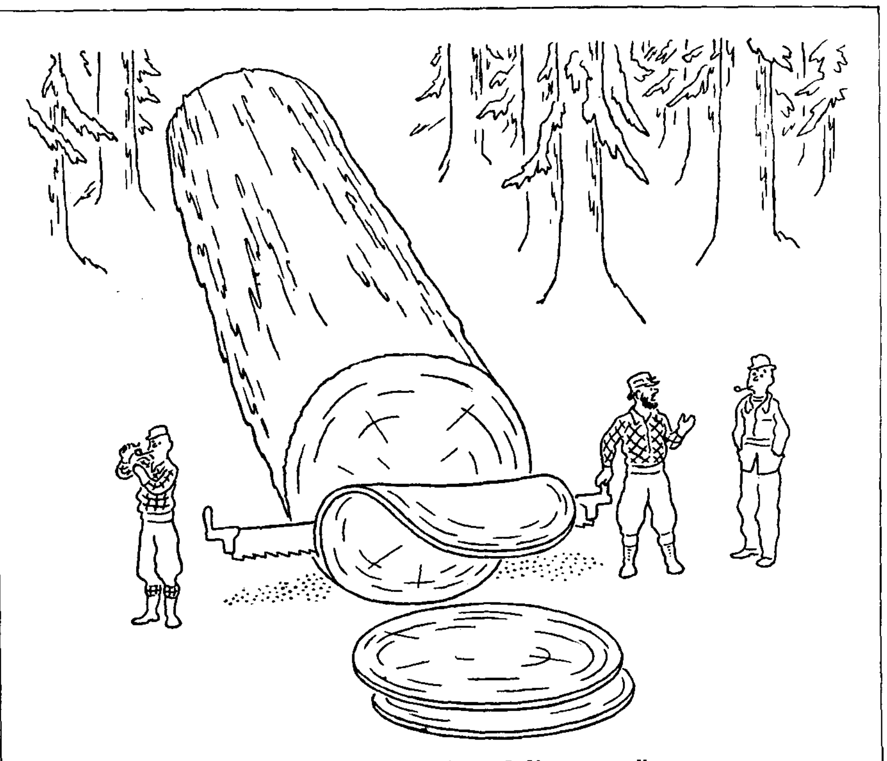
Bell's experience since the "spring of Dunkirk" is typical of American plane builders. Less than a year ago his Elmwood Avenue shop in Buffalo used 200,000 square feet with 1,200 employees. Now it utilizes half a million feet, with 5,500 employees. While 15 miles away, at Niagara Falls airport, he is building an assembly plant of 250,000 feet that will employ 3,000.

### "Bell's Hells"—the Airacobra

The product of this war-bird hatchery is known as P-(for pursuit) 39 in the unromantic Army files, but as the "Airacobra" to the workers who build it and the young Air Corps officers who fly it. That's an apt name when you compare the relative capacities for spewing poison from their snouts of the most dreaded jungle viper and this killer-diller of the clouds. Word has come back from Europe's war that pilots of *both* sides—but for different reasons—have nicknamed these handy little snake-nosed made-in-Buffalo packages of sudden death "Bell's hells." Which, in fact, was just what Larry meant from the beginning of his whole idea: a pursuit ship built frankly around the biggest possible fire power—miniature hells.

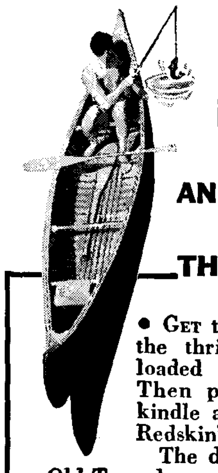
Pursuits, up to lately, were accepted as "flying machine-gun squads." Bell decided to step one thought upward to "flying light artillery." That is one of the two major reasons for the radical design of the Airacobra, which has the engine behind the pilot with a long drive shaft passing under the cockpit to spin the propeller up front. The drive is so geared that the prop hub remains hollow. With the engine out of the way, a 37-mm. cannon is mounted in front of the pilot and fired through that hub.

There are two .50-caliber machine guns here in the nose, too; but they are synchronized to fire through the propeller. A machine gun can be so arranged because it fires a penetrative, not explosive, missile. If synchronization gets out of whack, as sometimes happens, the only harm is a nicking of the propellers. But light air cannons,



"He used to work in a delicatessen"

NED HILTON



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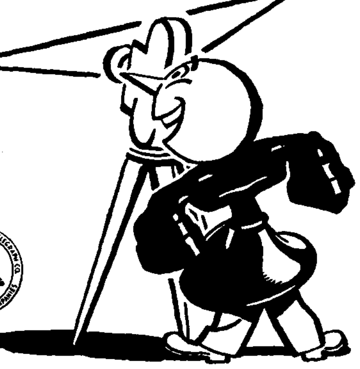

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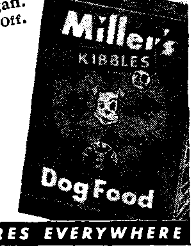

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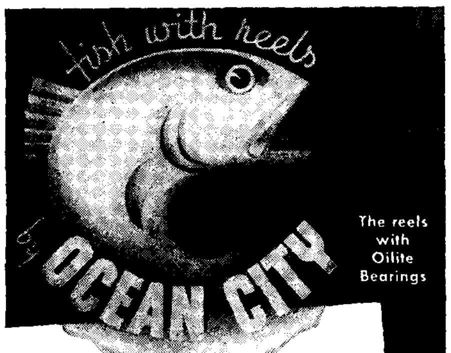

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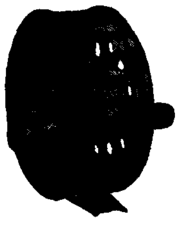

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With Silent Adjustable Drag and Split-Second Take-Apart, combined with its many other features, makes it the outstanding Fly Reel of the season. Price, $3.50 for the 80 yd. size; $4.00 for the 100 yd. size. Other "Fly Reels by Ocean City" from $1.25.

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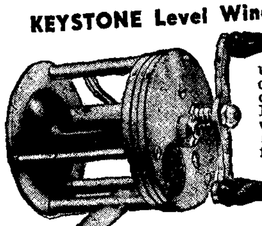

A sensational new popular priced reel of tournament quality. With Duralite spool which surpasses any other type for marvelous casts, with practically no backlash. New abuse-resisting construction and many other features. Price, $6.00. Other bait casting "Reels by Ocean City" from $1.15.

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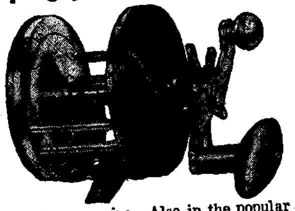

The popular salt water reel with a star drag. Crammed full of exclusive features to make fishing more fun. Made in seven regular sizes from 100 yds. to 600 deep sea size. Also in the popular lightweight wide spool shape for surf casting. Prices from $5.50. Other salt water "Reels by Ocean City," $1.75 to $125.00.

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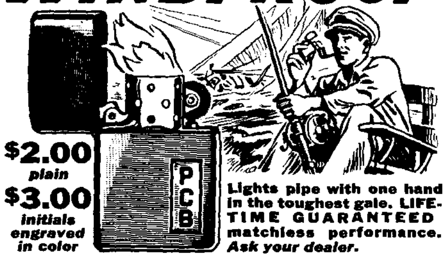

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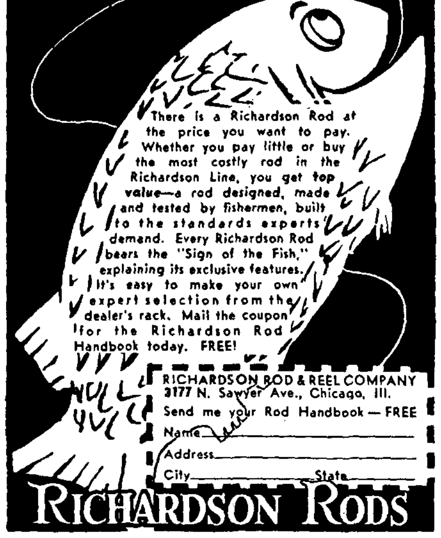

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either 20 mm. or 37 mm., cannot be synchronized, or timed, to fire through the whirling blades of the propellers for the reason that they fire explosive shells. If their synchronization got off and a shell ever so slightly ticked the propeller—goodby!

The Airacobra, in addition to its complement of machine guns and ammunition, will carry 30 shells or "rounds" of 37-mm. size, or 80 to 120 rounds of 20-mm. Each 37-mm. shell weighs four pounds and is enough to blast the largest bomber right out of the sky.

The second major reason for the design of the Airacobra is visibility. The pilot is away up front where he can look down over the wing and has the whole firmament in his eye.

The Airacobra has another feature that you haven't seen much on pursuits heretofore, although it is now standard on some of the light and heavy bombers, and experts believe it will become as commonplace in aviation as the four-wheel brakes on automobiles. It is a tricycle landing gear—the third wheel being up front, under the nose, where it prevents nosing-over accidents and permits higher landing speeds.

"After all," says Larry, of his controversial 9-foot-long crankshaft, "I've simply introduced into air engineering a practice old and completely accepted in automobile and marine engineering. But it's a departure from plane tradition and that always frightens some. You're going to see banks of motors inside wings of great bombers and commercial airliners before long, with drive shafts, direct and with right-angle turns, operating propellers far removed from the power plants.

### Airplanes Have Personality, Too

"Personally, I don't think any American plane builders should give a darn what any other builder here or in any foreign country is building. I figure our only real rivals are the laws of aerodynamics. The only competitor who should keep any of us on our toes is the airplane itself. If I had reason to believe planes would fly better backward or with the wings sticking up and down out of the fuselage instead of from its sides, then I'd build 'em to fly backward or lopsided."

Airplanes are like automobiles in the sense that horses and friendships are broken up by arguments over the respective merits of favorite types. Even line squadrons in the Air Corps will bicker about the various makes of Army planes. So when you try to get Larry to sound off by asking him, "Which is the best pursuit plane in the world?" it's a surprise, full of interest to us laymen, when he tells you:

"There is no such 'bird.' Perhaps you can say with truth that one ship has the heaviest armament, another the best visibility. That this one has five or six miles better speed, and that one has most protection for the pilot. But it all resolves down to general all-round performance. This in turn breaks up into a hundred intangibles.

"In a certain dogfight at a certain hour of the day under certain weather conditions any one of a dozen leading pursuits of all nations might be momentarily 'best.' But don't let anyone tell you that all planes of the same make, type and model perform exactly alike. Any more than all pilots are alike, even though trained alike. Fighting planes, especially the closely refined and groomed pursuits, are temperamental in the very nature of their precision manufacture. They fool any notion you might have that inanimate materials can't be made into a very animate, high-strung, highly individual instrument.

"Twelve eagles from the same brood

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And fishing is twice the fun it used to be—since outboard motors have taken over the heavy work. You *go* places—miles, if necessary—to fish the likely spots. It's fun going, fun fishing and fun speeding back—if you've got the power a Johnson Sea-Horse gives you!

The new Sea-Horse Streamliners have got what it takes to get you around in a hurry. *And they've got what it takes to throttle down to a steady, all day crawl.* Johnson's exclusive combination of Perfected Alternate Firing and Dual Carburetion gives you a *full* range of s-m-o-o-t-h power flow. That's why you'll go for the medium sized Sea-Horse. It's the sweetest "all-purpose" motor you've ever seen—for trolling, for family use, for thrilling speed!

It has *all* the refinements . . Underwater Exhaust . . Reverse . . Co-pilot Steering . . Synchro-Control . . Ready-Pull Starter and a dozen other quality features—all brought together in a new, beautiful package of streamlined power.

There are 10 great motors in the Johnson line for '41—*seven of them Streamliners.* See your Johnson Dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

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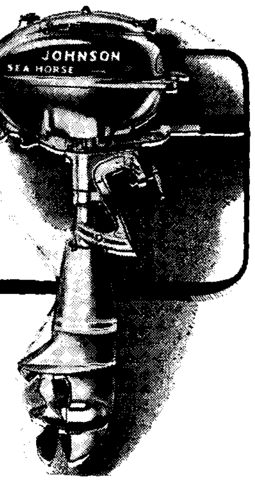
NEW! AMERICA'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL OUTBOARD MOTOR . . MARVELOUSLY COMPACT . . ONLY 42 LBS. COMPLETE WITH READY-PULL STARTER . . 5.0 N.O.A. CERTIFIED BRAKE H.P. AT 4000 R.P.M.



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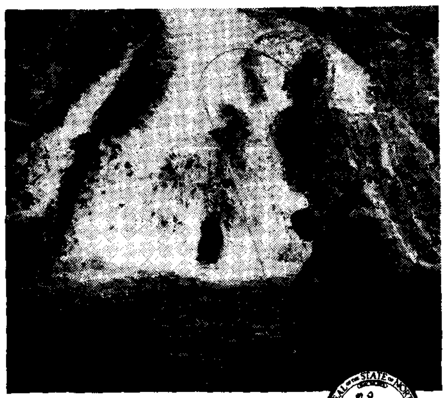

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—how many babies do eagles have, anyhow?—won't perform the same in flight when adult. Twelve planes coming 1-2-3 from the same assembly line won't perform precisely alike an hour after they're in the air. Pilots, ground crews, physical laws of materials, will condition the planes' personalities as much as food and environment conditioned those eagles. The best that any manufacturer of a fighting plane can say is that his product will have a very high average or standard of performance."

Like many Americans who come up the hand-to-mouth-to-doorbell way in our great new industries, Larry's heart is softer than his talk. In his Buffalo plants you will find gray-haired pioneers and molted early birds at humble tasks, all glamor behind them. "Well," bridles Larry, "if the aviation industry can't support now the men who took the big chances—then it's a lousy industry. These fellows are doing useful work. They're an inspiration to the youngsters. They never had the luck some of us had."

### A Lifetime of Aeronautics

Few early birds were earlier than Larry himself. Born in Mentone, Indiana, on April 5, 1894, he was taken to California when still in short pants and high button shoes. Hero-worship lured him from Santa Monica High School, never to return. Larry's heroes were two fliers:

First and always his older brother, Grover Bell. Second, Lincoln Beachey. In 1915, Beachey was killed stunting at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Beachey was the first man to do a loop. Larry thinks, and he's known all the topnotchers, that Beachey was the greatest flier of all time. Grover Bell was killed in a crash on July 4, 1913. A photograph, mellowed by age and enlargement, of Grover at the wheel of his primitive ship is the most prominent and most looked at decoration in Larry's office today.

Larry Bell, at eighteen, got a job with Glenn L. Martin, who was just beginning his own great career. The name of Martin, later Collier Trophy winner, became synonymous with "bomber" and today at Baltimore he has one of the world's largest bomber factories. Then, however, his little undertaking was listed by the puzzled compiler of the Los Angeles Telephone Directory under "Amusements."

Larry's handiness with tools quickly won him the job of shop foreman; his enthusiasm with thoughts and words finally got him the vice-presidency and general managership of the growing Martin company, with whom he stayed sixteen years. In 1928 he moved to a similar job with Consolidated, then at Buffalo. By 1935 Larry had accumulated an immense conviction that he wanted to have his own company and to exploit his own construction ideas. So, when Consolidated moved to San Diego, Larry stayed in Buffalo. Two Consolidated associates, Ray Whitman, assistant general manager, and Robert J. Woods, chief design engineer, shared his faith. (This is another Woods, not Robert C., the physicist.)

Larry and Ray actually rang doorbells throughout Buffalo to sell stock. In the first year they raised enough money to hire 60 workmen (of whom 40 are still with the company) and buy a little secondhand equipment. They scratched along on small contract parts work for other companies while Bob Woods completed his first design—the Airacuda, a revolutionary twin-motor pusher (propellers in rear of wings) fighter.

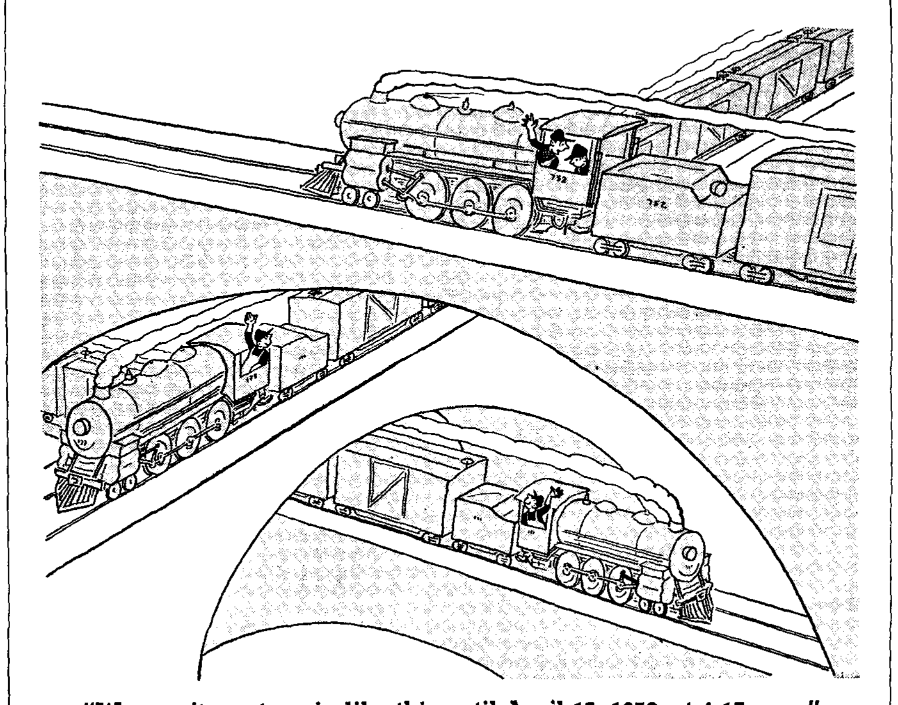
It is interesting to observe that some of Germany's latest fighters—the Messerschmitt 110 and the Focke-Wulfe—are similar types. The Airacuda, of which 13 were built and are now in Air Corps service, bore out Larry's overwhelming passion for heavy fire-power authority. It has two 37-mm. cannons, in addition to nests of machine guns and bombs, operated by a crew of 5.

On the basis of the Airacuda, Bell turned Bob Woods loose on his ideal for a single-motor one-man flying cannon. The result was the Airacobra, or P-39. In April, 1939, the Air Corps finally permitted an admission of the existence of the Airacobra, of which rumors had been circulating in the air forces of the world for more than a year. Bob Woods is busy on a third plane now of which —so sorry, no can tell.

Larry's whole interest remains centered on production of the bird in hand. He says: "I think Bill Knudsen put it just right when he was here. Tipped everybody off on what the only really important thing is—production of airplanes. When he was walking through my plant he saw a small room on one side and he asked me, 'What's in there?'

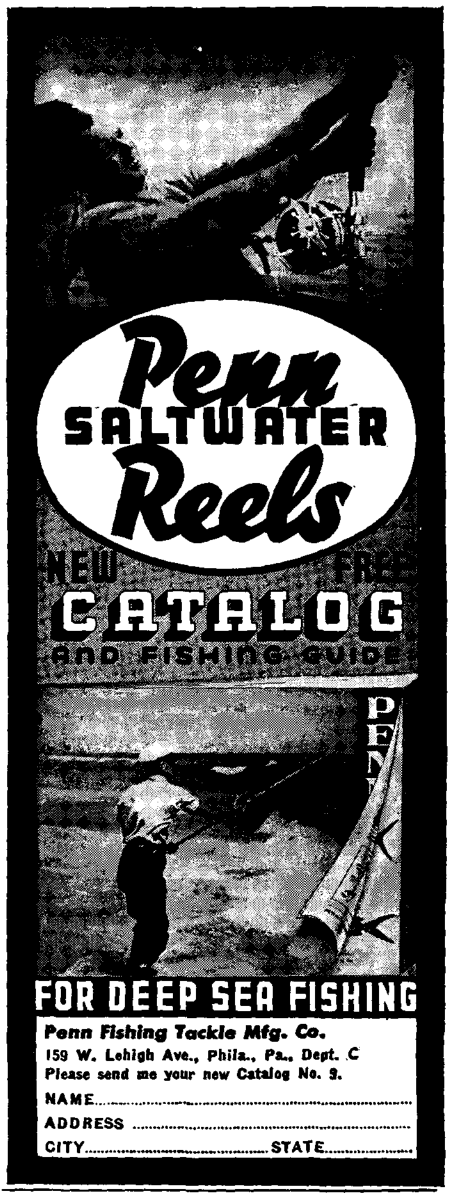
"'The paint shop,' I told him. 'Want to see it?'

"'No—t'anks!' he said, 'If we can build 'em—we can paint 'em!'"



"We won't meet again like this until April 15, 1952, at 4:17 p. m."

DAVID BREGER



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## Giant Jeep

Continued from page 12

beginning of the end of steam traction on railroads. There will be steam engines operating for years yet, but not many more will be built. The last steam switcher has come from the erecting shops. The big high-speed, heavy-duty national-transportation job is being taken over by a prime mover that is more efficient, cheaper to run, faster and which will be, eventually, cheaper to build.

At one stroke, No. 100 can cut fast-freight time from Chicago to the Pacific Coast from six days to four or even three, any time such a schedule is set up. It can start a heavy load faster, swing down the long mountain grades more swiftly, maintain better speed and cut time by eliminating stops. Hauling a train from the Great Lakes to the West Coast by steam requires nine engines, which must make thirty-five stops for fuel and water. No. 100 goes right through with five brief fuel stops.

### Everything Runs in High

Freight movement is comparatively slow in this country because freight trains spend a lot of time "in the hole" on sidings waiting for faster passenger drags to go by. Progressive railroad presidents like Engel of the Santa Fe, Budd of the Burlington and Jeffers of the Union Pacific have been working toward a so-called one-speed railroad, over which everything moves on about the same schedule—and a fast schedule at that. This would eliminate a lot of delay because freights would run as second sections to crack passenger trains, as some of the hot-shot merchandise drags already are running.

The fastest runs in America today are being made by trains with Dieselectric power. Westerners grin at the bragging of Easterners about the sixteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago, about 950 miles. Both the Union Pacific and the Burlington motor-haul trains every day out of Chicago to Denver, 1,025 miles, in sixteen hours—and lift them a mile in the air to boot. No one steam locomotive could do that—although five or six of them might.

Millions of Americans feel affection for the old steam locomotive and its traditional brave engineer up there on his narrow seat, half frozen in winter, half broiled in summer. The white plumes of steam, the billowing of black smoke, the whistle and the bell, the flash and whirl of connecting rods—all these combined to make something heroic and romantic. That is, they do for the layman; for the motive-power department they add up mainly to a continuous headache.

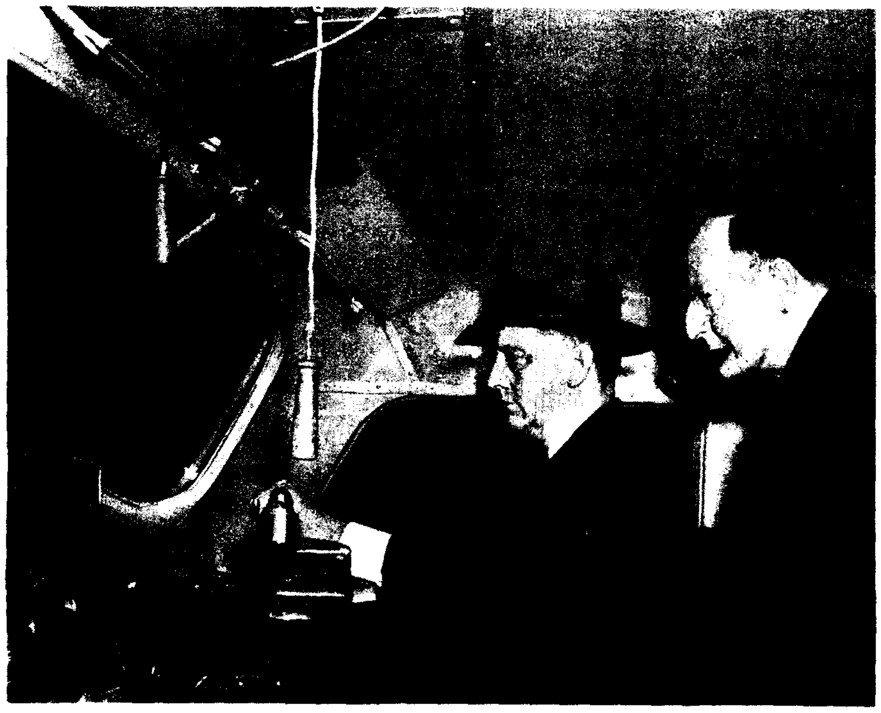
On the other hand, the Dieselectric looks like a steel box sliding along—no steam plumes, no whirling machinery, no chugging—and the air horn doesn't sound like the old chime whistle.

But if you put the old steamer up against a modern motor the old clanker can't compete. It is, at present, a little cheaper to build—but mass-production methods will whittle down that advantage. A locomotive like No. 100 will haul five thousand tons of freight in a hundred cars five hundred miles in ten hours without a stop. It will move a ton a mile for one twenty-fifth of a cent for fuel.

Another advantage the Dieselectric has: It will run continuously over long periods. If anything in a steam engine fails, the train stops. In a motor, if one section goes sour, the other three will haul the train while repairs are being made. A steam locomotive is available for duty only about one third of the time, although on some of the new jobs an availability of sixty per cent is claimed. A Dieselectric is ready for action 95 per cent of the time. One of them hauled the Baltimore & Ohio's Capitol Limited back and forth between Washington and Chicago for 367 days straight. Another sped the Santa Fe's Super-Chief between Chicago and Los Angeles, 2,225 miles each way, for a solid year—and was late only twice because of engine trouble.

You sit comfortably in the control cabin of The Jeep, looking out over her streamlined nose as the steel ribbons slide beneath her and Kansas and Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico flow by. Ahead of you are broad, sloping safety-glass windows like those in your car. The familiar wipers have a slot in them for spreading glycerin over the glass in winter weather.

Across from you sits Jack Burke, who has run engines over every foot of Santa



John Morris (left) Santa Fe's Dieselectric chief, and Dick Dilworth, The Jeep's designer, piloting their baby

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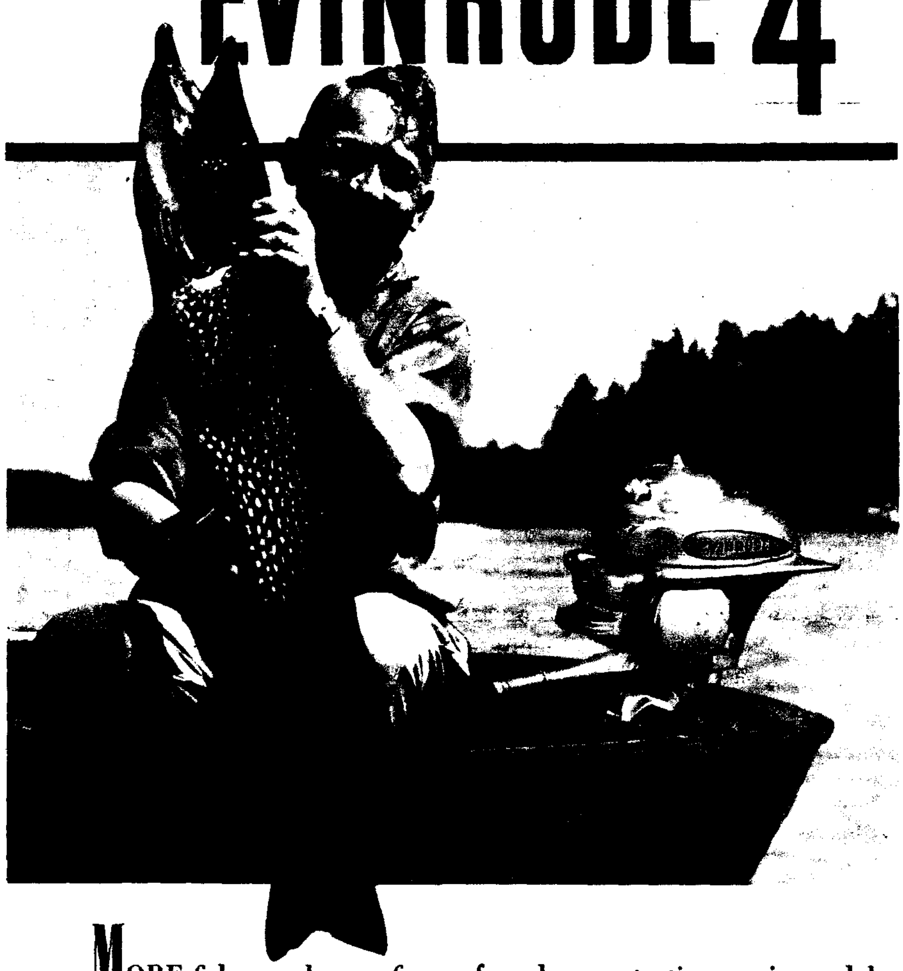

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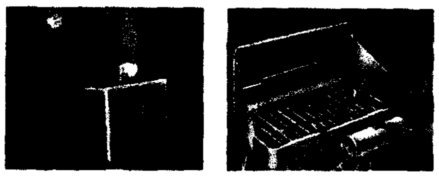

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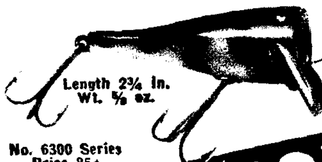
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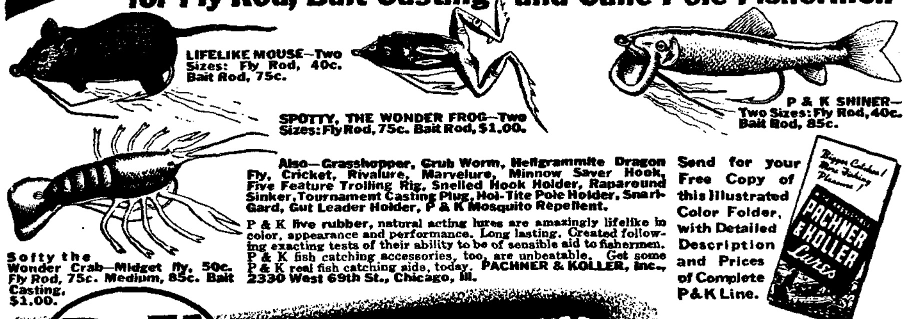

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Fe track. He works *from a softly* padded swivel chair, watching indicators and gauges. Jack doesn't make mistakes—but if he did lights would flash and bells would ring. A needle on an illuminated dial tells him how to set his throttle; lamps warn him if his drive wheels slip, if he has a hotbox, if he is exceeding a predetermined speed. He must keep his foot on a dead-man's pedal, or the train stops.

The cabin is heated by hot-water radiators and is insulated against the roar of the motors so that when from the fireman's seat you call across, "Clear board!" Jack acknowledges the green signal ahead with a conversational: "Clear board!"

Around the streamlined prow of the cabin is a steel ridge. That's an "anticlimber" and it's there so that if The Jeep hits a cow or a car at seventy-five miles an hour nothing will fly up to break windows and injure the crew.

### Sensation of the Countryside

All along the track, as No. 100 rolls by, the folks turn out to watch it and wave at it. School kids are lined up in the little towns and Jack slows her down and yanks at the air-horn cord and sets the bell ringing. Where highway parallels track, automobiles full of people roll bumper to bumper, pacing the train, waving and shouting. At the stops, businessmen, ranchers, high-school kids, coeds and mothers with babies climb The Jeep's steel sides and worm past her thundering motors. All along the track camera fans crouch to get pictures; at night the flashlights go off in quick succession, lighting up the interior of the darkened cab.

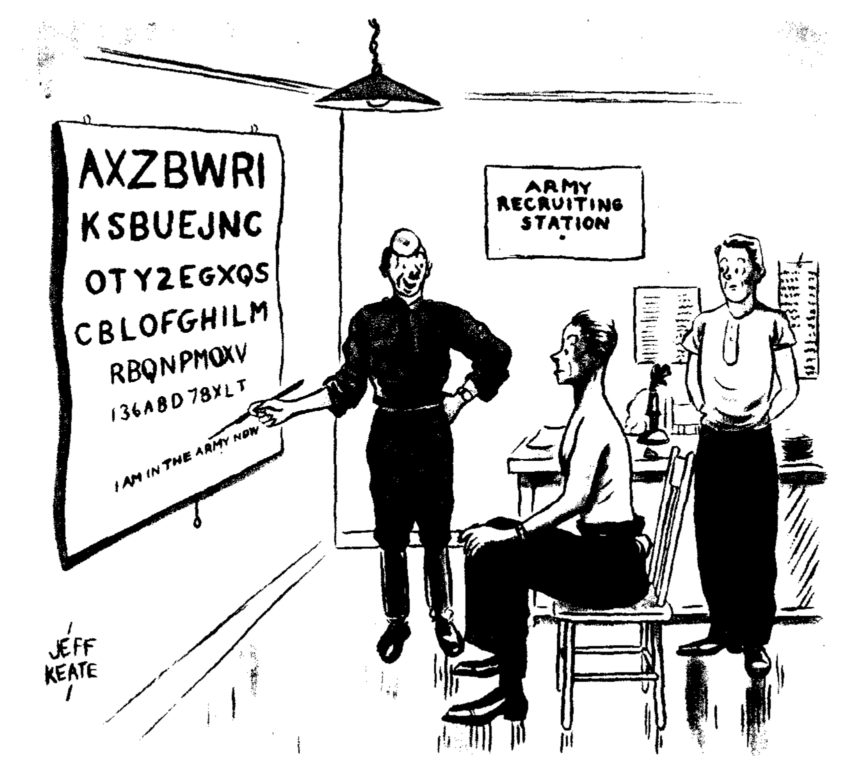
At every stop the kids climb up and ask questions about cylinder bore and scavenger ports and torque and how many miles to the gallon. Merchants want to know how much faster this big hauler will get goods to them from the East, fruit from the coast. Sheepmen and cattlemen figure that, with her easy starts and stops, livestock will arrive at market in better shape. Section foremen grin and say this baby won't pound tracks to pieces the way the hammering mallets did.

Most of the millions who ride streamliners call them "Diesel trains," but they are really electric trains carrying their own power plants, which are Diesel driven. The present locomotives represent *a transition stage:* in the future th power may be all Diesel, or it may b all electric, if someone invents a metho of picking broadcast power out of th air. The old trolley-wire method of getting power is good where traffic is heavy as on the Pennsylvania between Nev York and Washington, but on lon Western runs the Milwaukee road' 600-odd miles of trolleys across th ranges, built thirty years ago, and th Great Northern's short trolley stretc over the Cascades, probably never wil be extended. The rolling-power-plan system has definitely shown itself to b better.

You wonder, perhaps, why the engineers don't drive direct from the Diesels through a clutch, as in your ca Well, they would—if they could find clutch that would work and stand up The electric generators and motors ar in there because they will start a trai from a standstill and a Diesel moto won't, any more than the gas moto could start your car without using th clutch. The engineers don't like all th added expense, weight and complicatio of electric generators and motors, bu they haven't yet found a way to eliminate them. If you can invent a way o doing this you can die rich. Some day someone will do it.

The Dieselectric revolution in freigh moving is the work of three men, backe up by a fourth. It started only ten year ago when Charles F. Kettering of General Motors worked out a two-cycl Diesel in the General Motors Researc Laboratories and in Kettering's yach the Olive K. The result was a new engine first exhibited at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition in 1933. I was small enough to fit into railroa space limitations and powerful enoug to haul a lot of cargo fast.

The new Dieselectric trains that followed were products of the work o practical railroaders, electricians an automobile men. Harold L. Hamilton now president of Electro Motive Corporation, the General Motors subsidiar that builds most of the Diesel jobs, probably should be known as the Daddy o the Diesels. "H. L." was born on a ranc in northern California and at twenty wa firing on the Sacramento division of th Southern Pacific. He tried professiona baseball with the old Pacific Coas League, but came back to his first lov and was a boomer fireman and enginee all over the country, from the Wester



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Pacific to the Florida East Coast. He learned what it took to get trains over the track—and wondered if there wasn't a better way.

Finally, Hamilton quit and went to selling motor trucks for White. Along in 1922 he was Western sales manager, with headquarters at Denver, with the old idea of motorizing the railroad still gnawing at him. Union Pacific and General Electric had played around with gas-electric rail cars, but never had gone very far. Some of the motor-truck boys had tried flanging truck wheels to run on rails, but this hadn't worked well, either. Hamilton hired a part-time draftsman out of his savings and, by and by, he had a gas-electric car of his own, on paper. He took the plans and pounded New York pavements for nine months, raising $50,000 to build the car. It worked. He sold it and built another. Thus Electro Motive was born in Cleveland, Ohio.

When Kettering developed his small Diesel, General Motors took over the old Winton company and Hamilton's concern. Hamilton resigned, but the pull was too strong and he was soon back running his old concern.

### Mass Production for Jeeps

The engineering end of No. 100 comes from Dick Dilworth who, like Hamilton, learned his profession the hard way. Neither ever went to college. Dilworth is a Seattle boy, son of a Puget Sound tugboat skipper—and he learned about gas engines in the Philippines, making them run on gin when gas prices went too high. He got a lot of experience building power plants all over the country and in Mexico, worked for General Electric and finally joined Hamilton in Electro Motive as chief engineer.

Hamilton and Dilworth between them built gas-electric rail cars from 1923 to 1930. When Kettering gave them the new Diesel, they just lifted out the gas engine and dropped in the new one.

Then General Motors sent in Frank H. Prescott from its Delco plant to apply mass-production methods to the new motive power. Prescott is from Muskegon, Michigan, and a graduate of Michigan State. An electrical engineer, he is regarded in the automotive industry as a manufacturing wizard. At Electro Motive's plant at LaGrange, near Chicago, the Prescott system brings in material at one end and rolls locomotives out at the other under their own power on an adaptation of an automobile production line. No. 100 represents only about eighty-four hours of work for the plant.

Hamilton, Dilworth and Prescott started shooting out 600-horsepower, fifty-mile-an-hour switchers, and 6,000-horsepower passenger engines that would make 117 miles an hour. Today, there are more than 700 switchers operating, along with about 130 of the passenger swifts. Baldwin and American Locomotive are building them, too.

For years, back in the minds of Hamilton and his associates was the idea of a freight Dieselectric. Moving freight always was a railroad headache. Trains were slow and had to switch in and out of the main line to let the "varnish strings" go by. Engines had to be refueled and rewatered frequently. Heavy power pounded the track out of line; an engine had to pack along eighty tons of water; even the best locomotives had to get slack in a long string of cars and jerk them, one by one, to a start, causing drawbar breakage and long delays.

So, when they could get a day off from making switchers and passenger engines, Hamilton, Dilworth and Prescott planned a Dieselectric and finally built an experimental engine. They ran this all over the country, without fanfare, in good weather and bad, 83,000 miles over twenty railroads, up heavy grades and

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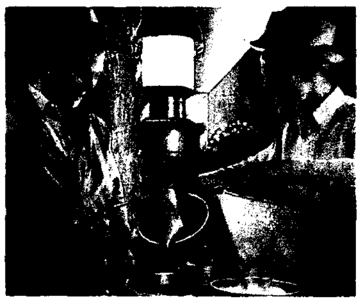

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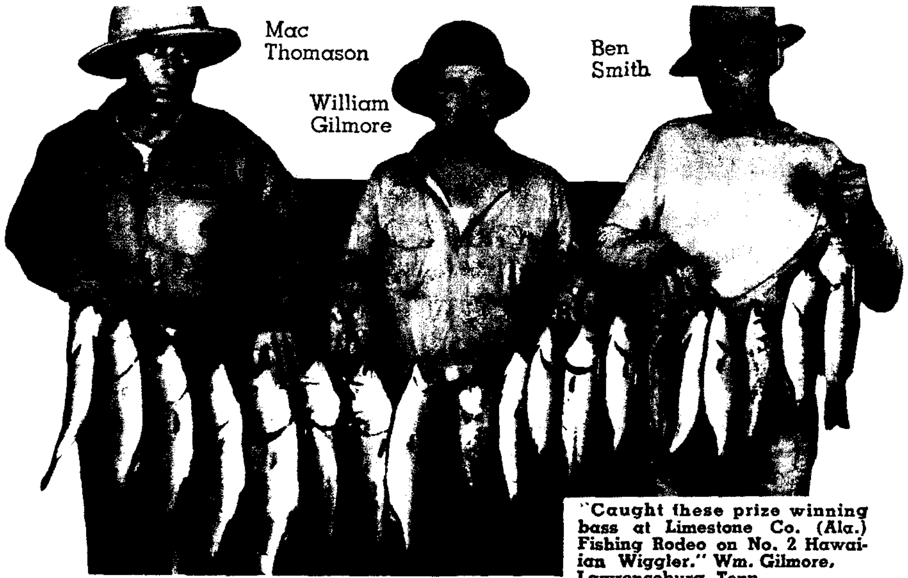

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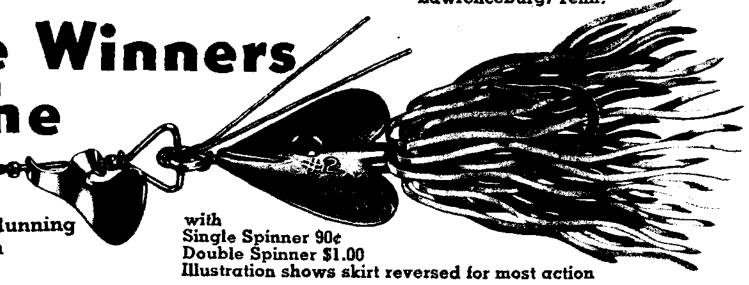

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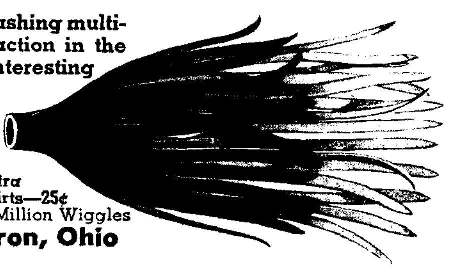

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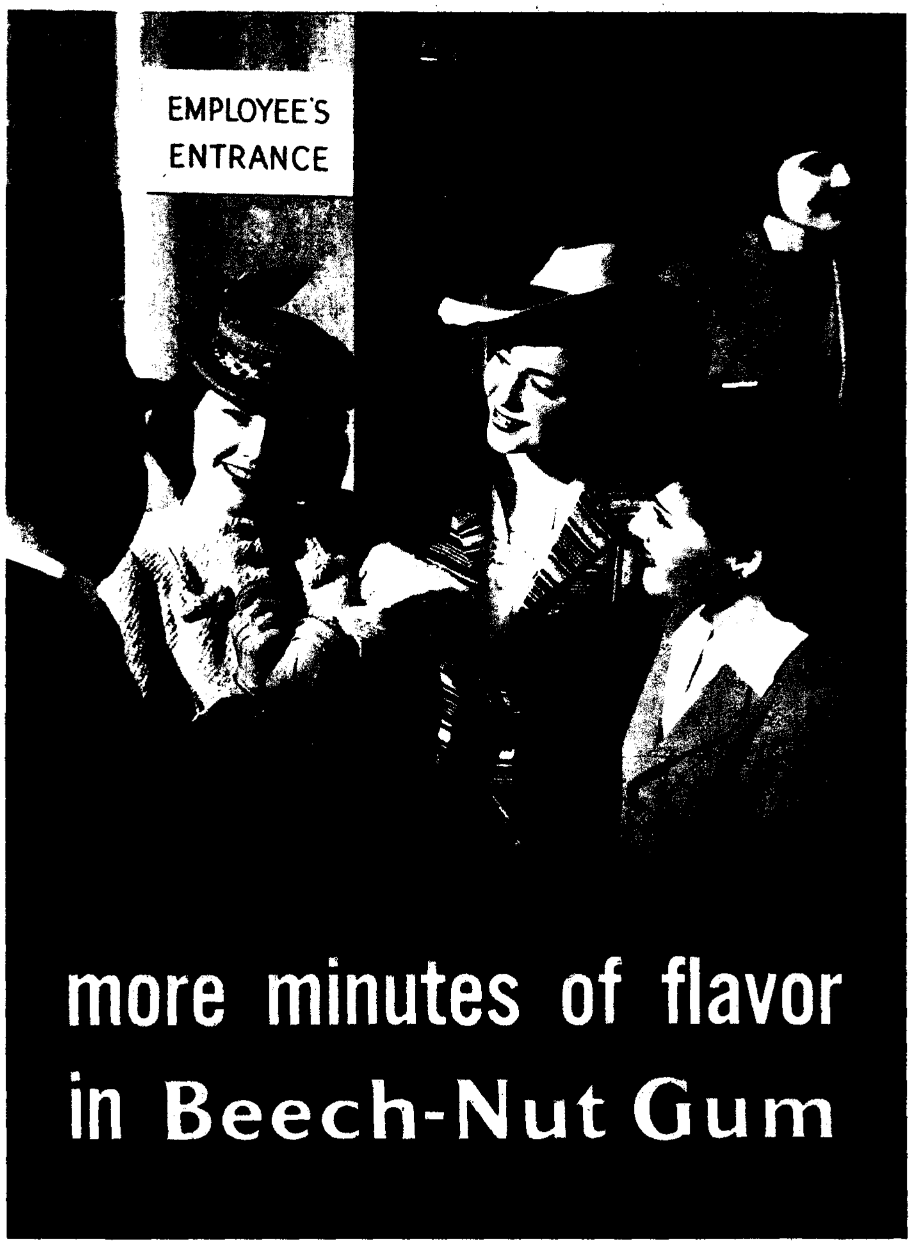

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An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

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They said: more minutes of flavor

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
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Always Refreshing!

down them, with overloads and at excess speeds. Finally, they were a million dollars in the hole—but they had a locomotive that would outpull anything else on wheels—and they knew what was right about it, and where the bugs were. They ran the experiment into the shop and used it as a model for No. 100. They demonstrated No. 100 to the Santa Fe and she sold herself in jig time. There wasn't any argument—the big Jeep outperformed the best steam power the road had, at much less expense of operation.

Hamilton, as an old railroad engineer, remembered that one freight headache was getting a heavy train down a mountain grade. The only way was to use the brakes, run slowly and stop every few miles to let the red-hot brake shoes and wheels cool off. This wore out thousands of brake shoes and ruined wheels, which flaked off. Going downhill was slower and more expensive than going up. Hamilton told Dilworth something ought to be done about it.

### With Power to Waste

And something was. We're up here in the control cab of The Jeep and Jack Burke is letting her down the steep western grade of Cajon Pass toward San Bernardino in California. There isn't a brake on, but the heavy locomotive and her string of fifty cars roll steadily downward at twenty-three miles an hour. She picks up a little on the steeper dips and in front of Jack a light flashes as the speed tops twenty-five. Jack steadies her down with a touch of the air and then releases the brakes again. You look back, around the curves, and not a wheel is smoking. At the foot of the hill, you lay your hand against a wheel—it's cool as a cucumber. And that never happened before on any train coming down Cajon Pass grade.

The secret is the dynamic brake. You set your speed at the top of a hill, flip a switch, and your motors become generators. The drag holds back the train. The dynamic brake has been used on the Milwaukee since 1910, but on this trolley operation the power generated going downhill is fed back into the line and used to haul an upcoming train. In Dieselectric operation the problem was to get rid of the power. This was done by turning it into heat and spilling it over the roof.

This irks Dick Dilworth, because an engineer hates anything inefficient. On The Jeep's run from Chicago to th coast she generated more than fifty-tw hundred horsepower—and wasted i over the prairies and ranges. Some day someone will find a way to use tha power—maybe to refrigerate a frui train.

As the automobile industry slowl takes over the job of supplying motiv power to railroads, it is interesting to se the difference in methods. Each stean locomotive is a bit of a prima donna roads build them in small batches seldom more than twenty or twenty-fiv at a time. Each road has its own idea and so one standard design cannot b used. The Dieselectric builders stic to one master design, as automobil builders do, and make only mino changes to suit the whims of variou roads.

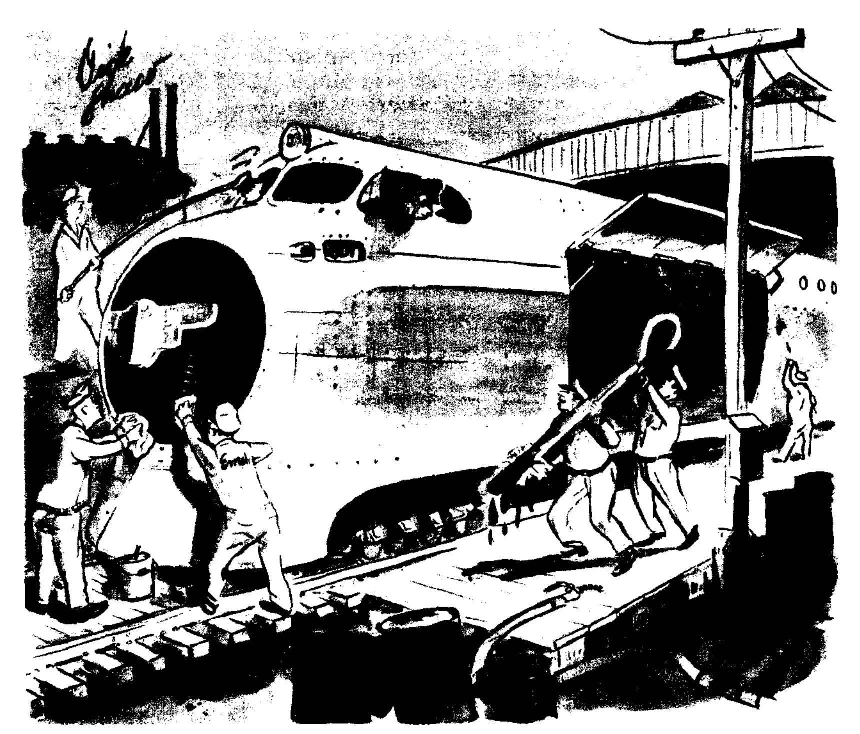
If you want to build a Jeep you firs place sixteen pairs of forty-inch wheel on a track. Then you put sixteen electric motors above them and gear th motors to the axles. Then you add fou generators to make power and fou 1,350 horsepower Diesel motors to ru the generators. You add an electrica system, air and water lines, controls lights, brakes—and even toilet facilities Then you enclose the result in a stee box, put a control cab at each end an cut the thing into four sections, so it wil take sharp curves and make continuou running possible even with one or tw motors out of service.

Then you will have a locomotive 19 feet long, about ten wide and fourtee high. Next time you're downtown wal past fifteen autos closely parked at th curb—that's the length of The Jeep And it has about the same power a sixty average automobiles.

No. 100 brings her freight drag to stop in the Santa Fe yards in Los Angeles, fifty-five hours out from Argentine, Kansas. John Morris tells you he average speed was 32.5 miles an hour—which was limited speed a few years ago Her fuel cost was twenty-five cent a mile. And not a worn brake shoe or flaked wheel on the train, although sh has come down eighty-three miles o mountain grades faster than any freigh trains before—except runaways.

Jack Burke takes his foot from th dead-man's pedal, straightens his tie flicks a bit of dust from his suit an leans back in his swivel chair. He grin at you and says:

"Some engine, Brother!"



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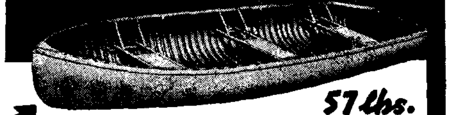
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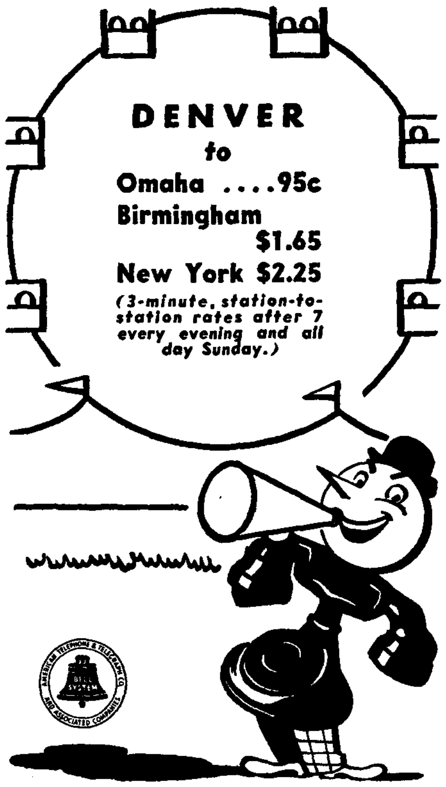
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(3-minute, station-to-station rates after 7 every evening and all day Sunday.)

# The Best of Luck

**Continued from page 16**

you know that what is right is right, no matter how stupid it may seem to others."

It was so close to what he meant that John Kirby did not feel the necessity to add to it, or even to comment on it. It was like the time a year ago when he woke up in the middle of the night, while Cornelia was out dancing somewhere, and saw it plain and sharp before him in an instant that was like a bombshell. He got up, packed a couple of bags and walked out and that was the end, the predestined end, after three years of marriage. He walked out of the big, grand house her father had given them and furnished for them, leaving behind, also, the job, the sinecure, they had forced upon him for the sake of appearances—a vague vice-presidency in the great, proud man's utilities empire.

The old man had been dead against the marriage in the beginning, but once it had been consummated he set about, in his own way, to make a success of it—at least on the surface and according to his own ideas of what constituted a success.

THE girl said, "I often wonder about the people on the road—where they come from, where they're going—and why. I don't mean the kids. The grown people."

"You can be pretty sure it's for one good reason—to find work. Some of them are starting out and I suppose some of them are on the way back to wherever they started from, licked."

She said, "What about you?"

"I was speaking of people in general," John Kirby said.

"Of course," she said, coloring, and bit her lip. Then she smiled. "All right, I asked for it. But anyhow, I know *you're* not licked."

He took a road map out of his pocket, unfolded it and fell to studying it.

"I mean it," she said confidently, with a little toss of her head.

"All right, all right," John Kirby said, smiling.

He folded and put away the map and stared at the fields, the woods, the road ahead, the bare towns through which they passed.

"We're almost there, I guess," she said, after miles of silence.

"Almost." He looked at his watch, his dead father's watch. On the little finger of his left hand was his dead mother's wedding ring.

They drifted through the outskirts of the city and she followed the downtown route markings into the noisy heart of the business and shopping district. She parked diagonally at the side of a hotel.

"You wait here," she said. "I'll not be long."

He swung his suitcase down from the deck. "I'll just go on," he said. "I want to get to the edge of town, so I can get a lift."

"But," she said, "I'm not stopping here. I'm driving through. I'll probably drive till dark and there's no reason why you shouldn't drive with me, is there?"

Walking away down the street, she had a quick, lithe figure. He liked the trim beat of her heels and the way her hair swung. He rubbed the back of his neck reflectively. The sun struck down against the side of his face and he moved over behind the wheel, in the shade. It would be nice riding with her the rest of the day, but he hoped she wouldn't ask him about himself any more. And if she did, he hoped that he wouldn't let go.

He was lighting a cigarette when two

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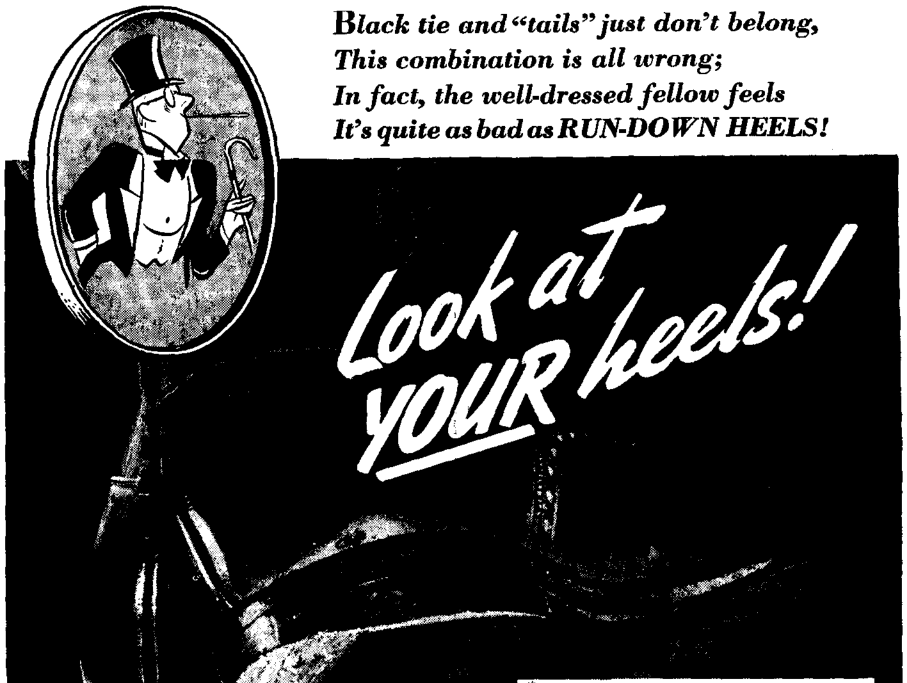
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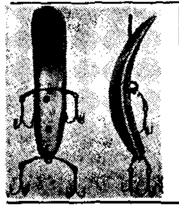
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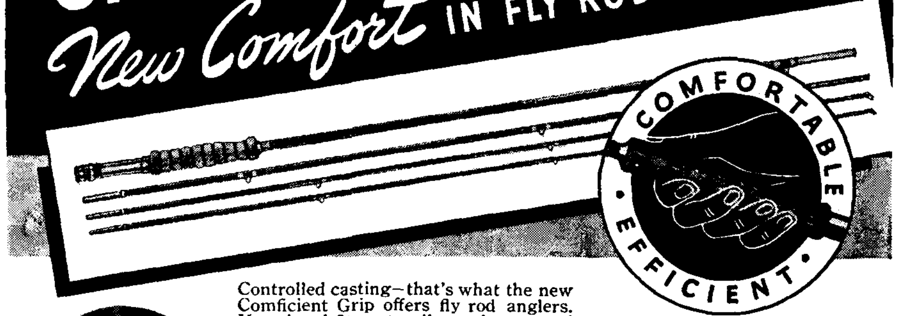
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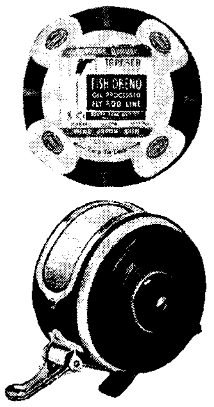
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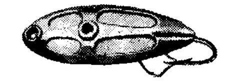
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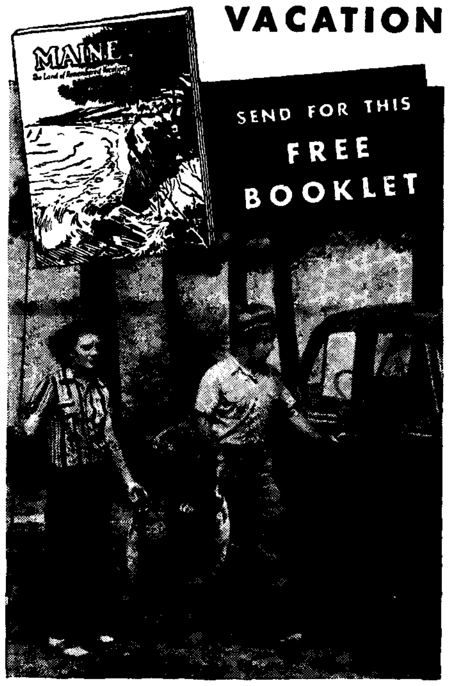
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policemen appeared, one on either side of the car and each with his hand resting on a holstered revolver.

"Okay," one of them said.

"Okay what?" John Kirby said.

They took him to police headquarters, one of them driving the roadster, and he carried his suitcase into the building. A sergeant joined them, and from their opening remarks John Kirby gathered that the car had been stolen in another city that morning. The sergeant directed a clerk to inform the police of that city that the car had been recovered. To a plain-clothes man he said:

"See what's in the suitcase, Happy. You, Mike, go out and see if there's anything in the rumble. You," he said, turning to John Kirby, "what's your name?"

The sergeant was all right—blunt, impersonal, going through a routine automatically. John Adams Kirby, age twenty-seven, unemployed, no residence, in transit to Colefax, Mass.

"Who's in Colefax?"

"Nobody, now. I was born there. My folks lived there till they died."

"What are you going to do in Colefax?"

"Work, I hope. A job."

"Why'd you steal the car?"

"I didn't steal the car. I was a passenger in it. I got a lift in it."

One of the policemen said pointedly, "He was sitting behind the wheel. Him. Nobody else."

"Look," Mike said, coming in with two black leather handbags, half open. "A dame's stuff."

The clerk called across the room, "That guy that had his car stolen is grabbing a plane. He'll be here in a couple of hours."

"Two bags full of dame's stuff," Mike said, setting them down on a table. "In the rumble."

"Who is she, son?" the sergeant asked.

"I don't know."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"Listen, son," the sergeant said. "This isn't getting anybody anywhere. We can pick her up easy enough, if she tries to hike out of town."

"I don't know what her name is and I don't know where she is and I don't think she stole that car."

"Mike," the sergeant said, "go down where you picked the car up and if you see a girl hanging around, pick her up and bring her over." He looked at Kirby. "What you better do, boy, you better sit down and think things over. Take him in back, Happy."

THEY put him in a cell and he lay down and thought about it, carefully, step by step, and he didn't think she had stolen the car. But the car was stolen, wasn't it? And no matter what you thought or believed, you were found in it, sitting behind the wheel, and so you are left holding the bag. But she didn't steal it. And now she'll think you stole it. So what does it matter what a stranger thinks about you? He rolled over with his face to the wall.

Somebody was shaking him awake and when he sat up it was dark outside and lights were on and Mike had a tray of food.

"When you finish eating that," Mike said, "come out to the desk," and he left the cell door ajar as he went out.

John Kirby ate slowly, thoughtfully, and when he stood up he felt marvelously refreshed, thankful for the food and the sleep. He put on his tie, then his coat, and brushed his hair back with the palms of his hands. Then he went out to the desk.

The sergeant said, "You can shove off now, if you want, or you can spend the night here and shove off in the morning. Here's a dollar and five cents she left for you."

"I'll shove off now," John Kirby said, picking up the money.

"She asked me to ask you to phone her. Her name's May Verney. She's at the Bridge Hotel. You can use this phone."

John Kirby shrugged. "Thanks. I'll just shove off."

"Norman Verney's her father. He was the one reported the car stolen. Apparently he'd given her the car a year ago but registered it in his own name. He sent out the report to head her off. She was running away. He was here a couple of hours ago and took her over to the Bridge."

"I guess she thought I stole it," John Kirby said.

The sergeant nodded. "I guess she did."

"You straightened it out about me, didn't you?"

"Of course. Why don't you give her a ring?"

"So long as it's all straightened out," John Kirby said, "there's no more to it." He picked up his bag. "Well, so long, and thanks."

"So long, son. Good luck."

JOHN KIRBY walked out and saw the street lights blinking among tall, waving trees. The air was bland and mild and across the street was a small park. Beyond the park he could see a large, bright, busy square. He crossed the street, intending to cut through the park and get his bearings at the square.

"I thought maybe you wouldn't ring," she said as she moved away from a tree. She was carrying one of the black handbags.

"Hello," he said.

"My father thinks I'm in bed at the hotel. I slipped out, though. And I brought just one bag."

"Take your bag and go back."

"I'm terribly sorry there was such a mix-up. It's my car, really. He gave it to me. But the registration is his and he says that if I try to drive it on he'll do the same as he did here—have me picked up. In getting away this morning, I forgot my purse. I pawned a ring here, this afternoon. I have twenty dollars now—almost."

"You're crazy. Go home."

"I have a good friend, a girl I went to school with, in New York. She works in a department store. She can get me a job there, she says. I'm going there, if I have to walk all the way. I can't live home any more. It's too much."

He was harsh because he felt he had to be: "I don't care anything about your home life. I don't want to know anything about it. Goodby."

"Goodby," she said. "But couldn't I at least walk to the edge of town with you? Isn't that the best place to hitch a ride?"

He turned angrily on her: "What are you talking about? A girl like you can't go hitching rides."

She said quietly, "I left a note for my father. I said I was taking a bus."

"Well, take a bus."

"I haven't got enough money. I really got only fifteen dollars for the ring. But I'm not turning back. If you'll just tell me which way is to the edge of town, I'll be ever so grateful."

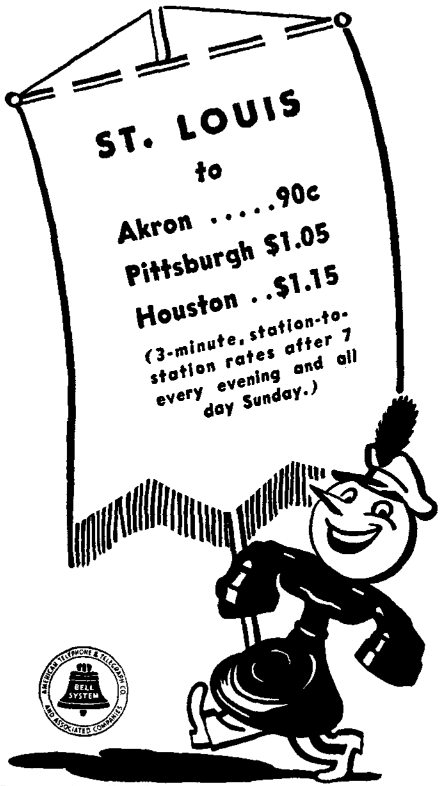
He said, "Go to that square over there and pick up the route marking or ask a cop."

"Thank you. Goodby."

"Goodby."

AT THE edge of the city, out among the filling stations and sandwich joints, John Kirby set his brown suitcase down beside her black one and said, "All right, Miss Verney, you asked for it."

"I wish to assure you, Mr. Kirby, that I'm perfectly able to take care of myself and don't need your help."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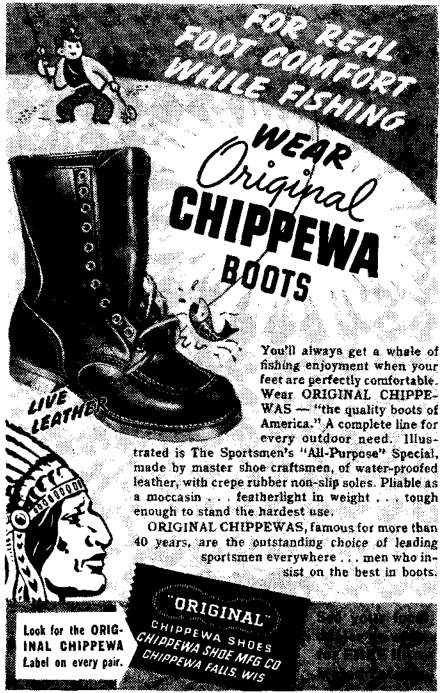

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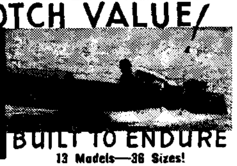

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Box 16, Ashaway, Rhode Island

ASHAWAY FISHING LINES GET MORE FISH!

"You hung around outside the police station just to kill a little time."

She dropped her chin and turned a little away from him. "I know," she said. "It's unfair to you. I hung around because I felt it would be much easier, and much safer, traveling with you than traveling alone. What's the use of my pretending?"

He said, "Come on. Here's a truck pulling up."

"I'm awfully sorry—"

"You're crazy. He's stopping. Come on."

They rolled along in silence. Near midnight the driver dropped them off in the center of a village and they stood and watched the truck swing off the main highway and vanish down a winding road, its changing gears loud and savage in the stillness of the little town.

"I guess everybody's asleep," she said.

"There's a light up the street that looks like a tourist home."

They walked three blocks, their footfalls startling in the warm, lazy hush. John Kirby pointed to a lighted sign: Rooms 50¢.

"There you are," he said. "Happy dreams."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Nights like this, clear and warm, I sleep out."

She touched his arm. "Why should you? I have enough to spare."

He laughed. "Quit it. Good night."

"Will—will I see you in the morning?"

He stood for longer than a minute staring up the street, not wishing to commit himself, because in the morning he might get up and hike out in a hurry. She turned away and followed the walk to the front door and he heard a bell ring inside. There was a tight feeling in his throat as he watched her step into the house. He went on his way, shaking his head.

Wrapped in his raincoat, he lay down beneath a tree, wondering why he worried about her at all. Who worried about him? Where in all the wide world was there anybody, any one person, who gave a damn what happened to him? Why had Cornelia married him, really? Probably because her father had been so dead against it. "We'll show him if he can run our lives, darling!" She was smart, she was beautiful and she was cunning. And once it was done, once they were married, she said: "Don't worry, darling. I know how to handle him. I learned from Mamma." And she knew, all right. "But, Papa, what will people say if they see us scrimping? They won't blame us. They'll blame you."

So then it all came, the big house, the expensive furniture, the surge and sweep of gifts—and then the job, the sinecure. "Because, darling, what do you get out of this business of being nursemaid to a lot of dogs and cows and pigs? You were up with that farmer's cow all night last week—and my birthday party, of all times. Don't you see, sweetheart? For my sake?"

John Kirby sat up and laughed a little. Why, this, all this, even having to sleep out at night, was better than all that. She had divorced him almost immediately and within a month had remarried, a bankrupt Polish title of some kind—a man old enough and sensible enough to do the things a wealthy wife wished him to do. John Kirby lay down again, watching the stars among the branches overhead.

FINE mornings, when the sun lifted clear and you heard birds, and the sweet morning smell was in your nostrils, you felt like a million. In front of the tourist home, John Kirby sat on his suitcase with his back against a tree. He was whistling and haphazardly keeping time with his feet.

When she came out, walking toward him on her slim, pretty legs, he said, "It's a good idea to get started earlier. Get a person just starting out, with a good breakfast under his belt, he's apt to feel good-natured and expansive—and pick you up."

"I guess I never expected to see you here," she said. She looked around happily. "Isn't it a wonderful day?"

"Have you eaten?"

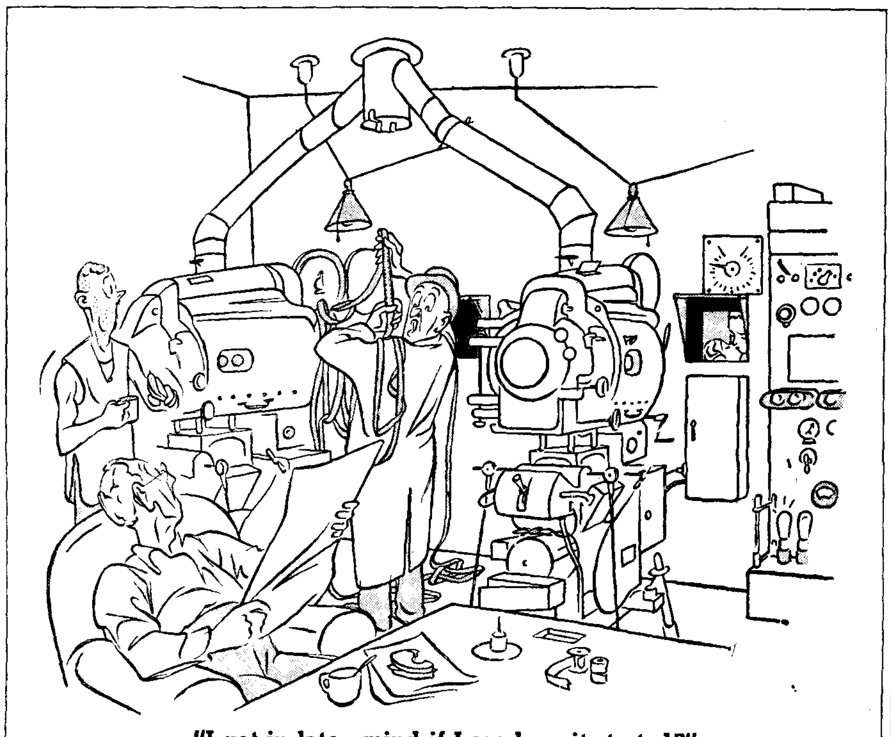
"No. I saw you out here and hurried to get dressed."

"We'd better eat."

Getting rides, now, wasn't going to be so easy. A driver might take a chance on picking up one, but he'd think twice before picking up two, especially a girl and a man. She didn't realize that, of course, and John Kirby didn't tell her. They got nothing but short hauls that day. Six rides added up to little more than a hundred miles and the last, after dark, left them on a long stretch of highway between towns. It had begun to drizzle.

The farmer who had given them the ride said, "There's a big crossroads about half a mile."

They got out and John Kirby said, "Thanks a lot," and they moved out of



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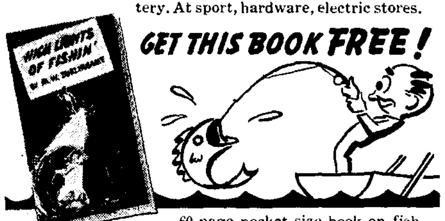

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the way so that the farmer could turn his truck into his driveway. Chains on the tailboard clanged as the truck bounced over a narrow log bridge. Then the truck stopped and the farmer's voice came through the darkness: "Say. You could spend the night here. The rain and all. You're welcome to what we got."

"Well . . ." John Kirby looked ahead and saw nothing but darkness, low and murky in the drizzle, and not a light anywhere. He called out, "If you're sure it won't put you out."

"Won't put us out. I guess that crossroads is more than a mile. Maybe two."

He could have gotten rid of us, John Kirby thought, but something inside him troubled him.

AT TABLE, the farmer was a gaunt man who ate in a heavy, shy silence while his wife, small and birdlike, flew and fluttered about. Now the rain was drumming on a tin roof and clicking against the windowpanes.

The woman said, "That davenport in the parlor will be comfortable, I guess. It pulls out for two and my son and daughter-in-law use it when they come down."

May Verney, blushing, put her hands under the table and John Kirby swallowed, though there was nothing in his mouth.

"You haven't been married long, I guess," the woman said.

"No," May Verney said, then added, "No—not very long."

John Kirby ate in silence, feeling the woman's troubled, uneasy gaze divide itself between them. When she went to the stove to get more coffee, John Kirby slipped his mother's ring off his finger and passed it beneath the table to May. She put it on, taking a deep breath. In the light, it gleamed when she passed the bread, and the woman, pausing with the coffeepot, seemed relieved.

In the parlor, with the door closed, May stared at the window and said, "If it stopped raining, we could move on."

"It won't stop." He stretched out in a faded Morris chair. "This will do for me. You can turn out the light whenever you're ready."

She sat by the window for a long time and presently she was aware of his heavy, regular breathing. He was asleep and she smiled at him. In a little while she undressed and got into bed. When she woke up, the sun was shining and he was not in the room. She washed her hands and face at the kitchen sink.

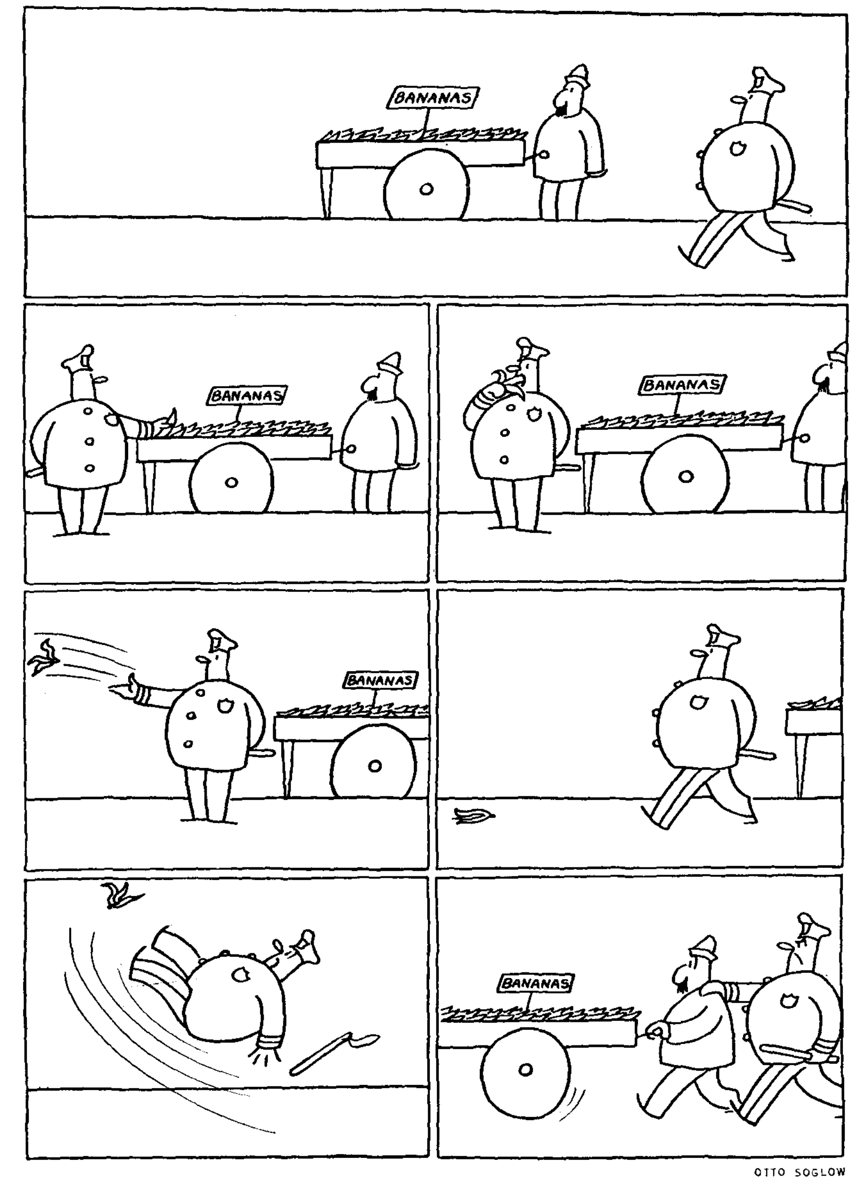
"They went to the drugstore," the woman said. "My husband was up most of the night with the mare. She's bad. They'll be back soon. We're mighty lucky, having your husband help us. Doc Enright is away to the coast, deep-sea fishing. It's always the way."

May said, "Oh," and ate in a fog of bewilderment. She was outside, in the warm sunlight, when the truck returned.

John Kirby took her aside. "His mare's in terrible shape and I'm going to see what I can do. He's been unable to get a vet. I don't know how long I may be here. Maybe a couple of days. The poor guy's sunk and I can't leave him and this is something I know something about. Look," he said, taking hold of her hand; "why don't you turn back?"

"I couldn't." She shuddered a little. "No, I couldn't. It took me two years to work up to this. It's his wife, and he loves me and I love him—but I'm the person in the middle and I get it from both sides. I'll wait here. Do you mind so much if I wait here?"

He looked at her gloomily and walked



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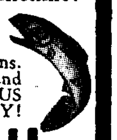

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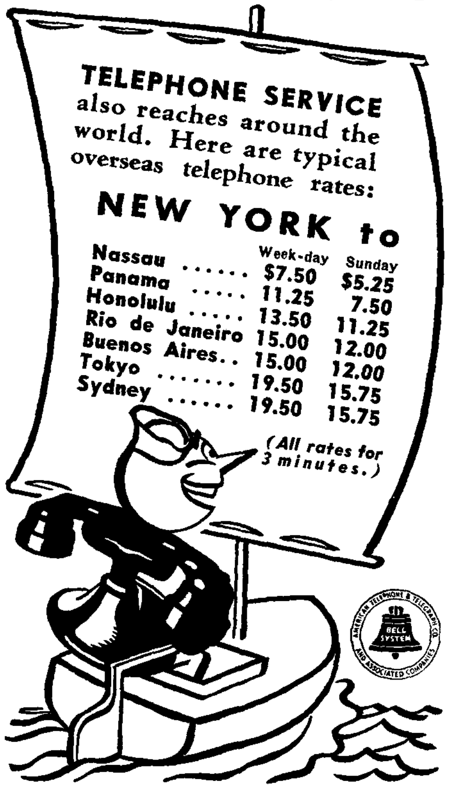

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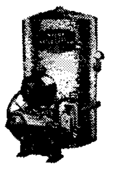

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away, troubled by something vague and elusive that was trying to take form within him. She went inside and helped with the housework. At noon, the men ate in silence, their faces grave; and all afternoon they were out in the barn. After supper, John Kirby said:

"I'll sleep in the barn tonight," and when she looked at him he dropped his eyes.

"I'll sleep there," the old man said.

"I'd rather," John Kirby said, his jaw firm. "I—I want to be near the mare." He remembered seeing May Verney in bed in the dim, morning light. He remembered seeing her, one arm thrown out, her breasts rising and falling tranquilly in sleep. And standing for a minute, stealing a long minute in the dim light, he had thought of May Verney in connection with his plan. Back in a land he knew, in a town he knew, working at a job he knew and loved, a man, a young man, stood a good chance. All his equipment was stored there. He had played with the idea, touched it tentatively, for months. But something about May Verney had given it a new aura of reality.

When he took his blanket out to the barn she went with him.

"Will you be comfortable here?" she asked.

"Fine." He moved deeper into the barn, carrying the lantern, leaving her in the doorway. "Old girl," he said, patting the mare.

She went back to the house, crying a little, not very loud.

There was that night and there was another night. The days were windy and bright, with birds wheeling.

JOHN KIRBY took a walk through the fields and May went with him, her hair blowing, her skirt whipping and twisting about her legs. It was in his mind all the time now, sometimes like a quiet, steady river and other times like a roaring waterfall. Suddenly he turned and stared at her.

"I'm not licked," he said. "Not now —I'm not licked."

For a moment she was startled; then she relaxed and pushed her blowing hair out of her eyes. She smiled softly at him. "Of course you're not. You never were."

"Don't be too sure about that part. A lot of times on the road, in the places I've been in, I've wanted to smash somebody—at times, understand, to let myself go, all hog, all the way—and to hell with the consequences. You get bewildered. You get mixed up. You feel terror inside you. You—" He stopped, closing his lips hard, and strode away.

She caught up with him and grabbed hold of his arm. "John, go on, tell me. You want to tell me things, don't you? Isn't there a lot inside you that you want to tell me? Don't be ashamed, John. You've nothing to be ashamed of. You're the most wonderful person I've ever met."

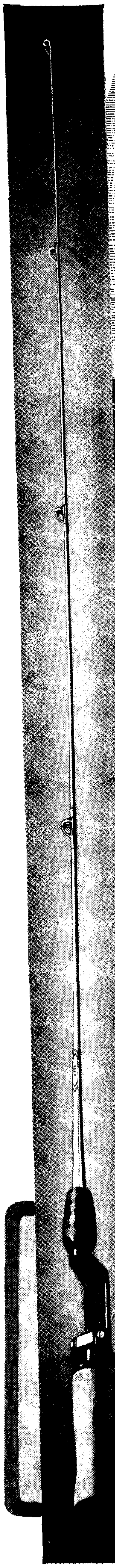
He stopped and wheeled and she ran into him, headlong, and his arms went around her, holding her there, and she pressed her head against his chest. The wind kept blowing her hair into his face, but he didn't want to let her go, not for this long and trembling minute. It was all right, it was clear in his mind and it was straight.

The old man's hoarse voice came out over the fields and John Kirby saw his arms waving, beckoning.

"What is he saying?" May asked, turning away, holding on to his hand.

"He's saying the mare's up. He's saying the mare's walking around. Come on."

They ran across the fields, hand in hand. The old man waved his hat and they waved back at him and shouted again and again.



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# Out of the Ashes

**Wendell Willkie, escorted by the Bishop of Coventry, at the ruins of the bombed Coventry Cathedral. Britain's postwar reconstruction, already planned, will make this site the center of a new Coventry**

WIDE WORLD

IF YOU'RE feeling discouraged about anything under the sun, have a load of this recent British Press Service release:

> Three heavily blitzed British cities, Birmingham, Coventry and Bristol, have been selected as areas for testing postwar reconstruction plans . . . a *scheme for the rebuilding of Coventry has already* been drawn up . . . entirely planned around the hill on which stood the cathedral and other historical buildings demolished by Nazi bombs.
>
> Houses will be built in groups with a school, a community center, a clinic and a few stores forming an integral part of each group. Tall blocks of apartments will also be constructed in order to allow plenty of land for parks and playgrounds.
>
> The new Coventry will be approached by a ring of radial roads, each one leading to the hub of the city like the spokes of a wheel.

The question which first comes to us is: Can a people who can plan this way while the bombs are still falling lose this war in the long run?

That's speculative, though. Win or lose, the British by starting these reconstruction plans in the midst of the war have furnished an example of courage that we should think would be enough to stiffen anybody's backbone for the troubled period we are in and any troubles that may lie ahead.

To make your sorrows and reverses work for you—never to give in to the bludgeonings of fate—to stand up and meet tough luck and wrestle with it in the frank, unabashed hope of making it yield you a benefit somehow, somewhere, sometime—that's the way to live as happily as may be and to die with as clear a conscience as may be.

And oftener than cravens or cowards or crybabies, people who react to misfortune as the British are reacting win out in the end.

# Why Not Trust the People?

WE AMERICANS, as a people, frequently make mistakes, sometimes act like hysteria-driven idiots. But Collier's finds it impossible to believe Americans are so dumb that they have to be protected from "dangerous thoughts" like the helots of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and the Japanese military caste.

How about a little more trust in the collective ability of the American people to think for themselves and to rectify what mistakes they make?

These perhaps ill-natured remarks are touched off by the news these last few weeks about the Office of Government Reports, so-called, headed by Lowell Mellett.

Office of Government Reports is a nice, harmless-sounding name. Mr. Mellett, one of the President's administrative assistants, avers that it is to serve merely as a funnel through which all government departmental and bureau news releases can be efficiently poured to the press.

Even if that were all that the OGR could possibly do, we wouldn't like it. To canalize government news through one office will tend to discourage independent investigation by the press into government matters on which the public should be thoroughly informed.

But as Walter Davenport pointed out in a recent Collier's, that will not be the limit of the OGR's powers. The OGR, says Mr. Davenport, embodies the machinery for (1) a press censorship and (2) a propaganda ministry.

That Mr. Mellett would turn into a Goebbels, we do not at all believe. But if he were the best American ever created, control over public information would still be too much power to give him or any other one man.

The Mellett affair strikes us as of a piece with the moves to permit wire tapping by J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. *in cases of espionage* and kidnaping. As originally drawn, the proposed legislation on wire tapping was so loose as to enable the F.B.I. to wire-tap anybody.

Again, J. Edgar Hoover is an excellent citizen; but again, this is too much power to give one man and his official aides.

These two episodes smack to us of a lack of trust in the processes of democracy—of unwillingness to give the people credit for any discretion, any common sense, any determination to guard their own country.

We don't need to be nursemaided through the present crisis. We'd better get together and hang out a big No Help Wanted sign against the swarm of would-be nursemaids now volunteering their services.

# Our Sea of Destiny

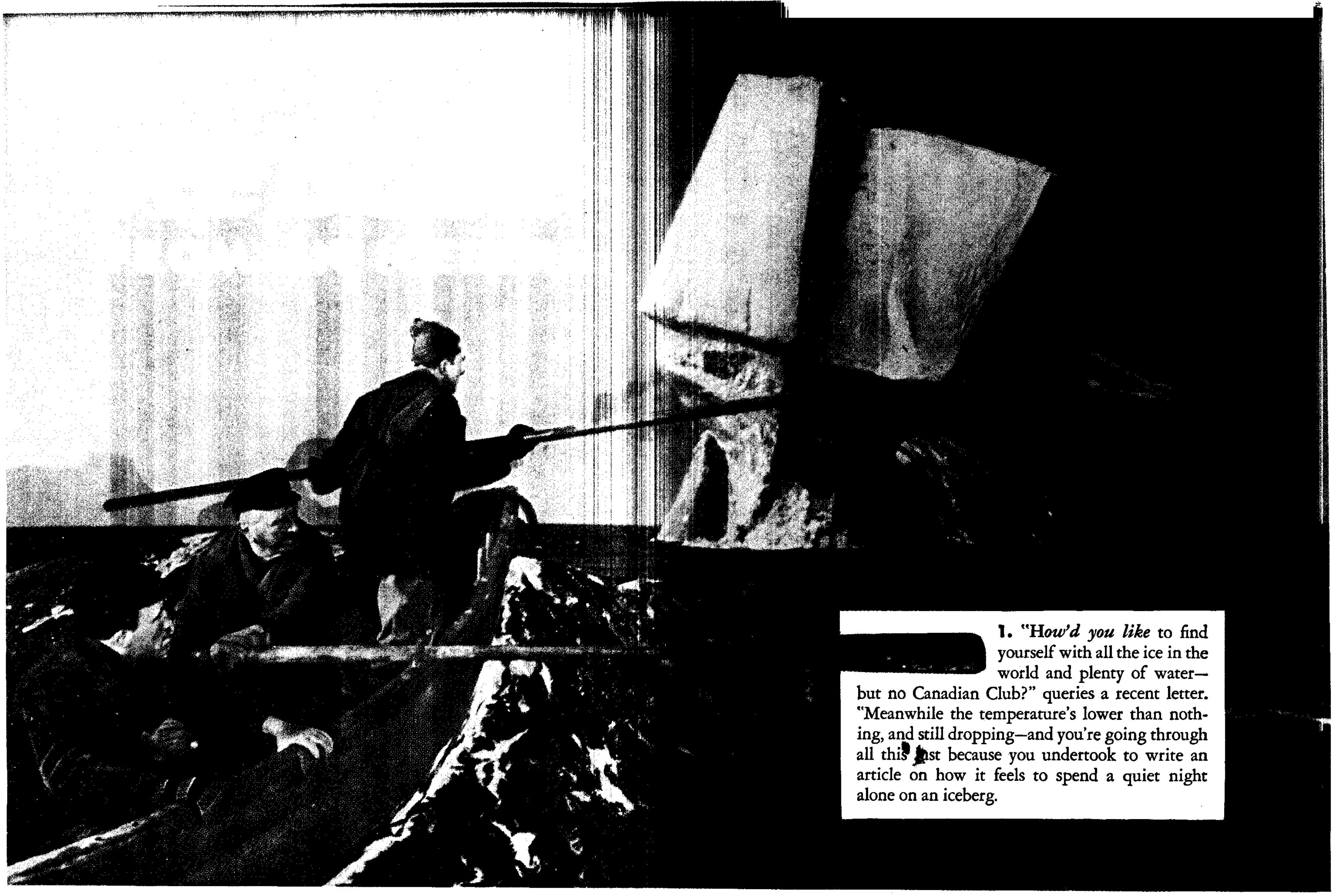
WE'D like to suggest that Americans—pardon, United Statesers (and how we wish there were some convenient single word for them)—can't learn too much about the Caribbean area.

Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Nevis and St. Kitts, Guadeloupe and Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, the Guianas, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama and the "banana republics" of Central America—these encircle a tropic sea as vital to us as is the Mediterranean to the nations of Europe and their North African dependencies and satellites.

We're making a Gibraltar of San Juan, Puerto Rico, now. From that point, fliers of the Navy's Caribbean patrol fan out every morning to inspect the entire Caribbean Sea. It's got to be Mare Nostrum—Our Sea—unless Florida, Georgia and Alabama are to become our Achilles Heel, and the Canal a standing invitation to new *conquistadores*.

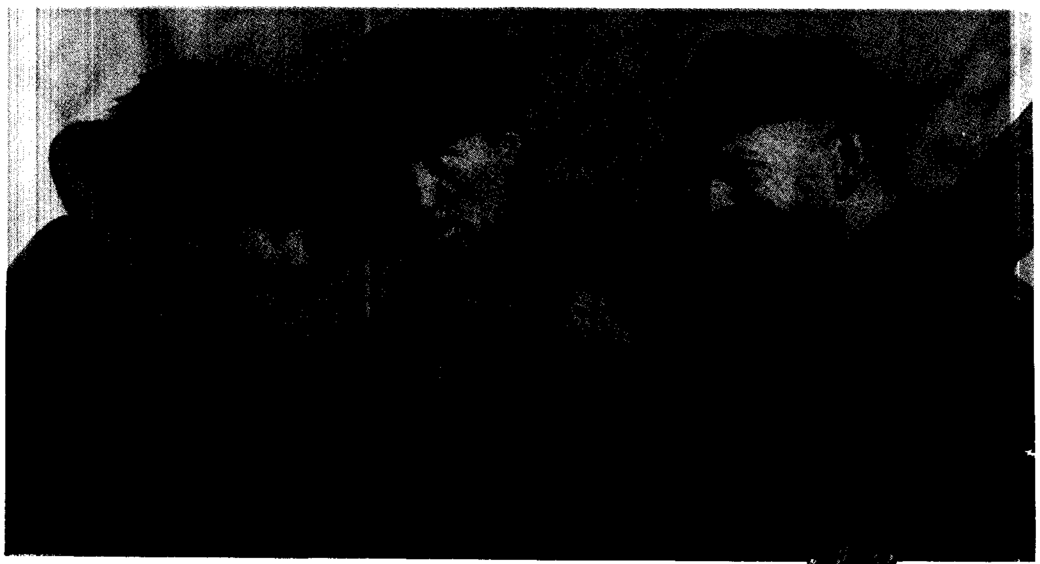
But there are wrong ways as well as right ways to deal with these Caribbean neighbors of ours. They'll hate and finally slip the knife to brutal exploiters, as they did to the Spaniards; they'll appreciate square dealing; they'll take advantage of supergood neighbors who ask to have their pockets picked.

Visit the region if you can. Read about it if you can't. A recent book, Caribbean, The Story of Our Sea of Destiny, by W. Adolphe Roberts, is a good introduction.

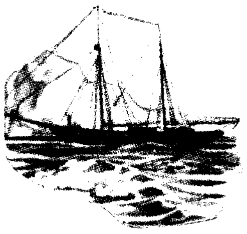


**1.** "*How'd you like* to find yourself with all the ice in the world and plenty of water—but no Canadian Club?" queries a recent letter. "Meanwhile the temperature's lower than nothing, and still dropping—and you're going through all this just because you undertook to write an article on how it feels to spend a quiet night alone on an iceberg.

**2.** "—*At least,* it started out to be overnight—but ended up by being almost twenty-four hours. You see, after I'd landed on the berg, a pea-soup fog settled down—and believe it or not, I couldn't get a single toot out of my signal horn! You can imagine how I felt when the fog finally lifted and the boat was able to locate me and pull alongside.



**3.** "*When I got aboard*—they handed me the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life: a bottle of Canadian Club! Now that I'm back to sanity and civilization, I'm still enjoying that cheery flavor, but (do you blame me?) I always have my Canadian Club and soda English-fashion—without ice!"



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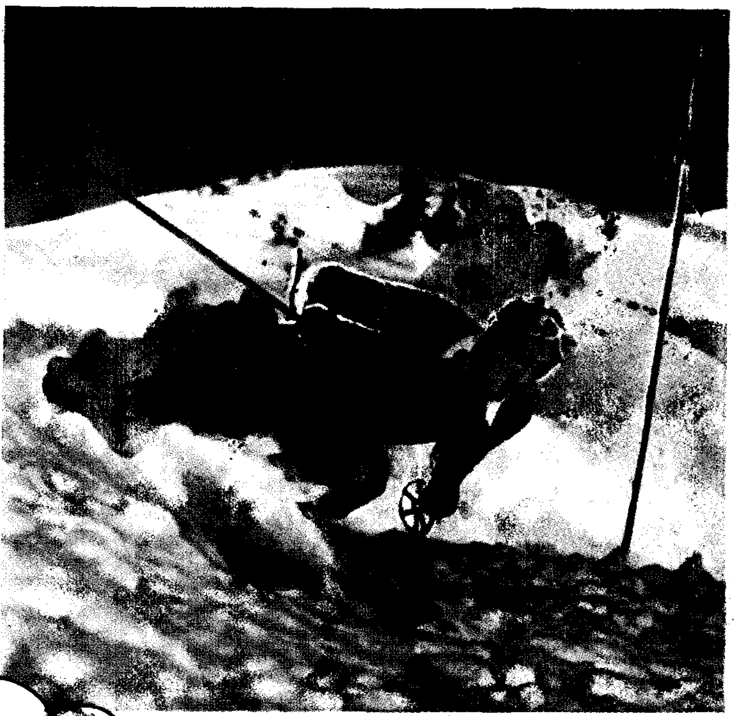

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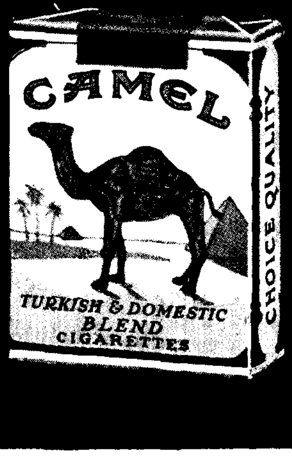
Dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get *your* Camels by the carton.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolin



**THE SMOKE'S THE THING!**

# CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE